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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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BY THE

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

JOHNSON rightly observes that the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Fourth* are substantially one drama, the whole being arranged as two only because too long to be one. For this cause it seems best to regard them as one in the introductory matter, and so dispose of them both together. The writing of them must be placed at least as early as 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old. The First Part was registered at the Stationers' for publication in February, 1598, and was published in the course of that year. It was reprinted in 1599, and again in 1604; also a fourth time in 1608, and a fifth in 1613. In the first issue the authorship was not stated; but each later issue has the name of "W. Shakespeare" printed in the title-page as the author. The Second Part was first published in 1600, and there is not known to have been any other edition of it till it reappeared along with the First Part in the folio of 1623.

It is beyond question that the original name of Sir John Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; and a curious relic of that name survives in Act i. scene 2, where the Prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle*." And we have several other strong proofs of the fact; as in the Epilogue to the Second Part: "For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Also, in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, printed in 1618: "Did you never see the play where the *fat Knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this honour was?" which clearly alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy about honour in Part First, Act. v. scene 1. Yet it is certain that the change from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* was made before the play was entered at the Stationers' in 1598, as that entry mentions "the conceited mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nor is there any doubt that the Second Part was written before that change was made;

for in the quarto edition of this Part, Act i. scene 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old*; the change in that instance being probably left unmarked in the printer's copy. All which shows that both Parts were written long enough before February, 1598, for the Poet to see cause for changing the name.

"Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," was much distinguished as a Wickliffite martyr, and his name was held in high reverence by the Protestants in Shakespeare's time. And the purpose of the change in question probably was to rescue his memory from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the forecited passage from the Epilogue, and is further approved by what Fuller says in his *Church History*: "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place."

Another motive for the change may have been the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*; a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill. There is no telling with any certainty when or by whom *The Famous Victories* was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was acted by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, thus alludes to it: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dauphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same, was performed in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were printed. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole time occupied by Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. The Poet can hardly be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than taking the above-men-

tioned names. The play is indeed a most wretched and worthless performance; being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull, low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humour; the Prince, an irredeemable compound of ruffian, blackguard, and hypocrite.

In the folio, the text of the First Part does not differ greatly from that of the quartos; and the quarto text is regarded by many as the better of the two. In the Second Part the folio text is much the better, some of the finest passages having first appeared in that edition. And there are many smaller differences; these, too, of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been revised by the author.

In these two plays, as in others of the same class, the Poet's authority was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles*, first published in 1577, were then the favourite book in English history. And the plays, notwithstanding their wealth of ideal matter, are rightly called historical, because the history everywhere *guides*, and in a good measure *forms*, the plot; whereas *Macbeth*, for instance, though having much of historical matter, is rightly called a tragedy, as the history merely *subserves* the plot.

King Henry IV., surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth, came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard II., whose death he was thought to have procured shortly after. The chief agents in this usurpation were the Percys, known as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur. The lineal heir, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom the King held in a sort of honourable custody.

Early in his reign, one of the King's partisans in Wales went to wronging Owen Glendower, a chief of that country, who had been trained up in the English Court. Glendower petitioned for redress, and was insultingly denied; whereupon he took the work of redress into his own hands. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife,

was sent against him; but his forces were utterly broken, and himself held in confinement by Glendower, where the King suffered him to lie unransomed; alleging that he had treacherously allowed himself to be taken. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the young Earl, who was then detained at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner. After the captivity of Mortimer, the King led three armies in succession against Glendower, and was as often baffled by the Welshman. At length the elements made war on the King; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests; which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the Devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The King finally gave up and withdrew; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms, but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the King led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish King to appear before him, and do homage for his crown; but, finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he gave over the undertaking and retired. Some while after, Earl Douglas, at the head of ten thousand men, burst into England and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. On their return, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where, after a fierce and bloody battle, the Scots were utterly routed; Douglas himself being captured, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them the Earl of Fife, a prince of the blood royal. The most distinguished of the English leaders in this affair was Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur; a man of the most daring and impetuous spirit, who first armed at the age of twelve years, after which time, it is said, *his spur was never cold.*

Of the other events, suffice it to say, that they are much the same in history as in the drama. The battle of Homildon was fought September 14, 1402; which marks the beginning of the play. The battle of Shrewsbury, which closes the First Part, took place July 21, 1403; Prince Henry being then only sixteen years old. The King died March 19, 1413; so that the two plays cover a period of about ten years and a half.

KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } his Sons.
JOHN of Lancaster, }
NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
Sir EDMUND MORTIMER.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
Sir MICHAEL, his Friend.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINTZ. GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOLPH.
LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.
Mrs. QUICKLY, Hostess in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenced in strands afar remote.[1]
No more the thirsty entrance [2] of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors [3] of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:

[1] It scarce need be said that here the image is of Peace so scared and out of breath with domestic strife, that she can but make a brief pause, and pant forth short and broken speech of new wars to be undertaken in foreign lands. This play is distinctly continuous with *King Richard II.*, at the close of which we have Bolingbroke avowing it as his purpose to atone for the death of Richard by leading out another Crusade:

> I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
> To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

And in fact he was hardly more than seated on the throne before he began to be so harassed with acts of rebellion and threats of invasion, that he conceived the plan of drowning the public sense of his usurpation in an enthusiasm of foreign war and conquest.

[2] Of course *entrance* here means *mouth;* for what but a mouth should have *lips?* So in *Genesis*, iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

[3] *Meteor* was used in a much more general sense than we attach to the word. See vol. x. page 64, note 19. It might include the *Aurora Borealis*, which sometimes has the appearance of hostile armies engaged in battle. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533–8:

> As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ —
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross
We are impressèd and engaged to fight —
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;[4]
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessèd feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now.[5] — Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,[6]
What yesternight our Council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.[7]

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge[8] set down

[4] Levying an army *to* a place is an elliptical form of expression. So in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city in a cake, to be devoured." — Here, as often, *shall* has the force of *will;* the two being used indifferently.

[5] "We meet not on that question, or to consider that matter." Such is often the meaning of *therefore* in old English.

[6] Ralph Neville, the present Earl of Westmoreland, married for his first wife Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford, and therefore half-sister to King Henry the Fourth. *Cousin*, in old English, bears much the same sense as *kinsman* in our time.

[7] The Poet uses *expedience* and *expedition* interchangeably: likewise, *expedient* and *expeditious*. By *dear*, the King probably means that he has his heart set upon it.

[8] "Limits of the charge" probably means *appointments* for the *undertaking*. The Poet repeatedly uses to *limit* for to *appoint;* as also to *appoint* for to *equip* or *furnish;* that is, to arrange the outfit of an army. — *Question*, in the line before, is *talk* or *discussion*. Often so. The matter was *warmly debated*.

But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken;
A thousand of his people butcheréd,[9]
Upon whose dead corpse'[10] there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,[11]
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them,[12] in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,

[9] That is, "A thousand of his people *being* butchered."

[10] *Corpse'* for *corpses*. So we have *horse'* for *horses*, *house'* for *houses*, *sense'* for *senses*, &c.

[11] *Rood* is an old word for *cross*. So we have the expression, "The Duke that died on rood." Holy-Rood day was the 14th of September. Hotspur is said to have been so called, because, from the age of twelve years, when he first began to bear arms, his "spur was never cold," he being continually at war with the Scots.

[12] *News*, and also *tidings*, was used indifferently as singular or plural: hence *was* and *them* in this instance.

Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil[13]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,[14] did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;[15] and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, —
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion[16] and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

[13] A most vivid expression of Sir Walter's speed and diligence.

[14] *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid in heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

[15] This reads as if the Earl of Fife were the son of Douglas, whereas in fact he was son to the Duke of Albany, who was then regent or governor of Scotland, the King, his brother, being incapable of the office. The matter is thus given by Holinshed, pointing and all: "Of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies." The Poet's mistake was evidently caused by the omission of the comma after *governour*.

[16] *Minion* is *darling*, *favourite*, or *pet;* a frequent usage.

See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet![17]
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.[18]

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;[19]
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest[20] of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;

[17] Among the naughty pranks which the ancient "night-tripping fairies" were supposed to enact, was that of stealing choice babies out of their cradles, and leaving inferior specimens in their stead. Shakespeare has several allusions to the roguish practice, as many other old writers also have. See vol. iii. page 23, note 5.

[18] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him to himself to release or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

[19] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. And the effect of planetary predominance is implied, which was held to be irresistible. So in Daniel's fine poem "To the Countess of Cumberland": "Where all th' *aspects* of misery *predominate;* whose strong effects are such as he must bear, being powerless to redress." See, also, vol. vii. page 148, note 21.

[20] *Crest* is, properly, the topmost part of a *helmet;* and helmets were often surmounted with armorial ensigns, and adorned with costly feathers or plumes. A hawk, or a cock, was said to *prune* himself when he picked off the loose feathers, and smoothed the rest; all from personal pride, of course.

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be utteréd.[21]

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. An Apartment of Prince* HENRY'S.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.[1] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,[2] I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the Moon and the seven stars,[3] and not by

[21] The King probably means that he must not give the reins to his tongue while his mind is in such a state of perturbation. That he should thus keep his lips close when he is in danger of speaking indecorously, is a fine trait in his character.

[1] Implying, apparently, that he should ask only for the time of the *night;* as that is the time for all his pleasures and pursuits.

[2] *Taffeta* was a rich silk of a wavy lustre. So that a handsome woman blazing in a dress of *flame-coloured* taffeta would be a pretty brilliant and captivating phenomenon.

[3] The *seven stars* are, probably, the constellation Pleiades.

Phœbus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair*.[4] And I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.[5]

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty:[6] let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the Moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *Lay by*, and spent with crying *Bring in;*[7] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the lad-

[4] Falstaff, with great propriety, according to the old astronomy, calls the Sun a *wandering knight*. The words probably are from some forgotten ballad.

[5] Not so much grace as will serve for saying grace before meat. Eggs and butter appear to have been a favourite lunch. — *Roundly*, in the next line, is *speak plainly*, or *bluntly*.

[6] Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *night* and *knight*, *beauty* and *booty*. *A squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight. — As to *Diana's foresters*, Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII., wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights*.

[7] The meaning and application of the phrase *Lay by*, as here used, are somewhat in doubt. It was in use as a nautical term for to *slacken sail*. So in *King Henry VIII.*, iii. 1: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then *lay by*"; that is, *sank to rest*. Some think that in the text it is a

der, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.[8]

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[9] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[10]

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities?[11] what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

phrase addressed by highwaymen to the persons they have waylaid, like "Stand! and deliver." But I believe no clear authority is brought for that explanation. So I suspect it was a phrase used by highwaymen to each other when watching for their game; and meant *be still*, or *stand close;* something like the phrase of our time, "lie low and keep dark." So *stand close* occurs twice in ii. 2, of this play. — *Bring in* was the call of revellers to the waiters to bring in *more wine*.

[8] Referring to the liability which thieves incurred of being promoted to the high place of hanging.

[9] Shakespeare has several allusions to the classical honey of Hybla, the name of a district in Sicily where the honey, celebrated by the poets for its superior flavour, was found. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1: "But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless." — It is certain that in this play, as originally written, Falstaff bore the name of Oldcastle; and "old lad of the castle" is no doubt a relic of that naming.

[10] A *buff jerkin* was a jerkin or coat made of ox-hide, and was commonly worn by sheriff's officers. It seems to have been called a *robe of durance*, both because of its great durability, and because it was the wearer's business to put debtors and criminals in *durance*.

[11] *Quips* and *quiddities* are gibes and subtile allusions or sly retorts. Strictly speaking, a *quiddity* is a nice distinction.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent[12] — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law?[13] Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps[14] with my humour; as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits,[15] whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,[16] I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.[17]

[12] An intimation that, but for his prospect of the throne, the Prince would be credit-broken. To express the thought in full, were a greater liberty than Falstaff dares to take with the Prince.

[13] *Antic*, as the word is here used, means *buffoon*. Speaking of the law as a venerable buffoon is a right Falstaffian stroke of humour. In *Richard II.*, ii. 2, the word is so applied to Death: "Within the hollow crown Death keeps his Court; and there the *antic* sits, scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp." — *Fobb'd* is *tricked* or *cheated*.

[14] *Jumps* is *accords* or *agrees*. See vol. iii. page 160, note 5.

[15] There is a quibble here between *suits* in the sense of *petitions* and the *suits of clothes*, which the hangman inherited from those whom he executed. Waiting in the Court for the granting of one's petitions used to be as tedious as "the law's delay."

[16] As a sort of compromise between reverence and profanity, various oaths became so curtailed and disguised in the use, that their original meaning was almost lost. Among these, *'Sblood* and *Zounds* were very common, the original forms being "God's blood" and "God's wounds." *'Slight*, "God's light," was another.

[17] A *gib-cat* is a *male cat*. *Tom* cat is now the usual term. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have "a *gibbe* or *old male cat*." — A *lugg'd bear* was probably a bear made cross by having his ears pulled or plucked.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[18]

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[19]

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,[20] rascalliest, sweet young prince, — But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, — but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, — but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration,[21] and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am

[18] *Lincolnshire bagpipes* was proverbial. The allusion, if there be any, is yet unexplained.

[19] The hare seems to have been proverbial as a type of melancholy. In illustration of the text, Staunton aptly quotes from Turberville's *Book on Hunting and Falconry:* "The hare first taught us the use of the hearbe called wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholicke: shee herselfe is *one of the most melancholicke beasts* that is, and to heale her own infirmitie she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe." — *Moorditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, opened to an unwholesome morass, and therefore had an air of melancholy. So in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*."

[20] *Comparative* is here used for *one who is fond of making comparisons.*

[21] That is, a naughty trick of *repetition*, referring, no doubt, to what the Prince keeps doing throughout this scene; namely, iterating, retorting, and distorting Falstaff's words.

a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.[22]

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINTZ.

—Pointz!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[23] O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand!* to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Pointz. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?[24] Jack, how

[22] To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. The degrading of a false knight is thus set forth in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 3, 37, showing how Sir Artegall's iron page, Talus, served Braggadochio:

> First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;
> Then from him reft his sheld, and it renverst,
> And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;
> And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;
> And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

[23] *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in *Ratsey's Ghost*, a tract printed about 1606: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches*."

[24] A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. So in Blount's *Glossographia*: "*Sherry* sack, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife*: "Your best sacks

agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, — the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, — he will give the Devil his due.

Pointz. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Pointz. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill![25] there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward;[26] if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Pointz. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[27]

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*.

[25] Gads-hill was a wooded place on the road from London to Rochester, much noted as a resort of highwaymen.

[26] *Yedward* was a familiar corruption of Edward.

[27] Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Pointz. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter Spring! farewell, All-hallown Summer![28] [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Pointz. Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prince. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pointz. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our

[28] *All-hallown*, or *All hallows*, is All Saints' Day, the first of November. Nothing could more happily express the character of Falstaff as sowing wild oats in his old age, or as carrying on the May and June of life to the verge of Winter.

horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment,[29] to be ourselves.

Pointz. Tut! our horses they shall not see, — I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[30] to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. But I doubt[31] they will be too hard for us.

Pointz. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,[32] what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[33] of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pointz. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked[34] humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother-up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

[29] *Appointment* for *equipment* or *outfit.* See page 9, note 8.

[30] This passage shows that *sirrah* was sometimes used merely in a playful, familiar way, without implying any lack of respect. — For the *nonce* signified for the *occasion*, for the *once*.

[31] *Doubt* in the sense of *fear* or *suspect;* a frequent usage.

[32] *Wards* is *guards;* that is, modes or postures of defence.

[33] *Reproof* for *refutation* or *disproof.* To *refute*, to *refell*, to *disallow*, are old meanings of to *refute.* See vol. iv. page 194, note 14.

[34] *Unyoked* is *untamed;* like wild steers not broken into work.

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
And vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiséd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;[35]
And, like bright metal on a sullen[36] ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to[37] make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
As you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from hénceforth rather be myself,

[35] *Hopes* for *expectations;* no uncommon use of the word even now.

[36] *Sullen* in its old sense of *dark* or *black.* See vol. x. page 246, note 4.

[37] In such cases, the old poets often omit *as* after *so.* — Here Johnson notes as follows: "This speech is very artfully introduced, to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience: it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake."

Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;[1]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.[2]

North. My good lord, —

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[3] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us : when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit* WORCES.
— [*To* NORTH.] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your Majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision[4]
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

[1] The King means that he will rather be what his office requires than what his natural *disposition* prompts him to be. The use of *condition* for *temper* or *disposition* was exceedingly common.

[2] *Holp* and *holpen* are the old preterites of the verb to *help*. — *Portly* here has the sense of *stately* or *imposing*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2 : "The magnificoes of greatest *port*."

[3] *Frontier* seems to be here used very much in the sense of *confronting* or *outfacing*. The image is of a threatening or defiant *fortress*.

[4] *Envy* is doubtless used here for *malice*, the sense it more commonly bears in Shakespeare. — *Misprision* is *misprising* or *prising amiss ;* mistaking.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land [5] at harvest-home:
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[6] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:[7] and still he smiled and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, —
He should, or he should not; for't made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

[5] The courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble-land new-reap'd. — Millinery work was commonly done by men in Shakespeare's time; women's tailors, as they were called. See vol. ii. page 217, note 6.

[6] A *pouncet-box* was a box perforated with small holes, for carrying musk, or other perfumes then in fashion. Warburton says that "various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, long before tobacco was."

[7] *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*: but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it*, in familiar modern speech; to be angry, to take offence.

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married.[8] Shall our coffers, then,

[8] The Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the Earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time

Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears[9]
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[10] the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head[11] in the hollow bank

the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV.

[9] To *indent with* is to make a covenant or compact with any one: here it seems to bear the sense of to *compromise* or *make terms*. — Shakespeare sometimes uses subject and object interchangeably; as in *Macbeth*, i. 3: "Present *fears* are less than horrible imaginings"; where *fears* is put for *dangers*, that is, the things or persons feared. And so in the text *fears* apparently means *objects* of fear. So that the meaning of the passage in the text evidently is, "Shall we buy off traitors, or make terms with persons once dangerous indeed, but who have now forfeited and lost whatsoever rendered them formidable?"

[10] Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or consuming time in *Coriolanus*, i. 6: "How couldst thou in a mile *confound* an hour?"

[11] The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject:* "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Like-

Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the Devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son. —
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

Hot. An if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

wise in one of Jonson's Masques: "The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand, only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke." — As Johnson notes, "Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank."

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd [12] Bolingbroke.

North. [*To* WORCESTER.] Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that is dead the next of blood? [13]

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy King —
Whose wrongs in us [14] God pardon! — did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murderéd.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

[12] *Canker*, both verb and noun, in one of its senses is used of any thing that corrodes or consumes, or that has the virulent or malignant qualities of a *cancer*. Such is doubtless the meaning here. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

[13] Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir-apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. His mother was Philippa, the only child of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward the Third. In the strict order of succession, the crown was due to Edmund Mortimer, the son of Roger, who was accordingly proclaimed heir-apparent by Richard the Second in 1399, just before starting on his expedition to Ireland. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew See note 8.

[14] That is, "the wrongs which we inflicted on him"; the Percys having been the chief supporters of Bolingbroke in his usurpation.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King; —
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage [15] them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[16] Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

[15] To *gage* is to *pledge*, or *commit*. *Engaged* occurs afterwards in much the same sense. *Both* refers to *nobility* and *power*. See vol. iii. page 119, note 29.

[16] The *canker* here meant is the *dog-rose;* the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. So, in *Much Ado*, i. 3, the sullen John says of Don Pedro, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his Grace."

Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd [17] contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim!
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start [18] a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival [19] all her dignities:

[17] *Disdain'd* for *disdainful* or *disdaining;* an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.

[18] *To rouse* and *to start* are instances of the infinitive used gerundively, and so are equivalent to *in rousing* and *in starting*. By *lion* Hotspur means the King.

[19] *Corrival* for *rival* simply, and in the sense of *partner* or *associate*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the *rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste." — "Half-faced fellowship" is the same, I take

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.[20] —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.[21]
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners, —
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep; —
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer!*
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,[22]
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

it, as what we might call half-hearted friendship. It is Hotspur's way of charging that the King is not true to him, or does not rate his services so highly as he thinks they deserve.

[20] His imagination so swarms with ideal shapes and images, that it whirls him away from the business in hand.

[21] "I cry you mercy" is the old phrase for "I ask your pardon."

[22] To *refuse*, to *disclaim*, to *renounce*, to *forsake* are among the old senses of to *defy*. See vol. x. page 59, note 4.

And that same sword-and-buckler[23] Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.[24]

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.[25]
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon't! — it is in Glostershire; —
'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,[26]
His uncle York; — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke; —
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley-castle.

Hot. You say true: —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy[27]

[23] Upon the introduction of the rapier and dagger, the sword and buckler fell into desuetude among the higher classes, and were accounted fitting weapons for the vulgar only, such as Hotspur implies were the associates of the Prince. — STAUNTON.

[24] Hotspur is here speaking out of his anger and impatience: not that he could seriously think of doing what he says; for he is the soul of honour, and incapable of any thing mean.

[25] Henry Plantagenet, the King of this play, was surnamed Bolingbroke from a castle of that name in Lincolnshire, where he was born. In like manner, his father, John of Gaunt, was so called from the place of his birth, which was the city of Ghent in Flanders.

[26] *Kept* for *dwelt* or *lived*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 3: "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

[27] *Candy* is *sugar;* and "candy deal of courtesy" is deal of *sugared* courtesy. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 2: "Let the *candied* tongue lick absurd pomp."

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, *when his infant fortune came to age*,
And, *Gentle Harry Percy*, and, *kind cousin*, —
O, the Devil take such cozeners![28] — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. — [*To* NORTH.] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,[29]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell't: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.[30]

[28] To *cozen* is to *cheat*, to *swindle*. Hotspur is snapping off a pun or play between *cousin* and *cozener*. So in *King Richard III.*, iv. 4: "Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle *cozen'd* of kingdom, kindred, freedom, life."

[29] *Estimation* in the sense of *conjecture* or *inference*.

[30] This phrase is taken from hunting. To *let slip* is to let *loose* the hounds when the game is ready for the chase. Unless the fox is *a-foot*, or out of his hole, the hunters cannot get at him.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot: —
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[31]
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:[32]
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin,[33] farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, — which will be suddenly, —
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

[31] That is, save their heads by making prompt headway in resistance. The use of *head* for *army* was common.

[32] To *pay home* is to pay, that is, *punish*, *thoroughly*, or *to the uttermost*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1: "I will *pay* thy graces *home* both in word and deed"; where, however, *pay* is *reward*. See, also, vol. v. page 13, note 23.

[33] *Cousin* was a common term for *nephew*, *niece*, *grandchild*, and what we mean by the word.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Rochester. An Inn-Yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 Car. Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain[1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse' not pack'd. — What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.[2]

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,[3] and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;[4] it was the death of him.

[1] *Charles' Wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *Great Bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles'* or *Churl's* wain.

[2] The *withers* of a horse is the ridge between the shoulder bones at the bottom of the neck, right under the *point* of the saddle. *Wrung* as thus used is the same as *gall'd*. So in *Hamlet:* "Let the *gall'd* jade wince, our withers are *unwrung*." — *Flocks* are *flakes* or *locks of wool*. — *Cess* is an old word for tax or subsidy; the original of *assess*. When an assessment was exorbitant, it was said to be *out of all cess;* excessive. *The Beggars' Bush* of B. and F.: "When the subsidy's increased, we are not a penny *cess'd*."

[3] *Dank* is *moist, damp*. The dog was probably as much overworked in comparisons three centuries ago as he is now. — "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way. — *Bots* is *worms*, a disease that horses sometimes die of.

[4] The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

2 Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[5]

1 Car. Like a tench! by the Mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.[6]

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hang'd; come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.[7]

1 Car. 'Odsbody,[8] the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.[9] — What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd: hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.[10]

[5] Some fresh-water fish are at certain seasons infested with a sort of lice, and so might be said to be *stung*.

[6] The meaning probably is, breeds fleas *as fast as a loach breeds loaches;* the loach being deemed a very prolific fish. Holland's Pliny, however, countenances a different explanation: "Last of all, some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice." — Here, as often, *your*, in "your chimney" and "your chamber-lie," is used indefinitely, and with the force merely of *the* or *any*. See vol. iv. page 48, note 6.

[7] A *raze* of ginger is said to have been a term for a package of ginger; how large does not appear: not to be confounded with *race*, a *root*. — Charing-cross was an ancient shrine, said to have been erected in memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward the First. Though the spot is now in the heart of London, three centuries ago it was in the outskirts of the city.

[8] Another disguised oath, whittled down from *God's body*.

[9] Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

[10] The Carrier has just said, "An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.[11]

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.[12]

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin [13] in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; [14] one that hath abundance of charge

[11] A slang phrase of the time, often found in old plays.

[12] *Chamberlain* was a term applied to certain tavern officers; probably much the same as *bar-keeper* in our time. As here represented, chamberlains often concerted with highwaymen for the waylaying of travellers, themselves sharing in the profits.

[13] A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity.

[14] An auditor was an officer of the revenue: his "abundance of charge" was doubtless money belonging to the State; as Gadshill afterwards says, "'tis going to the King's exchequer."

too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[15] I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;[16] such as can hold in,[17] such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zwounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the

[15] As Nicholas or Old Nick is a cant name for the Devil, so thieves are equivocally called *St. Nicholas' clerks.*

[16] A cant phrase for *great ones;* the word being formed in much the same way as auctioneer, privateer. — *Foot land-rakers* were *footpads*, wanderers on foot. — *Long-staff sixpenny strikers* were petty thieves, such as would knock a man down for a sixpence. — *Purple-hued malt-worms* were probably such as had their faces made red with drinking ale.

[17] *Hold in*, as here used, appears to have been a term of the chase, applied to a pack of hounds when they all acted in concert, or pulled together in pursuit of the game. So that the sense of the phrase as applied to men would be *stick by each other*, or *be true to each other.* This interpretation appears to be sustained by a passage in Turberville's *Booke of Hunting:* "If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then, when they *hold in* together merrily, we say, *They are in a crie.*" In the old language of the chase, a *cry* is a *pack;* so that to be in a cry is to act *as a pack* in pursuit of the game, or to act in concert. So in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1641: "A *crie* of hounds have here a deer in chase." See vol. iii. page 71, note 13.

Commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.[18]

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?[19]

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her.[20] We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, — we walk invisible.[21]

[18] *Boot* is *profit* or *advantage;* and in such cases it was common to use the plural where present usage requires the singular. So we have such expressions as "your *loves*" and "your *pities*," and "your *peaces*." — I have never met with any printed comment on this passage that seemed to me at all fitting or adequate. In the preceding note I have tried to explain a part of it, but am not greatly satisfied with the result. Since that note was written, I have received the following from Mr. Joseph Crosby, which satisfies me better than any thing I have either found or been able to think out: "Gadshill uses the word *pray* of course in the very opposite of its meaning; as we should have expected *swear* or *curse*, rather than *pray*. I take his whole speech to be a piece of braggadocio, somewhat like this: 'Have no fears of my companions: I am joined with none of your loose-tongued braggarts, but with men that *can hold in*, and keep their mouths shut, if need be; such as will knock a man on the head as quick as bid him *stand;* and such as would bid a man stand as quick as they would drink; and such as would drink sooner than — *pray*, I tell you: you think I am joking; but, if it be any joke, I'm a liar; for they *do* pray; they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her,' &c."

[19] A quibble, of course, upon *boots* and *booty*.

[20] Greasing or oiling boots, to make them "hold out water in foul way," was called *liquoring* them. So in the *Merry Wives*, iv. 5: "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me." — *Cock-sure* is explained by Holloway as originating in the fact that the gun-lock which had a *cock* to it, as that part which holds the flint and strikes the fire is called, was found much more *sure* in firing than the old match-lock had been. The explanation is not very satisfactory, but I can give none better.

[21] *Fern-seed* was of old thought to have the power of rendering those invisible who carried it. So in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, i. 1: "Because indeed I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no *fern-seed* in my pocket." I suspect the key to the mystery lies partly in this, that ferns do not propagate by seeds, but by *spores*, which are invisible. So Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, states the fern to be "one of those plants which have their seede on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sighte. Those who perceived that ferne

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.[22]

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Road by Gads-hill.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ; BARDOLPH *and* PETO *at some distance.*

Pointz. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.[1]

Prince. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Pointz, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*

was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seede, were much at a losse for a solution of the difficultie." It appears, also, that there was a special formula of directions as to the time and manner of gathering the seed so as to make its wonderful properties available. Probably the words "*receipt* of fern-seed" refer to this.

[22] *Purchase* was used in the sense of *gain, profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. So in *Henry V.*, iii. 2: "They will *steal* any thing, and call it *purchase*." — "*True* man" occurs repeatedly in this play for *honest* man, and so antithetic to *thief*. In the next scene the Prince says, "The thieves have bound the *true* men." The usage was common.

[1] An equivoque on *frets*. Velvet and taffeta were sometimes starched with gum; in which cases the fabric soon got *fretted* away and spoilt.

Fal. I am accursed to rob[2] in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[3] further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,[4] I'll be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Pointz! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[5] me thus?

[2] *To rob* is another gerundial Infinitive, and so the same as *in robbing*. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare. See page 30, note 18.

[3] *Squire* was often used for a carpenter's measuring-rule; commonly called a *square*. Its length is two feet; and it has a shorter arm making a right angle with the longer one, so as to be used for *squaring* timbers.

[4] Alluding to the philters or love-powders, which were supposed to have the effect in question. So, in *Othello*, i. 3, Brabantio says, "she is abused and corrupted by spells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks."

[5] To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*. The Prince plays upon the word, as Falstaff has lost his *horse*.

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach[6] for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,[7] let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Pointz. O, 'tis our setter:[8] I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zwounds, will they not rob us?

[6] To *peach* is, in our phrase, to "turn State's evidence." The radical sense of the word survives in *impeach.*

[7] This was considered a pretty sharp infliction. Shakespeare was said to have thus revenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy with a ballad. The Psalmist's complaint, "And the drunkards made songs upon me," naturally occurs in connection with it.

[8] The one who was to *set a match.* See page 18, note 23.

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Pointz. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside to* POINTZ.] Ned, where are our disguises?

Pointz. [*Aside to P.* HEN.] Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[9] say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour:
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

2 Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;[10] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL., GADS., *&c., driving the* Travellers *out.*

[9] A common phrase of the time meaning much the same as our "Success to you!" *Dole* is *deal*, *lot*, or *portion:* hence, "may happiness be his lot." See vol. vii. page 150, note 26.

[10] A *chuff*, according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." So in Massinger's *Duke of Milan:* "To see these *chuffs*, who every day may spend a soldier's

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *in buckram suits.*

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Pointz. Stand close: I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the* Prince *and* POINTZ *set upon them.*

Prince. Your money!

Pointz. Villains!

[FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, and the others run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Pointz. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins." — *Gorbellied* is another word of about the same meaning, — *pot-bellied.* — Falstaff, "a huge hill of flesh," reviling his victims for their corpulence, is an exquisite stroke of humour. Still better, perhaps, his exclaiming "they hate us youth," — the old sinner! — and "young men must live."

SCENE III. — *Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*[1]

HOT. — *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House.* — He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our House! — he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;* — Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zwounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him[2] with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal

[1] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland. *Marches* is an old word for *borders;* and Earls of March were so called from their having charge of the borders, whether those between England and Scotland, or those between England and Wales. In the days of border warfare, the charge was an important one.

[2] Knock his brains out. See vol. vi. page 238, note 40.

is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets,[3] for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the King : we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. —

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate ![4] I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks,[5] of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,

[3] Cut myself into two parts, and set the parts to cuffing each other.

[4] The Poet seems to have had a special liking for the name of Kate. The name of Hotspur's wife was Elizabeth. Holinshed, however, calls her Elinor.

[5] *Retires* are *retreats*. — *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. — *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance; so called from their supposed resemblance to the serpent of that name.

And all the 'currents[6] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.[7] O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*[8] —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with.[9] In faith,

[6] '*Currents*, that is, *occurrents*, is an old form for *occurrences*.

[7] *Hest* is *behest*, — *summons* or *command*.

[8] *Esperance* was the motto of the Percy family. The word is French, and means *hope*. Here it is three syllables; later in the play it is four.

[9] As the spleen was held to be the special seat of all sudden and explosive emotions, whether of mirth or anger; so it is aptly assigned here as the

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line [10] his enterprise : but if you go, —

Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,[11] answer me
Directly to this question that I ask :
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler ! Love ? I love thee not,
I care not for thèe, Kate : this is no world
To play with mammets [12] and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.[13] — Gods me, my horse ! —
What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
Well, do not, then ; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me

cause of Hotspur's skittishness, or the swift jerks of speech and action which he is playing off.

[10] The Poet has *line* repeatedly for *strengthen*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 3 : "Did *line* the rebel with hidden help and vantage."

[11] *Paraquito* is a small parrot ; also called *perroquet* and *parakeet*.

[12] *Mammets* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything ;* a diminutive of *mam*. So in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585 : "Icunculæ, *mammets* or puppets that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving."

[13] A play, of course, between the two senses of *crowns*, that is, heads, and the coin so named. A crack in a coin sometimes made it uncurrent ; and it might be big enough to make a head so too.

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are;
But yet a woman: and, for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Eastcheap.*[1] *A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,[2] and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Where hast been, Hal?

[1] Eastcheap is selected with propriety for the scene of the Prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames Street, being granted to Henry, Prince of Wales. Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's-Head Tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.

[2] It does not well appear what room Pointz was in, or why it is called *fat*. To be sure, *fat* and *vat* were both used for what we call *wine-vats*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7: "Come, thou monarch of the vine! in thy *fats* our cares be drown'd," &c. But, so, a fat-room would be in a place where wine was made, not in a tavern where it was drunk. See Critical Notes.

Prince. With three or four loggerheads[3] amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash[4] of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as, Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,[5] a lad of mettle, a good boy, — by the Lord, so they call me; — and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and, when you breathe in your watering,[6] they cry *hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker;[7] one that never spake other English in his life than *Eight shillings*

[3] *Loggerheads* probably means *blockheads*.

[4] *Leash* is properly a string or thong for leading a dog; and it came to signify a *trio*, because three dogs were usually coupled together.

[5] *Corinthian* and *Trojan* appear to have been a sort of flash terms in use among the fast young men of the time. *Corinthian* probably had some reference to the morals of ancient Corinth. Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, speaks of "the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her *Corinthian* laity."

[6] To *breathe in your watering* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:

> A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,
> *Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stays.

Also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanely, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

[7] It appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack. — An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is from *scenc*, drink; Saxon.

and sixpence, and, *You are welcome ;* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir ! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*,[8] — or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou never leave calling *Francis !* that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.[9] [*Exit* POINTZ.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis !

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis !

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis ?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five years ! by'r Lady,[10] a long lease for the clinking of pewter.[11] But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it ?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

[8] *Half-moon* is used as the name of a room in the tavern ; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after. — *Score* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use. — *Bastard*, it seems, was the name of a certain wine. *In the Half-moon* refers to the person occupying that room.

[9] A *precedent* here means an *example* or *specimen*.

[10] "By our Lady" was a common oath ; referring to Saint Mary the Virgin.

[11] Probably meaning pewter cups for serving wine.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michælmas[12] next I shall be —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

Prince. — wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[13] crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard[14] is your only

[12] Michaelmas, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, falls on the 29th of September.

[13] The Prince refers to Francis's master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets. — *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped;* having the hair cut close. — *Puke-stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black. — *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France.

[14] *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack. — Making a remark or asking a question utterly irrelevant to the matter in hand, is an old trick of humour. We have had it once before in the question, "And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" Here it is used for the purpose of mystifying poor Francis. Ben Jonson calls it "a game of vapours."

drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him;* FRANCIS *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] — My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] — Pointz!

Re-enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Pointz. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.[15] — What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of

[15] The Prince means, apparently, that he is now up to any sort of game that will yield sport and pass away the time.

the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after,—*a trifle, a trifle*. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*,[16] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine.*

Pointz. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,[17] and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan[18] kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:[19] there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a

[16] Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered. — *Brawn* refers to Falstaff's plumpness and rotundity. Properly the word means any prominent muscular part of the body, especially of the arms.

[17] *Nether-stocks* were what we now call *stockings*.

[18] In the classical ages of Greece the name *Titan* was given to various mythological personages, supposed to be descended from the original Titans, and among others to *Helios*, the god of the Sun. In Shakespeare's time the name was in common use for the Sun.

[19] Putting lime in sack and other wines appears to have been a common device for making them seem fresh and sparkling, when in truth they were spiritless and stale. Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, says, "The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the gouts."

coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot[20] upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring.[21] There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing.[22] A plague of all cowards! I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[23] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: — and Pointz there?

Pointz. Zwounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that

[20] The meaning is, "if, when thou *shalt* die, manhood, good manhood, be not forgot," &c. Shakespeare has a great many instances of *shall* and *will* used indiscriminately.

[21] *A shotten herring* is one that has cast her spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank.

[22] Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *Twelfth Night*. The Protestants who fled from the persecutions of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers: their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

[23] A *dagger of lath* was the weapon given to the Vice in the old Moral-plays; hence it came to be a theme of frequent allusion. See vol. v. page 222, note 17.

backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I. [*Drinks.*

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword[24] with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, — *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen, —

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. — and bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

[24] *Half-sword* appears to have been a term of fencing, for a close fight, or a fight within half the length of the sword.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:[25] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pointz. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Pointz. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. [*Aside to* POINTZ.] Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

Prince. So, two more already.

[25] *Old ward* is *old posture of defence;* his usual mode of *warding* off the adversary's blows. See page 21, note 32. — In Falstaff's next speech but one, the words "*mainly* thrust" mean thrust *mightily*, or, as we say, "with might and main." The Poet has *main* repeatedly in this sense; as "the main flood" and "the main of waters"; that is, the *mighty ocean.*

Fal. — their points being broken, —

Pointz. Down fell their hose.[26]

Fal. — began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green[27] came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[28] —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Pointz. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,[29] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on

[26] The jest lies in a quibble upon *points*, Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon*, Pointz for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened. See vol. v. page 151, note 3.

[27] *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.

[28] A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher into a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler.

[29] The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms, but shook all the joints out of joint; "which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo."

compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons[30] were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,[31] —

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

Pointz. Mark, Jack.

Prince. — We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word,[32] outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: — and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pointz. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye.

[30] It appears that *reason* and *raisin* were pronounced alike.

[31] *Tuck* was one of the names for a straight, slim sword, also called *rapier*. This and all the foregoing terms are applied to the Prince in allusion to his slenderness of person. The Poet had historical authority for this; as Stowe says of the Prince, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small."

[32] "*With* a word" is the same as *in* a word, or *in short*.

Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — [*To* Hostess *within*.] Hostess, clap-to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince, —

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess![33] what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[34] and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

[33] A sportive rejoinder to her "my lord the Prince." See vol. x. page 242, note 14.

[34] The hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman*. The Prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *royal man*. *Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10*s*., the other 6*s*. 8*d*. If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3*s*. 4*d*., and it would make him a *royal* man. Hearne relates how "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, 'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was?'"

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: — by'r Lady, you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince; no, — fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.[35] I did that I did not this seven year before; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[36] and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire[37] and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

[35] We have before had "*true* man" repeatedly for *honest* man; here "*true* men" means *brave* men, — men of pluck.

[36] "Taken *with the manner*" is an old phrase for *taken in the act.*

[37] The Prince means the fire in Bardolph's face.

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.[38]

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.[39] — Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. —

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast![40] How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon[41] the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,[42] — what a plague call you him?

Pointz. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, — the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

[38] Hard drinking and no cash; as drinking heats the liver and empties the purse.

[39] There is a quibble implied here between *choler* and *collar*. It is observable that the Prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of the man with his occasional levity and playfulness.

[40] *Bombast* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the cotton-plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*.

[41] A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

[42] The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol [43] kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps [44] more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

[43] Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.

[44] *Blue-caps* being of old the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers, the Scotsmen themselves are here appropriately called *blue-caps*.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,[45] thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.[46] [*Drinks.*

Prince. Well, here is my leg.[47]

Fal. And here is my speech. — Stand aside nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i'faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the Father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players[48] as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.[49] — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camo-

[45] An old form of speech, which we should invert: "a joint-stool is taken for thy state," &c. — *State* is often used by old writers for the official seat of Majesty, the *throne*. — *Stool* was in common use for what we call a chair; and a joint-stool was a chair with a joint in it; a *folding*-chair.

[46] The banter is here upon the play called "A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, 1570. — *Passion* is here used, not for anger, but in the classical sense of *suffering, grief*.

[47] *Making a leg* was much used to signify a bow of reverence; an *obeisance*. See vol. x. page 159, note 8.

[48] *Harlotry* was sometimes used adjectively as a general term of reproach; equivalent, perhaps, to *ribald*.

[49] *Tickle-brain* appears to have been a slang term for some potent kind of liquor.

mile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point: Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher,[50] and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

[50] A *micher* here means a *truant*. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty." And in Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases*: "*Moocher*. A *truant;* a 'blackberry moucher,'—a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries."

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.[51]

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, — a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch[52] of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[53] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,[54] that reverend Vice, that gray Iniquity,[55] that father ruffian, that vanity

[51] A *rabbit-sucker* is a *sucking rabbit.* — A *poulter* is a *poulterer*, a breeder of, or dealer in, poultry.

[52] The receptacle into which meal is *bolted.*

[53] *Bombard* was generally used in the Poet's time for a large barrel; sometimes, however, for a huge leathern vessel for holding liquor, which is probably its meaning here.

[54] *Manningtree* was a place in Essex noted for its fine pastures and large oxen, and for the great fairs that used to be held there, at which the old plays called Moralities were performed, and eating and drinking were done on a large scale. It is not unlikely that on some of these occasions oxen may have been roasted whole with puddings done up in them, as is said in a ballad written in 1658: "Just so the people stare at an ox in the fair, roasted whole with a pudding in's belly."

[55] The Vice, sometimes also called Iniquity, was the stereotyped jester and buffoon of the old Moral-plays, which were going out of use in the Poet's time. See vol. ix. page 202, note 8.

in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,[56] but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you:[57] whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, — the more the pity, — his white hairs do witness it; but that he is — saving your reverence — a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, Francis, *and* Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

[56] *Cunning* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing*.

[57] That is, let me understand you.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! — Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord, —

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddlestick:[58] what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.[59]

[58] This is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.

[59] This passage has been a standing puzzle to the commentators; and I have never hitherto met with any comment that seemed to me to make any fitting and intelligible sense out of it. At length, Mr. Joseph Crosby has written me an explanation which I think fits the case all round, and is just the thing. The meaning is, "You are essentially, really, truly a madcap, and are not merely putting on the semblance or acting the part of one: it is a matter of character, and not of mere imitation, with you; and to say you have but assumed the role of a make-sport for the fun and humour of it, is like calling a true piece of gold a counterfeit." So that here, as in divers other places, *seeming* has the sense of *simulation* or *counterfeit*, and *without* the sense of *beyond, besides*, or *over and above*. In the mock play that Falstaff and the Prince have just been performing, the latter seeks to lay the blame of his sprees and frolics upon "that villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff." Falstaff is of course unwilling that any such idea or representation of himself should be carried to the King. And when their game is interrupted by the report of the Sheriff's coming, Sir John wants to "play out the play," and to have the Prince practise a very different answer for his father; boldly assuming the responsibility of his madcap frolicsomeness, on the ground of its being a thing ingenerate in him, the spontaneous outcome of his native disposition, and not a mere part taken up under the leading or inspiration of Sir John. As they cannot continue the play, at last Falstaff throws the upshot of what further he has to say into the speech in question. — And Mr. Crosby justly gives a like explanation of the Prince's speech in reply: "And thou a natural coward, without instinct." Which means that he is a veritable, born coward; that his cow-

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*:[60] if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras:[61] — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff. —

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* POINTZ.

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue-and-cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, —
A gross fat man.

ardice is ingenerate in him, and not, as he has alleged, the mere outcome of a special instinct stirred into act in a particular exigency or towards a particular person.

[60] Here, again, Mr. Crosby gives me a just and fitting explanation. Falstaff has some knowledge of technical terms in logic, such as the *major* and *minor premises* of a syllogism or proposition. But he here uses *major* in the sense of *proposition*, putting a part for the whole. It would seem that *major* and *mayor* were sounded much alike. So Falstaff makes a pun or quibble between *major*, as a term in logic, and *mayor*, as the head of a civic corporation, and the sheriff's official superior. So that his meaning is, "I deny your statement, what you have just said or affirmed: if you will deny the Sheriff, very well," &c.

[61] Tapestry was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as to keep it from being rotted by the dampness; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. The old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.[62]
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[63] Go, call him forth.

Pointz. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [Pointz *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Pointz. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Pointz. [Reads.]

[62] Shakespeare has been blamed for putting this falsehood into the Prince's mouth. The blame, whatever it be, should rather light on the Prince; and even he is rather to be blamed for what he has all along been doing, than for what he now says. To have betrayed Falstaff, after what has passed between them, would have been something worse than telling a falsehood; more wicked even, let alone the meanness of it. The Poet did not mean to represent the Prince as altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John; and if he had done so, he would have been false to nature.

[63] St. Paul's Cathedral is the object meant; then the most conspicuous structure in London, its spire being five hundred feet high.

Item, A capon, ... 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, ... 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, ... *ob.*[64]

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score.[65] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

Pointz. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[1] full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—will you sit down?—and uncle Worcester,—a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

[64] *Ob.* is for *obolum*, which was the common mode of signifying a half-penny.

[65] Meaning that a march of twelve-score *yards* will be his death.

[1] *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning.* The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction.*

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[2] ay, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasèd Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

[2] *Cressets* were *lights* used as beacons, and sometimes as torches to light processions; so named from the French, *croissette*, because the fire was placed on a little cross.

To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh. — I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the Devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil!

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name!

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,[3]
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: — and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite[4] are drawn;
Which being sealèd interchangeably, —
A business that this night may execute, —
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days: —
[*To* GLEND.] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
Or there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety,[5] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

[3] *Hitherto* was an adverb of place as well as of time

[4] *Indentures* are *covenants* or *compacts;* here called *tripartite* because there are three parties to them. Ordinarily they are between two parties, and then are drawn in duplicate. These were to be signed and sealed *interchangeably*, that each of the three parties might have a copy.

[5] A *moiety* was often used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

See how this river comes me cranking in,[6]
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[7] out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom[8] here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding th' opposèd continent[9] as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runneth straight and evenly.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,

[6] To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out.

[7] A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing.

[8] *Bottom* is used of a low and level piece of land, such as the interval of a river.

[9] *Continent* was used in a general sense for that which holds in or contains any thing; hence for the banks of a river.

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick [10] turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The Moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer,[11] and withal
Break with [12] your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp [13] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin [14] and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

[10] *Canstick* was a common contraction of *candlestick*.

[11] The writer of the indentures already mentioned.

[12] *Break with* is old language for *breaking* or *opening a subject to*.

[13] The *moldwarp* is the *mole;* so called because it *warps* the surface of the ground into ridges.

[14] Merlin was a "great magician," whose "deep science and hell-dreaded might" was much celebrated in the ancient mythology of Wales. Some of his wonderful doings, especially his magic mirror, are choicely sung in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii. 2.

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten [15] raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacqueys: I cried *hum*, and *well*,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tirèd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill,[16] far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; [17] valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blunt; [18]

[15] To *moult* is used for birds shedding their feathers. *Moulten* for *moulting*. — *Griffin*, a fabulous animal, half lion, half eagle.

[16] Windmills were of old used in England for grinding corn, and of course were perched above the houses in which the grinding was done. Such a house would not be a very quiet place of residence. — *Cates*, in the next line, is *dainties* or *delicacies*.

[17] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

[18] The Poet has a similar expression in *King John*, v. 2: "The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite: he flatly says he'll not lay down his arms."

And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with Lady* MORTIMER *and Lady* PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy[19]
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to Lady* MORTIMER *in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[20]

[19] It has already been seen that Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt.* From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

[20] The more common meaning of *peevish* was *foolish*, and so, probably, here. — It appears that *harlotry* was used somewhat as a general term of reproach, without implying any such sense as we attach to *harlot.* So, in

One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heavens[21]
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to him again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a Summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[22] to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.

[*Lady* MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes[23] lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2, Capulet uses it of his daughter: "A peevish self-will'd *harlotry* it is."

[21] "Those two swelling *heavens*" are the lady's *cerulean* eyes, to be sure; and *swelling*, as eyes are wont to do when preparing a shower.

[22] *Division* appears to have been used for what we call *accompaniment*. Some explain it *variations*. An accompaniment with variations, perhaps.

[23] English noblemen, even down to Shakespeare's time, had their floors carpeted with *rushes;* and it would seem that even this was thought luxurious enough to be termed *wanton*.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,[24] I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:
An those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.[25]
By'r Lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,[26] howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.[27]

Lady P. Now God help thee!

[24] It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.

[25] It is rather difficult to keep up with the use of *humorous* and its cognates in the Poet's time. It was much applied to freaky, skittish persons, men addicted to sudden gusts and flaws. Perhaps our word *crotchety* comes as near to it as any now in use. See vol. iii. page 192, note 12; and vol. v. page 23, note 26.

[26] *Brach* was a common term for a fine-nosed hound. It appears that *Lady* was the name of Hotspur's musical howler. See vol. ii. page 141, note 10.

[27] It is not quite clear what may be the woman's fault intended. If the context be taken strictly, it must be an unwillingness either to have the head broken or to hold the tongue. Or it may be that a woman will neither talk reason nor be still when others talk it. But probably it is a sort of disguised or ironical compliment; that he cannot be still while he has his wife to talk to, or cannot listen to the singing while she keeps him talking.

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings. [*A Welsh song by Lady* MORT.
Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's[28] wife! *Not mine, in good sooth;* and, *As true as I live;* and, *As God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day;*
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbúry.[29]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth,*
And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.[30]
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[31] or be redbreast-teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[28] A *comfit*-maker is a maker of *confectionery;* that is, sugar-candies.

[29] Finsbury, now a part of the city, but formerly open walks and fields, was a common resort of the citizens for airing and recreation.

[30] *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, were the city fashion in Shakespeare's time; here regarded as marks of softness or finicalness. — Sunday-citizens are people in their Sunday-clothes or holiday finery. — *Pepper*-gingerbread is gingerbread *spiced*, or, perhaps, finely-seasoned sweet-cake.

[31] Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds." — "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way.

SCENE II. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *and* Lords.

King. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference : but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. — [*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in His secret doom, out of my blood[1]
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven
To punish my mistreadings.[2] Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,[3]
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless[4] I can purge

[1] *Blood*, as often, for *person ;* that is, his person as represented in his progeny or offspring. The King is thinking of the wrong he has done to his own kindred, or family blood, in the person of Richard.

[2] *Mistreadings*, of course, for *misdoings* or *transgressions*. The speaker's conscience is ill at ease ; and his sense of guilt in the discrowning of his cousin and the usurping of his seat arms his son's irregularities with the stings of a providential retribution.

[3] *Lewd* in its old sense of *wicked* or *depraved*. Repeatedly so. *Attempts* for *pursuits* or *courses*.

[4] As the Poet often uses *doubt* in the sense of *fear*, so here he has *doubtless* for *fearless*, that is, *confident*, or *sure*. So, once more, in *King John*, iv. 1 : "Sleep *doubtless* and secure." — Here, as often, *quit* is *acquit*, with *myself*

Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,[5] —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, —
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.[6]

King. God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,[7]
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion,[8] that did help me to the crown,

understood after it, just as *purge*. *As well* is simply redundant, save in point of metre.

[5] *News-mongers* are *tattlers* or *tale-bearers; sycophants*, in the proper classical sense of the term; that is, those who curry favour by framing or propagating scandalous *reports*. — *Reproof*, again, for *disproof*. See page 21, note 33.

[6] The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure: "Let me beg so much extenuation that, *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true*."

[7] The Poet here anticipates an event that took place several years later. Holinshed, having just spoken of the Prince's assault on the Chief Justice, adds, "The king after expelled him out of his privie councell, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his yoonger brother, president of councell in his steed."

[8] *Opinion* here stands for *public sentiment*. The Poet has it repeatedly

Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, This is he;
Others would say, Where, which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,[1]
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,[2]
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.[3]
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[4] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded[5] his state,

in the kindred sense of *remotion*. *Possession*, in the next line, is put for *the person in possession*; that is, of the throne.

[1] This innocent passage has drawn forth some very odd sparks of explanation, or observation rather. Of course it means "I put off the graciousness and benignity of the heavens into my manners and address;" somewhat as in Wordsworth's well-known line, 'The gentleness of heaven is on the sea."

[2] Meaning caused both men's hearts to beat high with allegiant promises towards himself, and their mouths to overflow with loud salutations. The Poet is very fond of the word *loud* in the sense of *great*, *full*, or *rank*.

[3] That is such solemnity as belongs to a feast. "Solemn" was often used of feasts of state: much to the sense of *grand*. Macbeth makes Banquo to "a solemn supper," when no means to have him murdered.

[4] *Bavins* are brush-wood or small logs used for lighting fires. So in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: 'Bavins will have their flashes and vanish their flames, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

[5] This word has been explained in divers ways. The most probable

Mingled his royalty, with capering fools ;[14]
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns ;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative ;[15]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;[16]
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[17]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspéct
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.

meaning is shown in Bacon's *Natural History :* "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." Likewise in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier :* "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk) half small, half strong." So that "*carded* his state" probably means the same as "*mingled* his royalty"; the latter being explanatory of the former.

[14] Alluding, no doubt, to the *dancing*, fashion-mongering sprigs that Richard the Second drew about him.

[15] That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was *a dealer in comparisons.* See page 17, note 20.

[16] *Gave himself up*, absolutely and entirely, *to popularity. To enfeoff* is a law term, signifying *to give* or grant any thing to another in fee-simple. *Popularity* here means vulgar intercourse, or *promiscuousness.*

[17] *Community* for *commonness*, or cheap familiarity.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation:[18] not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state[19]
Than thou, the shadow of succession;
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:
Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws:
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,[20]
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renownèd Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority

[18] Vile *participation* for low, vulgar *companionship*.

[19] We should now write *in* the state, but such was the usage of the Poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 1: "He is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly." — *State* for *throne*, as often.

[20] The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older. — *Harness*, two lines before, is *armour*. So in *Macbeth*, v. 5: "At least we'll die with *harness* on our back."

And military title capital[21]
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer
Capitulate[22] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?[23]
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour[24] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

[21] *Majority* for *pre-eminence* or *priority;* and *capital* for *principal;* the *head* man of the age in soldiership.

[22] To *capitulate* formerly signified *to make articles of agreement.*

[23] So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven or ever I had seen that day, Horatio." For this use of *dear* see vol. v. page 227, note 6.

[24] The word *mask* ascertains *favour* to mean *face* here.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds[25] on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[26]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. —

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland[27] hath sent word

[25] As capitalists or speculators sometimes send out *factors*, that is, *agents*, to buy up and monopolize wool, grain, or other products.

[26] *Bands* and *bonds* were used indifferently for *obligations*. — *Intemperance* in the classical sense of lacking self-restraint or self-government.

[27] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland;* but there was a Scottish Earl of March and an English Earl of March, and this same-

That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement[28] is five days old.
On Wednesday next you, Harry, shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valuèd,[29] some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john.[1] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,

ness of title probably led the Poet into a confusion of the names. The Scottish Earl of March was George Dunbar, who attached himself so warmly to the English that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion. See page 45, note 1.

[28] *Advertisement* is *intelligence*, or *information*.

[29] That is, an estimate being made of the business to be done.

[1] The apple-john was by no means the same as the apple-jack of later times, though the two may be some kin. The former was a variety of the apple, which is said to have kept two years. Thus described by Phillips: "*John-apple*, whose wither'd rind, entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly rep-

while I am in some liking;[2] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:[3] the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,[4]—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

resents decrepid age." And, in The Second Part, one of the persons, speaking of Falstaff, says, "The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights."

[2] The sense of *liking* is about the same as our phrase *good keeping*. Thus in the *Prayer-Book*, Psalm xcii.: "Such as are planted in the House of the Lord shall bring forth more fruit in their age, and shall be fat and *well-liking*." The English Psalter is much older than the version of 1611, which renders the same passage "fat and *flourishing*."

[3] That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened*: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?*—Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."

[4] *Admiral* is, properly, the leading ship in a fleet or naval squadron; hence transferred, as a title, to the head of a fleet. Of course the admiral was to go foremost, and in the night to bear a lantern conspicuous in the stern, or *poop*, that those in the rear might keep in her track.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel:*[5] but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:[6] but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap[7] at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd. —

Enter the Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen![8] have you inquired yet who pick'd my pocket?

[5] Alluding, probably, to *Exodus*, iii. 2: "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush;" &c.

[6] *Candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

[7] *Cheap* is the past participle of cypan, Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain.* Our ancestors used *good cheap* and *better cheap* as we now use *cheap* and *cheaper.*

[8] *God-a-mercy* is an old colloquialism for God *have* mercy. — *Heart-burn* is an old name for the gastric pains caused by indigestion or acid fermentation. — "Dame Partlet the hen" is a highly-distinguished character in the story of *Reynard the Fox.* See vol. vii. page 179, note 9.

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe[9] of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas:[10] I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters[11] of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.[12] You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,[13] and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you

[9] *The tithe* is the *tenth part;* as in old ecclesiastical language.

[10] *Dowlas* is said to be from *Dowlens*, the name of a town in France, where a kind of coarse linen cloth was made.

[11] *Bolters* were *sieves*, used for sifting or bolting meal or flour.

[12] *Eight shillings an ell*, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses:* "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece; yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

[13] *By-drinkings* are drinkings between meals.

rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker[14] of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup:[15] 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. —

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two-and-two, Newgate-fashion.[16]

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

[14] *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience; something like our *greenhorn*.

[15] Dyce says, "*sneak-cup* is plainly one who sneaks from his cup"; that is, dodges the liquor.

[16] Bardolph is somewhat keen here. Newgate was one of the London prisons; and condemned criminals were wont to be marched off to prison, handcuffed together in pairs, or *two and two*, to keep them from escaping.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;[17] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[18] and, for womanhood, Maid Marian[19] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.[20] Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

[17] *Faith* here means *fidelity.*—Falstaff is something touched with a habit of looseness in his comparisons. It appears that *stewed prunes* were a favourite relish in houses of ill fame; and here the thing eaten seems to be put for the eater.

[18] "A *drawn fox*" is commonly said to mean a fox drawn or ousted from his cover, when he was supposed to have recourse to all sorts of cunning artifices, to elude his pursuers. It may be so; but I much prefer Heath's explanation: "A fox drawn over the ground, to leave a scent, and keep the hounds in exercise while they are not employed in a better chase. It is said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

[19] Maid Marian was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman.

[20] Here *to* has the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with.* So that the meaning seems to be, "In respect of womanhood, you are as much below maid Marian as she is below the wife of the deputy of the ward." The Mayor, I think, or some other magistrate of the city, had a deputy, or substitute, in each ward. Of course it was an office of considerable dignity.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought [21] him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.[22]

[21] *Ought* and *owed* are but different forms of the same word.

[22] "Ungirt, unblest" was an old proverb. And in the language of the Old Testament, the *girdle* is emblematic of authority, and of the qualities that inspire respect and reverence. So in Job xii. 18: "He looseth the

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed[23] rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, — if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong.[24] Art thou not ashamed!

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee:[25] go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou see'st I am pacified. — Still? Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] — Now, Hal, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle." Also in Isaiah xi. 5: "And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." So that Falstaff's meaning seems to be, "May I in my old age cease to be reverenced, if I be guilty of such a misplacement of reverence."

[23] *Emboss'd* was often used of certain sores, such as boils and carbuncles, when grown to a head. In this sense it might aptly refer to Falstaff's rotundity of person. See vol. v. page 47, note 12.

[24] Pocketing-up wrongs or injuries is an old phrase for tamely putting up with affronts, instead of resenting them with manly spirit. Of course the Prince has a punning reference to the forecited contents of Sir John's pocket.

[25] A characteristic stroke of humorous impudence; Falstaff making believe that he is the one sinned against, and not the sinner.

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.[26]

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph, —

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —
[*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. — [*Exit* POINTZ.
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in th' afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast; come: —
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum![27] [*Exit.*

[26] Doing a thing with *unwashed hands* appears to be much the same as doing it *without gloves;* that is, *thoroughly* or *unscrupulously.*

[27] Sir John prefers the leading of his gastric apparatus in the tavern to that of the military ensign, or of the drum, which was wont to be decorated

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As[1] not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general-current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy[2]
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me,[3] lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. —

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Zwounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

with the colours of the regiment or battalion: so, as Mr. Joseph Crosby observes, "when he has heard the Prince giving orders to get ready for marching, he gives *his* orders to the Hostess to get ready for breakfast."

[1] *As* and *that* were used indiscriminately.

[2] *Defy*, again, for *refuse* or *abjure*. See page 31, note 22. — *Soothers* is *flatterers;* a frequent usage.

[3] "*Approve* me" is *make trial of* me, or *put* me *to the proof*.

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.[4]
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness, —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd[5]
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

[4] This way of using *fear* was not uncommon. See vol. ix. page 147, note 21.

[5] *Possess'd* is *informed*. Often so. See vol. v. page 171, note 25.

It were not good; for therein should we read[6]
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list,[7] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where[8] now remains a sweet reversion;
And we may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement[9] lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhood of our affairs.[10]

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[11] of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side[12]
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

[6] To *see*, to *learn*, to *discover* are among the old senses of to *read*. To "read the bottom" is to *try the uttermost;* to *exhaust*.

[7] *List* in the sense of *edge* or *border*, was quite common. A metaphor from the list of cloth. See vol. vi. page 132, note 2.

[8] *Where* and *whereas* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

[9] *Retirement* is used with the same meaning as *reversion*, just before; something to fall back upon.

[10] The *youth*, *immaturity* of our affairs.

[11] *Hair* was used metaphorically for *complexion*, or *character*. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour;* "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas More:* "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."

[12] The *offering* side is the *assailing* side.

And stop all sight-holes, every loop [13] from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear [14]
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. Nay, you strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,[15]
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoken in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intendeth speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

[13] *Loop* is the same as *loop-hole*.

[14] Here, again, *fear* is put for the *thing feared*. The words *draws a curtain* (that is, *withdraws*) show that the Poet had in mind the personage called *Fear*, who figured on the old stage; something like what we call a *fright*.

[15] *Opinion* is *fame*, *reputation*, in old English, as in Latin.

The nimble-footed[16] madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrádes, that daff[17] the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bate it;[18] like eagles having lately bathed;[19]

[16] Stowe says of the Prince, "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

[17] *Daff* is the same as *doff*, *do off*. Here it means *throw* or *toss*.

[18] *Estridge* is the old form of *ostrich*. The ostrich's plumage might naturally occur to the Poet, from its being the cognizance of the Prince. — To *bate* is an old term, meaning to *flutter* or *flap* the wings, as an ostrich does to aid its speed in running. Here *it* is used absolutely or indefinitely, and not as referring to any antecedent. So the Poet has such expressions as "fight *it* out," "smooth'st *it* so," "revel *it*," "trip *it* as you go," and others. So that the meaning in the text is, "Their plumage showed as if they had been ostriches *struggling with*, or *beating against*, the wind." Such is the upshot of the explanation lately given by Mr. A. E. Brae; who supports it by the following apt quotation from one of Lord Bacon's letters to Queen Elizabeth, 1600: "For now I am like a hawk that *bates* when I see occasion for service, but cannot fly, because I am tied to another's fist." Mr. Brae adds, "There can be no doubt that the first branch of the simile is an allusion to the egregious pluming of the helmets of those days, as represented in many an old illumination; and certainly the streaming of an ostrich's plumage, *when struggling against the wind*, presents a much more vivid image than when sailing before it."

[19] Here, again, I gladly avail myself of Mr. Brae's learned comments: "Eagles were supposed to renew their youth and vigour by plunging in certain springs. In the *Bestiare* of Philippe de Thaun, the story of the eagles seeking a certain fountain in the East, and, when plunged therein three times, having their youth and vigour renewed, is declared to be typical of baptism." Spenser makes use of the same fable in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11, where the hero, overcome and desperately wounded in his long fight with the "old Dragon," at last falls back into "a springing well, full of great vertues, and for med'cine good," and lies there all the night. Una, sorely distressed and dismayed at his fall, watches, to see the issue, till morning, when

> At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
> Out of the well, wherein he drenchèd lay;
> As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
> Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
> And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay.

Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the Sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry — with his beaver[20] on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault it with such ease[21] into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the Sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste[22] my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry and Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. —
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

[20] The *beaver* of the helmet was a movable piece, which lifted up to enable the wearer to drink or to breathe more freely. Of course in time of action it was drawn down over the face.

[21] Another instance like that remarked in note 18.

[22] The Poet repeatedly uses to *taste* for to *try*. See vol. v. page 209, note 21.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster[23] speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil'[1] to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.[2]
Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*
Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused

[23] To *take* a muster is to ascertain the number of troops assembled; as we speak of taking a census.

[1] *Sutton-Co'fil'* is a contracted form of *Sutton-Coalfield.*

[2] This angel was a gold coin, which seems to have borne much the same relation to the English currency in Shakespeare's time, as the sovereign does now. — When Falstaff says "Lay out, lay out," he probably hands Bardolph the bottle, — a piece of plate, perhaps, which he has obtained in much the same way as he reckons upon getting his soldiers supplied with linen for their shirtless backs.

gurnet.[3] I have misused the King's press[4] damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns;[5] such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter,[6] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores;[7] and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:[8] and such have I, to fill up the rooms

[3] The *gurnet* or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

[4] That is, misused the King's commission for *impressing* men into the military service. The King's press, in old times, was just about equivalent to what we have known as Uncle Sam's *draft*.

[5] To ask upon the banns, to ask the banns, and to publish the banns, are all phrases of the same import. The law, I believe, required that parties intending marriage should have the banns asked three times, in as many weeks, before the ceremony could take place. So that when the banns had been asked twice, the "joyful day" was pretty near.

[6] So in Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

[7] The painted cloth here spoken of is the tapestry with which the walls of rooms used to be lined, and on which it was customary to have short sentences inscribed, and certain incidents of Scripture depicted, so as to combine ornament and instruction. See vol. v. page 64, note 38.

[8] *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*, and was used both for the *stand-*

of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt![9]

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:[10] I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

ard and the *bearer* of it. Falstaff here means an old patched flag.—"Revolted tapsters" are tapsters who have run away from their masters, and who were bound by contract or indenture to serve as apprentices for a term of years. Such is Francis, the "underskinker," in this play.—Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, has an expression like one in the text: "All the *canker-worms* that breed in the rust of *peace*."

[9] *Blown* and *quilt* both have reference to Falstaff's plumpness; only the one supposes him to be plump with wind, the other, with cotton.

[10] "I ask your pardon." Falstaff is pretending not to have recognized his lordship at first, and so makes an apology.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;[11] food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, — too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and, for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exit.*

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

[11] Good enough to toss upon pikes; a war phrase of the time.

Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain Horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's Horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[1]
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge: The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;[2] and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.[3]

Hot. The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

[1] The Poet in several instances uses *quality* in the classical sense of *kind*, *nature*, or *condition*. — I am not quite clear as to the meaning of *envy* here. Taken in its present sense, it will hardly cohere with the logic implied in *because*. In Shakespeare, the more common meaning of *envy* (substantive) is *malice* or *hatred*. Probably the verb is here used in the sense of to *hate*; as, in theological and political strifes, the very worth of those who are not on our side generally makes us hate them the more; or, which comes to the same thing, makes us disparage their good name.

[2] *Griefs* for *grievances*; the effect for the cause.

[3] The Poet commonly uses *suggestion* for *temptation* or *instigation*.

My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And — when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home —
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And — when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,[4]
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal —
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less[5] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently — as greatness knows itself[6] —
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;

[4] To sue one's livery and to beg one's peace are old law terms, and are here used with strict propriety. On the death of a person who held by the tenure of knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but, if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. At the same time he offered his homage, that being the condition of his tenure; which was to *beg the peaceable* enjoyment of his lands. When Bolingbroke was in exile, his father having died, the King denied him this right, and seized the lands to his own use. See vol. x. page 169, note 27.

[5] That is, the great and the small; men of all ranks.

[6] Meaning when he saw what greatness was within his reach, or knew how great he might be.

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war.[7]

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point:
In short time after, he deposed the King;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd[8] the whole State:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king) to be engaged[9] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the Council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry

[7] Commanding in person in the Irish war.

[8] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*. The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy*. Thus Philips, in his *World of Words*: "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour *imposed* upon any one."

[9] To be *engaged* is to be *pledged* as a hostage. So in v. 2: "And Westmoreland that was *engaged* did bear it." See page 29, note 15.

Into his title, the which now we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK *and Sir* MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealèd brief[1]
With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal;[2]
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raisèd power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,

[1] A *brief* is a short writing, as a *letter*.

[2] The office of Lord Marshal was hereditary in the Mowbray family. The Lord Marshal at this time was Thomas Mowbray.

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,[3]
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies, —
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
Douglas
And Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

[3] A strength on which they reckoned.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, LANCASTER, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky[1] hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs[2] in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well,

[1] *Bosky* is *woody, bushy.* So in Milton's *Comus:*

> I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.

[2] The King was at this time but thirty-six years old. But in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect; and he here anticipates several years in the King's life, that he may make Prince Henry old enough for the course of action ascribed to him.

What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorrèd war?
And move in that obedient orb[3] again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours;[4] for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! why, how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet,[5] peace!

Wor. It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—

[3] *Obedient orb* is *orbit* of *obedience*. The Poet often has *orb* for *orbit*.

[4] *Hours* is here a dissyllable.

[5] The meaning of *chewet* is thus explained from Bacon's *Natural History:* "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk."

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead, —
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-bird,[6]
Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing

[6] The cuckoo has a habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home. Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's Pliny, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written : "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another birde ; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird. — *Gull* here means "unfledged nestling." So several editors say ; still I doubt it, and suspect it has the sense of the Latin *gulo*, a *voracious eater*.

We were enforced, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposèd[7] by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articulate,[8]
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,[9]
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,[10]
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

[7] "We stand opposèd" here means "we stand in opposition to you."

[8] *Articulate* is here used in the past tense for *articulated*, as in the passage from Holland's Pliny in the preceding note: "Being once *fledge* and readie to flie abroad." To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

[9] *Discontents* for *malcontents*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4: "To the ports the *discontents* repair."

[10] His present rebellion being excepted or struck off from his record.

For my part, — I may speak it to my shame, —
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's Majesty, —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no;
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
What he will do: but, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt the* King, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,[11] so; 'tis a point of friendship.

[11] In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, then king, did this act of friendship for his brother, the Duke of Gloster.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay Him before His day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, *honour?* air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:[12]—and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal-kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

[12] That is, a mere heraldic *emblazonry*, that can *do* nothing.

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.[1]
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege, —
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences lie upon my head
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; Officers *and* Soldiers *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.[2] — Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, I shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

[1] "A *wild* trick" is a trick of *wildness*, or of *running wild*, inherited from his ancestors. In fact, the fox, I believe, cannot be so tamed but that he will run wild again on the first opportunity.

[2] The Earl of Westmoreland had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

By new-forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth![3] Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[4] seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[5] of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.[6]

[3] Prince Henry was so surnamed from the town of Monmouth in Wales, where he was born.

[4] *Tasking* was used for *reproof*. We still say "he took him to *task*."

[5] To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident.

[6] *Instantly* has here the sense of *at the same time*. — *Master'd* is equivalent to *was master of*.

There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy[7] of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamouréd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.[8]
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.[9]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.[10]
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

[7] Here, as usually in old English, *envy* means *malice*. — *Owe*, in the next line, is *own*. Continually so in Shakespeare.

[8] "So wild *of* liberty" plainly means *using his freedom so wantonly*.

[9] A rather strange shaping of language, though not more so than many other passages in Shakespeare. It may be translated something thus: "You can better kindle your spirits to the work by thinking with yourselves what is to be done, than my small power of speech can heat your courage up for the fight by any attempts at persuasion."

[10] The meaning is, that if life were vastly shorter than it is, if it were measured by an hour, it were still too long to be spent basely.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperancè!*[11] Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, Heaven to Earth,[12] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Plain between the Camps.*

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,

[11] *Esperancè*, or *Esperanza*, was the motto of the Percy family. *Esperancè* is here a word of four syllables. So in Holinshed: "Then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried Esperance, Persie, and so the two armies furiouslie joined."

[12] A wager of Heaven against Earth is probably meant.

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triúmphèd o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, where're it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many masking in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.[1] — Soft!

[1] Falstaff has tavern thoughts and customs running in his mind; the mode of an inn-keeper's accounts being to *score* the items either by chalk-marks made upon the wall, or by notches cut in a stick. — There is a pun implied in *shot-free*. Sir John was shot-free at Eastcheap, though not *scot-free*: here he is scot-free, but not exactly *shot*-free. It seems likely, from this passage, that in *scot* the *c* was soft in the Poet's time, so as to give a pro-

who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity![2] I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,[3] to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths as yet are unrevenged: I pr'ythee,
Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory[4] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city. [*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

nunciation the same as in *shot*. To pay one's *shot* is to pay one's *score*, that is, *bill* or *reckoning*, at a tavern; and to be *shot-free* is to have one's entertainment *without charge*.

[2] The negative, "*no* vanity," is here used ironically, to indicate the excess of a thing; a frequent usage in colloquial speech.

[3] *The town's end* probably means the poor-house; or perhaps a hospital for war-maimed soldiers.

[4] That is, Pope Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, had made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

Prince. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.[5] If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[6] of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King Henry, *Prince* Henry, Lancaster, *and* Westmoreland.

King. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I do beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze[1] your friends.

King. I will do so. —
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in massacres![2]

[5] "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. — It would seem from this, that *pierce* and the first syllable of *Percy* were sounded alike.

[6] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat slashed into stripes for roasting or broiling. A piece of pork is commonly *carbonadoed* on the rind side, to be baked with beans.

[1] *Amaze* is here used in its original sense of to *bewilder* or cast into *a maze*. — *Make up* has the force of *advance*, the opposite of *retire*.

[2] This battle took place in July, 1403, when Prince Henry was but sixteen

Lan. We breathe too long: — come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* LANCASTER *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.[3]

[*They fight; the* King *being in danger, re-enter P.* HENRY.

years old. It appears, however, that, boy as he was, he did the work of a man. Holinshed relates that early in the battle he was hurt in the face with an arrow, insomuch that several tried to withdraw him from the field; but that he, fearing the effect this might have on his men, insisted on staying with them to the last, and never ceased to fight where the battle was hottest.

[3] The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay. —
[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[4]
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands, six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

[4] *Opinion*, again, for *reputation*. See page 101, note 15.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said,[5] Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life Time's fool,
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.[6] O, I could prophesy,

[5] The phrase *well said* was often used in the sense of *well done.*

[6] This passage has been commonly misunderstood. Probably the right construction is, to take *thoughts*, *life*, and *time* as subjects of *must have.* So that the meaning comes thus: "But thoughts, which are the slaves of life, and life, which is Time's fool, and even Time itself, that takes survey of all the world, must have an end."

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;[7]
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy[8] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*Sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd[9] will I see thee by-and-by:

[7] *Favours* refers to the scarf with which he covers Percy's face. Covering the face of a dead person is an old ceremony of reverential tenderness; perhaps connected some way, either as cause or effect, with the ancient belief that the robins were wont to cover the faces of unburied men.

[8] *Ignomy* was a common contraction of *ignominy*.

[9] To *embowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done to persons of rank.

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[10] me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. — Zwounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground. —
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.[11] There is Percy!

[10] To *powder* was the old word for to *salt.*

[11] *Jack* was used as a term of contempt, like our *jackanapes.*

[*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zwounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.—

[*A retreat sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and* LANCASTER.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *Prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon. —
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him.[1] At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds

[1] To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freelie delivered. — HOLINSHED.

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business[2] so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Business* is a trisyllable here, as in various other instances.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Act I., Scene 1.

Page 11. *Of prisoners, Hotspur took*
Mordake the *Earl of Fife and eldest son*
To beaten Douglas. — The article *the*, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope.

P. 11. Faith, 'tis *a conquest for a prince to boast of.* — So Rann. Instead of *Faith, 'tis*, at the beginning of this speech, the old copies have *In faith it is* at the conclusion of the preceding speech.

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 20. *Farewell*, thou *latter Spring.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *thou*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 20. *Falstaff*, Bardolph, Peto, *and Gadshill shall rob those men*, &c. — Instead of *Bardolph* and *Peto*, the old copies have *Harvey* and *Rossill*, which were doubtless the names of the actors who performed those parts. Such substitutions of names are not uncommon in old editions of plays. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 21. *Provide us all things necessary, and meet me* to-night *in Eastcheap.* — So Capell. The old copies read "meet me *to-morrow night*," which can hardly be right, since the Prince is here directing Pointz to provide the things necessary for the part they are to play in the robbery, such as *visards, cases of buckram*, &c.; and the time set for the robbery is "to-morrow *morning*, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill."

P. 22. *By breaking through the foul and ugly mists*
And *vapours that did seem to strangle him.* — The old text has "mists *Of* vapours." Such an expression, I think, was not good English in Shakespeare's time; and we have repeated instances of & misprinted *of*. Dyce prints "mists Of *vapour*."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 22. *My blood hath been too cold and temperate,*
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
As *you have found me; for, accordingly*, &c. — The old text reads "*And* you have found me." The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 23. *And that same greatness too which our own hands*
Have holp to make so portly.
North. *My* good *lord*, —
King. *Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see*
Danger and disobedience in thine eye. — The old text lacks *good* in Northumberland's speech. The insertion has the joint sanction of Pope, Walker, and Collier's second folio.

P. 24. *Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,*
Fresh as a bridegroom. — So Pope. The old copies read "neat *and* trimly dress'd."

P. 24. *I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,*
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, &c. — So Capell. The old text transposes the second and third lines. The correction was proposed by Edwards and Johnson.

P. 24. *He should, or he should not;* for't *made me mad*
To see him shine so brisk, &c. — The old text reads "for *he* made me mad."

P. 26. *Shall we buy treason? and indent with* fears? — Hanmer and Collier's second folio read "indent with *foes*," and rightly, I suspect. It is indeed certain that *fears* was often put for things or persons feared; still I am apt to think that *foes* agrees better with the context here. Staunton prints *feers*, an old word for *companion* or *mate*. I cannot see what business such a word should have here. See foot-note 9.

P. 27. *Art not ashamed? But, sirrah,* from *henceforth*
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer. — The old copies read "Art *thou* not asham'd," and lack *from*, thus totally defeating the

rhythm of the line. Lettsom would strike out *thou*, and take *henceforth* as a trisyllable. But I think the Poet nowhere else uses it so. On the other hand, in the first speech of this scene we have "I will *from* henceforth rather be myself."

P. 28. *Was he not proclaim'd*
By Richard that is dead *the next of blood?* — The old text has "By Richard that *dead is*," — a very awkward inversion. Walker's correction.

P. 30. *And to your quick-conceiving* discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous. — So Walker. The old text has *discontents;* which would be in accordance with the usage of the time in addressing more than one person. But this is addressed to Hotspur only.

P. 30. *If* we *fall in, good night, or sink or swim!* — The old copies read "If *he* fall in." Theobald proposed and Hanmer printed *we*. Heath, also, strongly approves that reading, as nothing precedes to which the pronoun *he* can refer.

P. 31. *Why, what a wasp*-stung *and impatient fool*
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood. — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *waspe-tongue* and *waspe-tongu'd*. The meaning of *wasp-stung* I take to be, "as fretful and snappish as if stung by wasps"; which aptly describes Hotspur's behaviour. *Wasp-tongue* or *wasp-tongued* would seem to mean that his speech is *waspish*, or as *stinging* and *spiteful* as a wasp; which does not suit the occasion so well, though a good sense in itself.

Act II., Scene I.

P. 36. *There is ne'er a king* in Christendom *could be better bit than*, &c. — So the folio. The quartos "ne'er a king *christen* could be," &c.

P. 38. *But with nobility and* tranquillity, *burgomasters and great* oneyers; *such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray.* — For *tranquillity* and *great oneyers* Collier's second folio substitutes *sanguinity* and "*great ones — yes*, such as can," &c. By *tranquillity* I have always understood *persons of leisure*, or "at

their ease," as Capell explains it; and I do not see how *sanguinity* gives any clearer or better sense. "Great oneyers," I take it, are simply what are sometimes called "big bugs"; — "a cant variation of *great ones*," says Johnson. Perhaps I ought to add that Theobald substituted "great *moneyers*"; Hanmer, "great *owners*"; and Capell, "great *mynheers*."

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 42. Pointz. *O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.*
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Case ye, case ye; on with your visards*, &c. — The old copies run the first two of these speeches together into one, thus: "O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe*, what newes?" Here the prefix *Bardolfe* evidently got printed as a part of the speech. And in the third speech, instead of the prefix *Gads.*, the old copies have *Bar.* The present arrangement and distribution of the speeches are Johnson's.

P. 44. *Away, good Ned.* Fat *Falstaff sweats to death,*
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. — So Capell. The old text lacks *Fat*, which is needed both for the metre and for the antithesis with *lean*. In case of two or more successive words beginning with the same letters, one of them is very apt to drop out.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 46. *Of prisoners* ransom'd, *and of soldiers slain.* — The old copies have "prisoners *ransome*." Capell proposed the correction; and Walker points out many clear instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

P. 47. *Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,*
And thou hast *so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep*, &c. — Instead of *thou hast*, the old copies have *thus hath*. The correction was proposed by Capell; and Walker says, "Read 'And *thou hast*,' &c." He seems not to have been aware of Capell's conjecture.

P. 48. *Come, come, you paraquito, answer me*
Directly to *this question that I ask.* — The old copies read "Directly *unto* this question." Hardly worth noting, perhaps.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 49. *Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that* fat *room*, &c. — None of the commentators, so far as I know, have satisfactorily explained "*fat* room." I have hardly any doubt we ought to read "*hot* room." So, in the last scene of *Hamlet*, we have "He's *fat*, and scant of breath"; where I am quite satisfied that *hot* is the right word. See foot-note 2.

P. 54. *He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots* at a *breakfast, washes his hands*, &c. — Here "*at a* breakfast" apparently means "*before* breakfast." Dyce says, "An anonymous critic proposes *after*." I suspect the anonymous proposer is right; as "*after* breakfast" would accord better with the words, "how many hast thou kill'd *to-day?*"

P. 54. *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted* butter, *that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun.* — The old copies repeat *Titan* instead of *butter;* a palpable error, which, however, Staunton retains. Theobald made the correction.

P. 58. *Thou* nott-*pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-*keech. — The old copies have "*knotty*-pated" and "tallow *catch*." The first was corrected by Douce, and the correction is justified by a previous speech in this scene: "Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal button, *nott-pated*, agate-ring," &c. As to *catch*, this was probably but another spelling of *keech*. See foot-note 28.

P. 59. *Away, you starveling, you* eel-*skin.* — So Hanmer. The old text has "*elfe*-skin."

P. 59. *We two saw you four set on four;* you *bound them*, &c. — The old copies read "*and* bound them." Corrected by Pope.

P. 64. *For God's sake, lords, convey my* tristful *Queen.* — The old editions have "*trustful* Queene"; an error which the context easily rectifies.

P. 65. *Banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company.* — I suspect, with Dyce, that Pope was right in rejecting the last six words "as an accidental repetition." To my thinking, the sense is much better every way, without them.

P. 68. *Thou art essentially* mad, *without seeming so.* — All the old copies till the third folio have *made* instead of *mad.*

P. 69. *Now, my masters, for a true face and* a *good conscience.* — The last *a* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied in Collier's second folio.

P. 70. Pointz. *Falstaff! — fast asleep behind the arras,* &c. — Here, and in the dialogue that follows about Falstaff, the old copies have *Peto* instead of *Pointz.* This is clearly wrong, as Pointz is in the Prince's confidence, and Peto is not. And the fact of Pointz having acted with the Prince in the robbery business is conclusive that his name is the right one here. We have the same mistake again near the close of the third Act: "Go, *Pointz,* to horse, to horse." The correction was made by Johnson, who justly remarks, "What had Peto done, to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Pointz has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage."

Act III., Scene 1.

P. 71. *Lord Mortimer, — and cousin Glendower, — will you sit down? — and uncle Worcester, — a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.* — This and the three following speeches of Hotspur I have no scruple in printing as prose. In the folio, two of them, the first and the fourth, are indeed printed as verse; and some modern editions give them all in that shape; but, even after using hardly warrantable liberties with the text, they make them verse only to the eye. For example, Dyce, in the second speech, changes *oft* to *often,* and, in the third, "had *but* kitten'd" to "had kitten'd," and *never* to *ne'er;* — a pretty bold proceeding at the best, while the result is far from satisfying on the score of metrical harmony.

P. 72. *The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,*
Of burning cressets; ay, *and at my birth*
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth, &c. — So Capell. The old copies are without *ay* in the second line. Glendower, throughout this scene, is careful of his rhythm and numbers; and I can hardly think the Poet meant to spot him with so gross a breach in that kind.

P. 73. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*
Were strangely clamorous in *the frighted fields.* — So Pope.

The old text has "clamorous *to* the frighted fields." I do not understand the meaning of *to* here.

P. 73. *How* 'scaped *he agues, in the Devil's name?* — The old copies have *scapes* instead of *'scaped.* Corrected in Collier's second folio. I am not quite sure that the correction ought to pass.

P. 74. *And in my conduct shall your ladies come;*
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
Or *there will be a world of water shed*
Upon the parting of your wives and you. — So Walker, and, I think, with evident propriety. The old text has *For* instead of *Or.* Walker produces several clear instances of the same misprint; as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7: "These quicksands, Lepidus, keep off them, *for* you sink."

P. 75. *And then he* runneth *straight and* evenly. — The old copies have "And then he *runnes* straight and *even.*" Capell printed "runs *straightly* and *evenly*," and is followed by Dyce. Collier's second folio reads "runs *all* straight and *evenly.*"

P. 76. *I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land*
To any well-deserving friend. — An octo-syllabic line seems quite out of place here. Hanmer, to cure the defect, printed "*As that* to any well-deserving friend"; which, to my sense, is a worse defect than the old one of metre. Walker suggests "To any *worthy*, well-deserving friend"; but queries, as he well may, whether this would not be a tautology. Still it is much better than Hanmer's. If I were to venture any supplementing of the verse, it would be *noble* or *honest.*

P. 76. *The Moon shines fair; you may away to-night:*
I'll in *and haste the writer, and withal*
Break with your wives, &c. — The words *I'll in,* which are needful both for sense and metre, are wanting in the old copies, and were proposed by Steevens.

P. 77. *He held me last night at* the *least nine hours*
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacqueys: I cried hum, *and* well,
But mark'd him not a word. — In the first of these lines the old text is without *the*, and to the third it adds *go to*, which Pope struck

out. Ritson comments upon the addition thus : "These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the metre."

P. 77. *O, he's as tedious*
As is *a tirèd horse, a railing wife.* — So Capell. The old copies lack *is* in the second line; an omission not to be endured.

P. 77. *In faith, my lord, you are too wilful*-blunt. — The old text has "too wilfull *blame*." Walker says, "Of course, 'too wilful-*blunt*'; and so Johnson suggests." Dyce, however, retains *blame*, and refers to Nares, who shows that the phrase *to blame* is a corruption of *too blame*, which formerly meant *too blamable* or *blameworthy*. But it seems to me that the phrase, even so explained, does not yield a fitting sense here.

P. 78. *Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy*
Shall follow in my conduct speedily. — The old text mars the rhythm by thrusting in the useless word *that* between *her* and *she*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 79. *One no persuasion can do good upon.* — Here, again, the metre is spoilt in the old copies by inserting *that* after *One*.

P. 79. *I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh*
Which thou pour'st down from those two *swelling heavens*
I am too perfect in. — So Pope and Lettsom. The old copies read "*these* swelling heavens." The omission of *two* untunes the verse utterly. Pope's reading gives just the sense required, meaning, of course, the lady's *sky-blue* eyes, which seem to grow larger when brightened with tears.

P. 79. *Nay, if you melt, then she will run* quite *mad.* — Here *quite* is wanting in the old text. Dyce says, "This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it."

P. 80. An *those musicians that shall play to you*
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
Yet *straight they shall be here.* — Instead of *An* and *Yet*, at the beginning of the first and third lines, the old copies have *And* in both places. But *an*, the old equivalent of *if*, was very often printed *and;* and here the word probably got repeated from the first line in the place of *Yet*. The latter word was substituted by Rowe.

P. 81. *Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife!* Not *mine*, in good sooth; *and*, As true as I live; &c. — The old copies have *you* instead of *mine;* the former having probably crept in by mistake from the line before. Collier's second folio changes *you* into *yours*, and Lettsom would substitute *I*. But, as Hotspur is repeating his wife's oathlets, it appears to me that *mine* is the right word.

P. 81. *Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow*
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.
Mort. *With all my heart.* — The Poet often closes a scene with one or more rhyming couplets. So I strongly suspect we ought to read here with Collier's second folio:

By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and *part*
To horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 82. *Such poor, such* base, *such lewd, such mean attempts.* — The old copies have *bare* instead of *base*. The two words were often confounded. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 83. *As, in reproof of many tales devised*
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers, —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear. — The old text has the second and third of these lines transposed. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 85. Carded *his state,*
Mingled his royalty with capering *fools.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *carping* instead of *capering*. For "*carded his* state" Collier's second folio substitutes "*discarded* state," and is followed by White; very unadvisedly, I think. *Carded*, taken as the word was often used, gives a very fitting sense, namely, "mixed, and debased by mixing." So in Bishop Andrewes' Sermons, quoted by Mr. Arrowsmith: "And these — for that by themselves they will not utter — to *mingle* and to *card* with the Apostles' doctrine." See footnote 13.

P. 87. *Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas,* and *Mortimer*
Capitulate against us, and are up. — The old text omits *and* in the first of these lines. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 87. *When I will wear a garment all of blood,*
And stain my favour *in a bloody mask.* — So Hanmer and Warburton. The old text has *favours*. The context shows that the Prince means his own *face* or *countenance*, and the plural can hardly give that sense.

P. 88. *This, in the name of God, I promise here:*
The which if I perform, and do survive. — So the folio. The quartos read "The which if *he be pleas'd* I *shall* performe."

P. 88. *How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.*
Blunt. *So* is *the business that I come to speak of.* — The old copies read "So *hath* the business." A very palpable error.

P. 89. *On Wednesday next* you, Harry, *shall set forward;*
On Thursday we ourselves will march. — The old text reads "On Wednesday next, *Harry, you* shall set forward."

Act III., Scene 3.

P. 97. *Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,*
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. —
Go, Pointz, *to horse, to horse; for thou and I*
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time. —
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the *Temple-hall*
At two o'clock in th' afternoon. — In the second of these lines, the old copies have "*To* my brother John"; in the third, "Go, *Peto,* to horse"; in the fourth, "to ride *yet* ere dinner-time"; and in the fifth, "*Jack,* meet me to-morrow *in the* Temple-hall." Yet they print the whole speech as verse. Some modern editors print the whole as prose; and I have been rather slow in coming to the conclusion that they are wrong in doing so. In truth, without the several changes I have noted, the speech is neither fairly verse nor fairly prose, but an awkward and hobbling mixture of the two. Withal, it is quite certain that *Peto* should be *Pointz.* See the last of these notes on the second Act, page 140.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 99. *His letters bear his mind, not I, my* lord. — The first two quartos have "not I my *mind*"; the other old copies, "not I *his mind*." Corrected by Capell.

P. 99. *He writes me here, that inward sickness —*
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn. — The first of these lines is manifestly incomplete both in sense and in metre; and I suspect it was purposely left so, as a casual note of Hotspur's impatience and perturbation of mind. Capell, however, printed "that inward sickness *holds him*." If I were to make any change, it would be "that inward sickness, — *and* — And," &c.

P. 100. *Where now remains a sweet reversion;*
And *we may boldly spend upon the hope*
Of what is to come in. — So Capell. The old copies are without *And* in the second line. "That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt," says Dyce.

P. 101. *That shows the ignorant a kind of fear*
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. Nay, *you strain too far.* — The old text is without *Nay;* and possibly the verse was not meant to be complete. Capell reads "*Come*, you strain too far."

P. 101. *There is not such a word*
Spoken *in Scotland as this term of fear.* — Instead of *Spoken*, the old text has *Spoke of.* The correction is Lettsom's. I question whether it was ever English to use *spoke of* as an equivalent for *spoken.*

P. 101. *The King himself in person is set forth,*
Or hitherwards intendeth *speedily.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *intended.* An easy misprint.

P. 102. *And his comrades, that* daff *the world aside,*
And bid it pass. — So Dyce; and notes upon the text as follows: "Here *daft* of the old editions is a present tense, merely a corrupt spelling of *doff.* — Formerly, to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t*."

P. 102. *All plumed like estridges that with the wind*

Bate it ; *like eagles having lately bathed.* — So the old copies, except that they have *Bated* instead of *Bate it*, and lack the (;) after *Bated*. The change was lately proposed by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, and is fully justified from the conditions of the passage, and by ancient usage. — Rowe printed "like estridges that *wing* the wind ; Bated like eagles ; " &c. ; and is followed by several editors, Staunton, White, and Dyce among them ; in deference to whom I once gave up the old reading : but I now return to it in full confidence under the better advice of Mr. A. E. Brae, who justly notes it as "perfectly legitimate" to take *bated with* as equivalent to *struggled against*. The only difficulty I can see in the text arises from the circumstance of the verb being in the past tense, where it should properly be in the present, *bate*. But this, I think, is fairly obviated by reading *bate it*. See foot-note 18.

P. 103. *I saw young Harry — with his beaver on —*
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vault it *with such ease into his seat*, &c. — The old text has *vaulted;* an instance something like that remarked in the preceding note ; where *vault* would obviously be more proper. For the sake of grammatical accuracy, Capell printed "And *vault* with such *an* ease." The reading in the text was suggested by Malone, but occurred to me independently.

P. 103. *Harry* and *Harry shall, hot horse to horse,*
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. — The old copies read "Harry *to* Harry shall." To speak of one person as meeting *to* another, is not English, and, I think, never was. The correction is Lettsom's.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 104. *We'll to Sutton*-Co'fil' *to-night.* — So the Cambridge Editors and Dyce, who are doubtless well-booked in the particulars of English geography and nomenclature. The old text has "Sutton-*cophill.*" See foot-note 1.

P. 105. *I* press'd *me none but good householders, yeomen's sons*, inquired *me out*, &c. — Instead of *press'd* and *inquired*, the old text has *presse* and *inquire*. But the context leaves no doubt that those verbs should be in the past tense.

P. 105. *Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs* lick *his sores.* — The old copies have *licked.*

P. 106. *There's* but *a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins,* &c. — The old copies read "There's *not* a shirt and a half." *But* and *not* were often misprinted for each other: still I am not sure but the change meddles too much with Falstaff's idiom.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 108. *You speak it out of fear and cold heart.* — We have here an unpleasant breach of prosody, or what seems such. White, however, takes *fear* as a dissyllable. Pope printed "out of fear, and *from* cold heart." Collier's second folio has "fear and *a* cold heart." I think it would not be un-Shakespearian to read "fear and cold *of* heart."

P. 108. *I hold as little counsel with weak fear*
As yóu, my lord, or any Scot that lives. — So Pope. The old text reads "any Scot that *this day* lives." It is hardly credible that the Poet would have thus damaged his verse and weakened his sense at the same time.

P. 108. *That not a horse is half the half himself.* — So Steevens. The old copies have "half the half of himself"; which Pope changed to "half half of himself."

P. 110. *To sue his livery and beg his peace,*
With tears of innocence *and terms of zeal.* — The old text has *innocency.* The two forms were often confounded.

P. 112. *And withal to pry*
Into his title, the which now *we find*
Too indirect for long continuance. — So Dyce. The old copies are without *now* in the second of these lines. Of course the word has been inserted, to repair the metre; yet it can hardly be said to make the line rhythmical.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 115. *You have not sought it!* why, *how comes it, then?* — The old text is without *why.* The gap thus left in the verse has sometimes been filled up with *well.* I think *why* accords better with the tone of the speech.

P. 116. *And, being fed by us, you used us so*
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-*bird,*
Useth the sparrow. — So Walker. The old text has "*Cuckowes* Bird."

P. 118. *So tell your cousin, and* then *bring me word*
What he will do. — So Capell. The old copies lack *then.*

P. 119. *What is honour? a word. What is that word* honour? *air.* — So the folio. The first three quartos read "What is *in* that word, honour? *What is that honour?* Air."

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 119. Suspicion *all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes.* — The old copies have *Supposition.* Corrected by Rowe. As Alexandrines are rare in this play, much effort has been made, to get rid of two syllables here.

P. 120. *All his offences* lie *upon my head*
And on his father's. — The old text has *live* instead of *lie.* The two words were often confounded, as Walker abundantly shows.

P. 120. *Marry,* I *shall, and very willingly.* — So Pope. The old copies read "Marry *and* shall."

P. 121. *Which he mended thus,*
By new-*forswearing that he is forsworn.* — The old text has "By *now* forswearing." Corrected by Walker; who produces many like instances of *new* and *now* confounded.

P. 122. *Cousin, I think thou art enamourèd*
Upon *his follies: never did I hear*
Of any prince so wild o' *liberty.* — In the second line, the old copies have *On* instead of *Upon.* In the third line, the quartos have "wilde *a* liberty," the folio, "wilde *at* liberty." We find almost numberless instances of *a* printed for *o'*. "Wild *of* liberty" means "wild *in respect of* liberty," — a frequent usage. Dyce, following Capell, prints "so wild a *libertine*," which seems to me rather strange.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 123. *What is thy name, that in* the *battle thus*
Thou crossest me? — So Hamner. The old copies omit *the.*

P. 124. *A fool go with thy soul* where're *it goes.* — So Capell. The old copies have "*whither* it goes." Both sense and metre favour the change.

P. 124. *The King hath many* masking *in his coats.* — The old text has *marching* instead of *masking*, which is from Collier's second folio; a very happy correction.

P. 125. *There's* but *three of my hundred and fifty left alive.* — Here, again, the old copies have *not* instead of *but.* See note on "There's *but* a shirt and a half," &c., page 147.

P. 125. *Whose deaths* as yet are *unrevenged: I pr'ythee*
Lend me thy sword. — Instead of *as yet are*, the old copies have *are yet*, and *are.* Corrected by Dyce.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 126. *I* do *beseech your Majesty, make up.* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old copies omit *do.*

P. 128. *The spirits*
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm. — The old text has "are in my *armes.*" Pope reduced the line from an Alexandrine to a regular verse by omitting *valiant.*

P. 129. *They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:*
But thoughts *the* slaves *of life, and life Time's fool,*
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. — So the first quarto. The other old copies have "But *thought's* the *slave* of Life." Lettsom notes upon the passage thus: "The readings of the second quarto are sophistications by one who did not see that *thoughts* as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must have*, and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb." — I suspect we ought to read *thought* and *slave* instead of *thoughts* and *slaves.* — See foot-note 6.

P. 131. *I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding*
Upon *the ground.* — Here, again, the old text has *On* instead of *upon*, which is Capell's reading.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 133. Since *not to be avoided* it *falls on me.* — I suspect we ought to read, with Collier's second folio, "*Which* not to be avoided falls on me."

P. 134. *Even in the bosom of our adversaries.* — After this line, the first four quartos put the following speech into the mouth of Lancaster:

> I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
> Which I shall give away immediately.

This comes pretty near being absurd; for it makes the Prince say he will *give away the courtesy.*

KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster,
} his Sons.
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
GOWER, HARCOURT,
} of the King's Party.
Sir WILLIAM GASCOIGNE, Lord Chief Justice.
A Gentleman attending on him.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERL'D,
SCROOP, Archbp. of York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
Sir JOHN COLEVILLE,
} against the King.
TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.
POINTZ and PETO.
SHALLOW and SILENCE.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF,
} Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
RUMOUR, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer.
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY.
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Ladies, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE. — *England.*

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*[1]

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

[1] Such was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the Poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin

I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of Earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,[2]
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what[3] need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

coat *full of winged tongues*. Students of Latin will at once recognize the substantial likeness, not to say identity, of Shakespeare's Rumour and Virgil's Fama; one side of whose nature is choicely described in the following from Bacon's *Essay of Fame*: "The poets make Fame a monster: they describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententiously; they say, Look, how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath, so many tongues, so many voices, she pricks up so many ears."

[2] The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

[3] *What* occurs very often, as here, with the exact force of the interrogative *why*.

To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,[4]
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.[5]
[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Same.*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

Enter Porter, *above.*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

[4] Warkworth Castle, the residence of Northumberland.

[5] Here *wrongs* evidently means *harms*, *hurts*, *disasters*, or *discomforts*; as "*true* wrongs" stands in full antithesis to "comforts *false*." And *wrong* has the same radical sense as *wring* and *wrest*, all being from the same root. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: "Cæsar did never *wrong* but with *just cause*, nor without cause will he be satisfied."

Please it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit* Porter *above*.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:[1]
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,[2] the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,

[1] *Stratagem* for *dreadful event* or *calamity*. So in *3 Henry VI.*, ii. 5: "What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly, this deadly quarrel daily doth beget!"

[2] Prince Henry was surnamed Monmouth from the town of that name in Wales, where he was born. — *Brawn*, here, is *roll of flesh*. See page 54, note 16.

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent[3] with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armèd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,[4]
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,

[3] *Forspent* is *spent utterly;* the prepositive *for* being here intensive.
[4] So in Job: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage."

Upon mine honour, for a silken point [5]
I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.
North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow,[6] that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[7]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.[8] —
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain [9] in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, *Your son did thus and thus;*

[5] A *silken point* is a *tagged lace.* See page 58, note 26.
[6] *Hilding* was a term of contempt for a vile, cowardly person.
[7] Alluding to the title-pages of elegies, which were printed all black.
[8] An attestation of its ravage. *Usurpation* very much in the sense of *encroachment;* invading another's rights.
[9] That is, *withdrew* the curtain, or drew it *aside.*

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with *Brother, son, and all are dead.*

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chancèd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain,

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear[10] or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,[11]

[10] *Fear* for *danger*, or the thing feared, or that should be feared.

[11] *Sullen*, here, is *gloomy* or *dismal*. Often so. — The allusion is to what was called the *passing*-bell; it being an old custom in England to give notice, by the tolling of a bell, when any one was in the agonies of death, that those who heard it might offer up their prayers in behalf of the dying person. So Sir Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici*, 1643: "I never hear the *toll of a passing-bell*, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit."

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,[12] wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death — whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp —
Being bruited[13] once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
Gan vail his stomach,[14] and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,

[12] *Quittance* is *requital* or *return*. A feeble return of *blows* is the meaning. The Poet has *quittance* repeatedly so.

[13] *Bruited* is *noised abroad* or *reported*.

[14] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to *lower*, to cast down. — *Stomach* was often used for *courage*, and sometimes for *pride*.

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle[15] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs.
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,[16]
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice[17] crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif![18]
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd[19] with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st[20] hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

[15] To *buckle* is to *bend;* as in our American phrase, "buckle down to it." The word is used as a transitive verb in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning:* "Reason doth *buckle* and bow the mind to the nature of things."

[16] *Grief,* in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for *sorrow;* in the former part, for *bodily pain.*

[17] *Nice* is here used in the sense of *effeminate, delicate, tender.*

[18] *Sickly quoif* is *cap* or *hood* worn in *sickness.* The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale,* iv. 3: "Golden *quoifs* and stomachers."

[19] *Flesh'd* is *elated* or *made exultant; flushed.* See vol. x. page 90, note 5.

[20] Both *ragged* and *rugged* were sometimes used for *rough.*

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strainèd passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet[21] earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presurmise
That, in the dole[22] of blows, your son might drop;
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable[23]
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade[24] of danger ranged:
Yet did you say, *Go forth;* and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action:[25] what hath, then, befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

[21] The old poets apply *sweet* to persons precisely as we do *dear*.

[22] *Dole* is a *dealing* or *distribution*. So the Poet has "*dole* of honour."

[23] *Advised* is the same as *knew*, or *were aware*. — *Capable* is *susceptible*. — To "walk o'er perils on an edge" is to cross a deep ravine or chasm on the edge of a plank, or something as narrow as that. So in the First Part, i. 3: "As full of peril as to o'er-walk a current roaring loud on the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

[24] *Trade* for *resort* or *concourse*. See vol. x. page 203, note 14.

[25] *Stiff-borne* is *obstinately maintained*. So the Bible has *stiff-necked* for *obstinate*.

L. Bard. We all that are engagèd to[26] this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect[27] of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed[28] powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse',[29]
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness,[30] constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that[31] their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood[32]
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause;

[26] Such was the common phraseology of the time. See page 86, note 19.

[27] Here, as often, *respect* is *consideration* or *regard*.

[28] *Well-appointed* is well-*equipped*, well-*furnished*. Often so.

[29] Here, again, *corpse'* is a contraction for *corpses*. See page 10, note 10.

[30] *Queasiness* is *squeamishness*, *disgust*, or *nausea*.

[31] *That* for *so that*, or *insomuch that;* a very frequent usage.

[32] Augments or strengthens the insurrection by carrying about the blood of King Richard, to which the people flock as a hallowed relic.

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,[33]
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less[34] do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. — *London. A Street.*

Enter Falstaff, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?[1]

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed[2] it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird[3] at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If

[33] That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. See page 118, note 11.

[34] *More* and *less* is *great* and *small;* that is, *all ranks* of people.

[1] One of the old medical quackeries was, to make a diagnosis by inspecting the patient's urine, and instruments called urinals were in common use for that purpose. The practice is often alluded to by old writers.

[2] *Owed* for *owned*, as usual. See vol. vii. page 34, note 90.

[3] Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.

the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate[4] till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal,[5] the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall[6] get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal! God may finish it when He will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it;[7] and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?[8]

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the glutton! pray God his

[4] The words *mandrake* and *agate* refer to the small size of the Page. The *mandrake* is an herb of narcotic qualities, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when pulled up from the earth. *Agates* were often cut into images, to be worn in rings and brooches, and thence came to be used metaphorically for diminutive persons. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio describes Queen Mab to be "no bigger than an *agate-stone* on the forefinger of an alderman."

[5] *Juvenal* for a *youth;* so used repeatedly by Shakespeare, and very often by Chaucer.

[6] This well illustrates the old indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will*. Here, according to the present idiom, the two should change places.

[7] Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal;* that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

[8] *Slops* is *large trousers* or *breeches*. See vol. iv. page 202, note 6.

tongue be hotter![9] A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave![10] to bear a gentleman in hand,[11] and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking-up,[12] then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.[13] Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,[14] and he'll buy me a horse

[9] Alluding, evidently, to the parable of Dives and Lazarus: "That he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

[10] Meaning, apparently, a tradesman who says, "Yes, indeed," when asked if he will sell goods on credit, so as to encourage the purchase, and then snap the purchaser.

[11] To *bear in hand* is to wheedle with false expectations. See vol iv. page 228, note 20.

[12] That is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.

[13] A note-worthy string of punning metaphors, turning on the different senses of *horn*. *Lanterns* used to be made partly of horn. Of allusions to the horns of a dishonoured husband, we have more than enough.

[14] In the olden time St. Paul's Cathedral was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Tradesmen and masterless serving men also set up their advertisements there: and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."

in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close;[15] I will not see him.

Enter the Chief-Justice *and an* Attendant.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your

[15] *Close* is *secret.* Falstaff means, "Hold still, and pretend ignorance."

soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter:[16] hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is returned with some discomfort[17] from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

[16] To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent.

[17] That is, returned *somewhat discomfited.* A rather euphemistic phrase for *defeated.* What with Glendower's ability and what with the malice of the elements, the King's army had been utterly routed. But he ascribed his defeat to the Welshman's magic arts and incantations.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels [18] would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.[19]

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

[18] To punish a man by the heels is, I take it, to set him in the stocks, as Kent is punished in *King Lear*, ii. 2. Lord Campbell, however, says that "to *lay by the heels* was the technical expression for committing to prison." But I doubt whether such be the meaning here. It is "*punish* by the heels"; and *stocking* is one form of imprisonment. The matter is well shown in the case of Leonard Fairfield, in Lord Lytton's *My Novel*.

[19] The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord, —

Ch. Just. But, since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle,[20] my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;[21] but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.[22]

[20] A *wassail candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon *wax;* referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb to *wax*.

[21] Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *angel*, which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. See vol. iii. page 156, note 7.

[22] *Cannot go* refers to the *passing* of money; *cannot tell*, to the *counting* or *telling* of it. — "In some *respects*" here means for some *cause*, *reason*, or *consideration*.

Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger[23] times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: pregnancy[24] is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls:[25] and we that are in the vaward of our youth,[26] I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,[27] and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear

[23] *Costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-pedler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*.

[24] *Pregnancy* is fulness of wit and invention.

[25] You look with bilious asperity upon our warm blood; the "hot temper," that "leaps o'er a cold decree."

[26] *Vaward* is an old word for *vanguard*. People in the *vaward* of their youth, I suppose, are people *just passing out of* their youth.

[27] *Single* is *simple, feeble*. *Single-witted* and *single-souled* were common epithets, to designate *simple persons*. The Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before.

that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.[28] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?[29]

[28] I am not clear as to what Sir John means by invoking upon himself the evil of "never spitting white again." The natural explanation is, that drinking deep of his favourite beverage had or was supposed to have that effect. And such, I believe, is the fact. Heating drinks are apt to render the mouth frothy. And perhaps the humour lies in taking an unpleasant effect of a pleasant indulgence.

[29] The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says,

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.[30] Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt* Chief-Justice *and* Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[31] — A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent[32] my curses. — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] — A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension

"Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while."

[30] The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." *Crosses* were *pieces of money*. See vol. v. page 37, note 1.

[31] This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then, the toad being put on one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

[32] *Prevent* in its old sense of *anticipate* or *precede*. See vol. iii. page 116, note 17.

shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *York. A Room in the* Archbishop's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop, *the Lords* HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: —
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance o' the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies lie largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensèd fire of injuries.[1]

L. Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But, if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,

[1] "An incensed fire of injuries" is a fire *kindled by* wrongs.

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined[2] himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller[3] than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed, the instant[4] act and cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,[5] or at last desist

[2] To *line* is to *strengthen*, as lining strengthens a garment. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See page 48, note 10.

[3] That is, which *turned out to be* much smaller.

[4] *Instant* is here used in the sense of the Latin *instans*, — *pressing* or *impending*. — "Yes," says his lordship, "it has done hurt to proceed upon mere likelihoods and forms of hope in this business or occupation of war." He then goes on reasoning very soberly and justly from the recent case of Hotspur, and applies the lesson of that miscarriage to the action now pressing upon them.

[5] In the old English castles and palaces, certain *rooms* or *apartments* were called *offices*.

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,—
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,—should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
And weigh against his opposite;[6] or else
We fortify on paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish Winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes—yet likely of fair birth—
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,[7]
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound

[6] *His* refers, apparently, to *estate*. The sense is somewhat obscure, but may be given thus: "We should know how able our estate is to meet, or balance, the outlay that assails or threatens it." The use of *his* for *its* has been repeatedly noted, and occurs several times in the preceding scene; as, "I have read the cause of *his* effects," and, "should have *his* effect of gravity."

[7] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower.

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,
They baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster[8] and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,

[8] This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually Duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first Parliament of King Henry IV., says, "His *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster."

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admirèd heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.*

Enter the Hostess, FANG *and his* Boy *with her, and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you enter'd the exion?[1]

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman?[2] Is't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, 'a

[1] *Exion* is a Quicklyism for *action*, that is *prosecution.*

[2] A bailiff's follower was formerly called a sergeant's *yeoman.*

cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin[3] like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice,[4] —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure; — good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head[5] in Lumbert-street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose[6] knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, *the* Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

[3] *Foin* is an old word for *thrust*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

[4] *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch*. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England.

[5] *Lubber* is Mrs. Quickly's version of *libbard*, which is the old form of *leopard*. The pictured heads of various animals were used as signs; as the libbard's by Master Smooth, and the boar's by Mrs. Quickly.

[6] The epithet *malmsey-nose* is probably given to Bardolph because his nose had the colour of malmsey wine.

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.[7]

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! — Murder, murder! — O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.[8]

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou woo't, woo't thou? thou woo't, woo't thou?[9] do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief-Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York. —
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

[7] *Channel* here means *kennel*, that is, *ditch* or *gutter*. So in *3 King Henry VI.*, ii. 2: "As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea." Also in *Lucrece:* "Here friend by friend in bloody *channel* lies." See, also, vol. viii. page 211, note 10.

[8] To *quell* meant to *kill;* so that *man-queller* is *manslayer* or *murderer*. — *Honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Quicklyisms for *homicidal* and *homicide;* as *indited* and *bastardly* are for *invited* and *dastardly*.

[9] *Woo't* is an old colloquialism for *wilt*. So in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "*Woo't* weep? *woo't* fight? *woo't fast?*" &c.

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, — all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: — but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare,[10] if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt[11] goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, — thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou

[10] The gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged, *mare*. The hostess means the *nightmare;* but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.

[11] *Parcel-gilt* is *partly gilt*, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, describing a bride-cup, says, "It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel-gilt*."

not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:[12] deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But, for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[13] without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make curtsy,[14] and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

[12] *Book-oath* probably refers to the custom of swearing upon the Bible, or "kissing the book."

[13] *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. *Snip*, *snib*, *sneb*, and *snub* are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

[14] Making *curtsy* is the same as making a *leg*; a form of obeisance much used in former times. See page 64, note 47.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,[15] and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Takes her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and, for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German Hunting in water-work,[16] is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw[17] thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i'faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

[15] That is, in a manner suitable to your name and character.

[16] *Water-work* is *water-colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-colour. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject. — *Drollery* in Shakespeare's time meant a kind of *puppet-show*.

[17] *Draw* has here the force of *withdraw;* referring to the prosecution she had entered against him.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — [*To* BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, *and* Boy.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool

that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap,[18] and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great Fool.[19] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Another Street.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Pointz. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd[1] one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Pointz. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows

[18] *Tap for tap* is equivalent to our phrase *tit for tat.* Falstaff has just been retorting upon the Judge in the Judge's own kind; not heeding his questions, but going right on with his talk, as if no questions had been asked. In saying "he was a fool that taught them me," Sir John refers to the usage he has turned upon the Chief Justice.

[19] His lordship uses *fool* here in the sense of the "allowed Fool," who was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with his superiors, and no one but a dunce thought of taking any offence at his jests.

[1] To *lay-hold of*, to *seize*, to *attack*, are among the old meanings of to *attach*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly for to *arrest*.

better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keep'st not racket[2] there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen[3] shall inherit His kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Pointz. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Pointz. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent-good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Pointz. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, — as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, — I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Pointz. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such

[2] *Racket* was the name of an instrument used in playing the game of tennis. It was a piece of wood, with a handle at one end, and the other end bent into a sort of hoop, with some elastic material stretched over it. Probably a quibble was intended between this and the ordinary sense of the word.

[3] The Prince is referring to Pointz's children, actual or presumptive, who are supposed to have use for all the old shirts he can spare. The joke turns partly on the circumstance of Pointz being unmarried.

vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation[4] of sorrow.

Pointz. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Pointz. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Pointz. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Pointz. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;[5] and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes Bardolph.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: 'a had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and the* Page.

Bard. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [*To the* Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red

[4] *Ostentation* here means, simply, *outward show*, or *expression*.

[5] "A proper fellow of my hands" is a man of valour and execution. "A tall man," and "a tall man of his hands," were used in the same sense. The same phrase was also sometimes used for a *thief*.

lattice,[6] and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand;[7] and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: — there 'tis, boy. [*Gives money.*

Pointz. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee. [*Gives money.*

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you. [*Gives a letter.*

Pointz. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the Martlemas,[8] your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Pointz. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

[6] *Red lattice* was a common term for an ale-house window. The fashion of red lattices in such houses is often alluded to by the old writers.

[7] The Poet stumbles here in his mythology, confounding Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. Hecuba, before the birth of Paris, dreamed that she was the mother of a fire-brand that consumed Troy. Althea's fire-brand was a reality, not a dream.

[8] Falstaff is before called *latter Spring, all-hallown Summer*, and Pointz now calls him *Martlemas*, a corruption of *Martinmas*, which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of Autumn. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

[*Gives the letter to* POINTZ.

Pointz. [Reads.] *John Falstaff, knight,* — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they say, *There's some of the King's blood spilt. How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the King's poor cousin, sir.*

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Pointz. [Reads.] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.* — Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Pointz. [Reads.] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*[9] — Sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded. — *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst; and so, farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (*which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,*) JACK FALSTAFF *with my familiars,* JOHN *with my brothers and sisters, and* SIR JOHN *with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

[9] Alluding to the celebrated bulletin, *veni, vidi, vici,* with which Julius Cæsar is said to have announced his victory at Zela.

Pointz. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the Fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? [10]

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.[11]

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Pointz. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph, — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [*Gives money.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And, for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page. — This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Pointz. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

[10] A place to fatten a boar in. So in Holland's Pliny: "Swine will be well fat and well larded in sixtie daies; and the rather, if before you begin to *franke* them up, they be kept altogether from meat three daies."

[11] A slang phrase probably meaning *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*. See vol. vi. page 92, note 4.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours,[12] and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly.[13] Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

[12] "*Bestow* himself in his true *colours*" is *bear*, *behave*, or *show* himself in his proper *character*. See vol. v. page 93, note 4.

[13] That is, must be *according to the* folly. A grave and serious purpose would not sort well with a course of frolicsome levity; and *vice versa*.

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him, as the Sun
In the gray vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick,[1] which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.[2] And him, — O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! — him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:[3] so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong

[1] "Speaking *thick*" is speaking *rapidly*, running the words together. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 2: "Say, and *speak thick;* love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

[2] This language seems to have been in special favour with the Poet. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "The *glass of fashion* and the mould of form." And in *Lucrece:*

> For princes are the glass, the school, the *book*,
> Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

[3] *Defensible* for *defensive;* the passive form with the active sense. So, in a Proclamation of the Protector Somerset, quoted by Walker, the King's subjects are called upon to repair to Hampton Court "in most *defensible* array, with harness and weapons to defend his most royal person."

To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient[4] oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armèd commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,[5]
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Ancient*, here, is *past* or *by-gone*, simply.

[5] Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals.

SCENE IV. — *London. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the Devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.[1]

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart: [2] but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why, then cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; [3] Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the Mass, here will be old utis: [4] it will be an excellent stratagem.

[1] This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Phillips in a passage quoted page 89, note 1. Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-john*."

[2] *Anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. So in *King Lear*, iv. 1: "Bad is the trade that must play Fool to sorrow, *angering* itself and others." See, also, quotation from Richardson, vol. xv. page 108, note 10.

[3] A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for *a set* or *company of musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band.

[4] *Old* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now. — *Utis*, sometimes spelt *utas*, and derived by Skinner from the French *huit*, properly meant the octave of a saint's day, and hence was applied generally

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter the Hostess *and* Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent-good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la: but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say *What's this?* How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [Singing.] *When Arthur first in Court* — Empty the jordan. [*Exit* 1 Drawer.] — [Singing.] *And was a worthy king.*[5] — How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm;[6] yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect;[7] an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

to sport-making and festivity. So in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602: "With some roysting harmony let us begin the *utas* of our jollitie." The word, it is said, is still used in Warwickshire for what is called a *row*. So that *old utis* is a *grand frolic*.

[5] The ballad from which this is taken is entitled *Sir Launcelot du Lake*, and is printed entire in Percy's *Reliques*. The first stanza as there given runs thus:

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approvèd king,
By force of armes great victorys wonne,
And conquest home did bring.

[6] *Calm* is a Quicklyism for *qualm*. Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun. See vol. ii. page 87, note 30.

[7] *Sect* and *sex* were often used indiscriminately.

Fal. You make fat rascals,[8] Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:*[9] — for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[10] bravely, —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger,[11] hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic[12] as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year![13] one must bear, — [*To* DOLL.] and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

[8] The allusion here is rather uncertain. Walker says, "There is a species of tea-cake in Yorkshire, called — appropriately — a fat rascal." On the other hand, Puttenham says, "*Rascall* is properly a hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season."

[9] From a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*, also printed in Percy's *Reliques*. One stanza is as follows:

> A kirtle and a mantle this boy had him upon,
> With *brooches*, rings, and *owches*, full daintily bedone.

[10] A quibble turning upon the different senses of *chamber*, which was used, to signify a *small piece of ordnance*. Shakespeare has *chambers* fired off in his *King Henry VIII.*

[11] Probably an ironical allusion to Falstaff's bulkiness, *conger* being another name for the *sea-eel*, which of course loves and haunts muddy waters.

[12] Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheùm* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*.

[13] The origin and meaning of this term have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account makes it a corruption of *gougere*, which was used of a certain French disease. It was sometimes spelt *good-jer*. It came to be used as an unmeaning expletive.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeax stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.[14]

Re-enter the First Drawer.

1 Draw. Sir, Ancient[15] Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: — shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,[16] Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, — 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, — *Neighbour*

[14] It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvises a little in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares.

[15] *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See page 105, note 8.

[16] An old exclamation equivalent to our *fiddle-faddle*.

Quickly, says he; — Master Dumb,[17] our minister, was by then; — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name:* — now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive; receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*. There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit first* Drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:[18] but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says *swagger:* — feel, mistress, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

[17] The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs.

[18] The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator*, or officer of the Exchequer.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,[19] away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chops, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much![20]

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*;[21] which was an excellent-good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

[19] To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. Doll means to call him *pickpocket*. *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bung* were also cant terms for the knife used by cutpurses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

[20] These *two points* were laces, marks of his commission.—*Much!* was a common ironical exclamation of contempt and denial.

[21] This word had been perverted to a bad meaning. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says, "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature."

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?[22]

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,[23]
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,[24]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What

[22] Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman. — *Faitors* is an old word meaning *vagabonds*, or *idle rascals*. Used as a general term of reproach.

[23] This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

[24] A Pistolian blunder for *Hannibals*.

the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[25]—
Come, give's some sack.
Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.[26]—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.—
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full-points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing?[27]

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:[28] what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust me down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?[29]

Fal. Quoit him down,[30] Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
[*Snatching up his sword.*

[25] In *The Battle of Alcazar*, a play which Dyce assigns to Peele, we meet with the line, "Feed, then, and faint not, *my fair Calipolis.*" And again: "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe." Pistol is supposed to have haunted the pit, and there got charged with these bits of theatrical ammunition.

[26] This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on his sword; the same which he has already called *Hiren*, and which he calls *sweetheart* a little after. A Toledo blade, and so with its motto in Spanish.

[27] That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?

[28] *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's *Collection*.

[29] Common hackneys.

[30] That is, *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were broad shillings of King Edward VI. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, they are spoken of as *Edward shovel-boards*.

Then death rock me asleep,[31] abridge my doleful days!
Why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* PISTOL *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

[31] Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play: — play, sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. [*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little Bartholomew-tide boar-pig,[32] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for Heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ *disguised as* Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say Pointz has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and 'a plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;[33] and

[32] Doll says this in coaxing ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

[33] Steevens says that "*conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative"; and Nares says, "*Fennel* was generally considered as an in-

drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;[34] and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;[35] and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel[36] have his ears cut off?

Pointz. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Pointz. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction![37] what says the almanac to that?

Pointz. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.[38]

flammatory herb; and therefore, to eat *conger* and *fennel*, was to eat two high and hot things together, which was esteemed an act of libertinism."

[34] A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth. — *Riding the wild-mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw.

[35] The meaning is not very obvious. Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me an explanation that may well be thought sufficient: "Pointz 'breeds no bate,' *because* he keeps a *discreet* tongue in his head: in his talk with the Prince he avoids getting into trouble by taking care that his stories be always discreet."

[36] Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The pun between *nave* and *knave* is obvious. *Would* for *should*.

[37] This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

[38] *Trigon* for triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle[39] of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*
Pointz. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's?—And art not thou Pointz his[40] brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth,

it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. Pointz refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.

[39] Few words have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly *a petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

[40] *Pointz his* is the old form of the possessive, which was going out of use in the Poet's time. It would now be written *Pointz's* or *Pointz'*.

welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Pointz. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine,[41] you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Pointz. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

[41] Alluding to the fat, or *candle-timber* wrapped up in Sir John's establishment.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us?[42] is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Pointz. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the Devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns,[43] poor soul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law;[44] for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.[45]

[*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

[42] To "*close with* us," is to *unite*, to *fall in*, or to *take part*, with us.

[43] That is, burns with the *lues venerea*. "The venereal disease was called, in those times, the *brennynge* or *burning*," says Johnson.

[44] In the reign of Elizabeth, statutes were made for the observance of fish days, strictly forbidding victuallers to serve up flesh in Lent.

[45] A quibble is here intended, I think, between *Grace* as a title and *grace* in the theological sense; alluding, probably, to St. Paul's antagonism between the Spirit and the flesh. Galatians v. 17.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the North: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door! —

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the* Page.] Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. — You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these

twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. — [*Exit* Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the pérfumed chambers of the great,
Under their canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?[1]

[1] The most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has *left* it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watch-*

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly,[2] death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

man; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger.

[2] *Hurly* is *noise, tumult, uproar;* the same as *hurly-burly*, which the Poet elsewhere uses. — *Shrouds* are the ropes extending from the mastheads to the sides of the ship.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth — viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue[3] —
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,[4] —
[*To* WARWICK.] You, cousin Neville, as I may remember, —
When Richard — with his eye brimful of tears,

[3] The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils.

[4] The reference here is to v. 1, of *King Richard II.*, where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to. In the next line, also, there is some confusion. *Ralph Neville* was at that time earl of *Westmoreland*, and the name of the Earl of *Warwick* was *Beauchamp*. The latter earldom did not come into the Neville family till many years after, when Anne, the heiress of that earldom was married to Richard Neville, son to the Earl of Salisbury. See vol. viii. page 138, note 6.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland —
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne; —
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss; —
The time will come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: — so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasuréd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of these,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.[5]
They say the bishop and Northumberland

[5] To *cry out on*, or to *cry on*, was a common phrase for to *exclaim against*. The meaning is, that the instant necessity upbraids our sloth and backwardness. The Poet repeatedly uses *cry on* in the same sense. — The meaning of the line before is, "If these things are indeed necessities, then let us meet them with their like; let us be as necessities to match them, and see which will prove the stronger." A very heroic saying!

Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.[6]
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd[7] hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Court before Justice* SHALLOW'S *House in Glostershire.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood.[1] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

[6] Glendower did not die till after the death of King Henry the Fourth. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed. — *Instance* here means *information* or *assurance*. The word is used in a great variety of senses by Shakespeare, and is sometimes rather hard to define. See vol. vi. page 217, note 7, and vol. iv. page 86, note 4.

[7] *Unseason'd* for *unseasonable;* as *admired* for *admirable*, *unavoided* for *unavoidable*, *wonder'd* for *wonderful*, and many others.

[1] The *Rood* is the *cross* or *crucifix*.

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns-o'-Court shortly:[2] I was once of Clement's-Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the Mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsol' man;[3] you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns-o'-Court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas[4] were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.[5]

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack[6] not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one

[2] Inns-of-Court are colleges where the younger "limbs of the law" pursue their legal studies and have their lodgings. Of this sort are Gray's-Inn, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, and Middle Temple.

[3] The Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have understood it that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and atheletic constitution. — *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*, in the time of Shakespeare.

[4] *Bona-roba* was a cant term for a *courtezan*. So Florio: "*Buonarobba*, as we say good stuffe; that is, a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench."

[5] Halliwell has ascertained that Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," was, in his youth, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and he justly argues that Oldcastle was the original name of Falstaff.

[6] A *crack* is a pert, forward *boy*.

Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! — 'a drew a good bow; and dead! — 'a shot a fine shoot: John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — 'a would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score;[7] and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be:[8] a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this

[7] Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By an old statute, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence. *A forehand shaft* is an arrow specially formed for shooting straight forward. To carry such an arrow fourteen score yards was doing well.

[8] Silence probably means, "That depends on their quality." *Thereafter* for *according as.*

county, and one of the King's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall[9] gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword[10] man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! — it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! — it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.[11]

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase;[12] but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, — being, — whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. —

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your Worship's good hand:

[9] *Bold, stout, able* are old meanings of *tall.* See vol. v. page 143, note 4.

[10] *Backsword* was the name a stick with a basket handle, used in rustic sports and exercises. The game of backsword is also called *single-stick.*

[11] It appears to have been fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time.

[12] Bardolph means that he does not understand the word *phrase.*

by my troth, you like well,[13] and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. — Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? — Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! — in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. [*To* SHALLOW.] Prick him.[14]

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not

[13] To *like well* is to be in *good-liking;* that is, *good condition.* See page 90, note 2.

[14] *Prick him* is *mark him;* which was done by pricking a hole in the paper against the name.

to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the others, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it:[15] I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

[15] Probably meaning much the same as the phrase now in use, "You are up to it."

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: [16] let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, — a cough, sir, — which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will

[16] Meaning, perhaps, that Wart commands an army of *parasites*.

have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number;[17] you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since[18] we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[19]

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the Mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

[17] There is an apparent discrepancy here, as only *five* recruits have been named. Perhaps the Poet made a slip; or perhaps, as Falstaff was to have but *four*, and as he has already accepted that number, the Poet did not choose to continue the process any further.

[18] *Since* for *when*. Repeatedly so. See vol. iii. page 29, note 23.

[19] This phrase — equivalent to cannot *endure*, or cannot *abide* — was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete yet.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesu, the days that we have seen! come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings [20] in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound [21] to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

[20] There were no coins of ten shillings' value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or Henry VIII.

[21] Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: — for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; — and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,[22] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.[23] And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver[24] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;[25] thus, thus, thus.

[22] Shakespeare uses *thews* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. In ancient writers, *thews* generally signifies *manners*, *behaviour*, or *qualities of the mind* or *disposition;* in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others.

[23] Johnson explains this from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery, "Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."

[24] A *caliver* was lighter than a musket, and was fired without a rest.

[25] *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*. "*Traverse*," says Bullokar, "to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing."

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: go to: — very good; exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.[26] — Well said, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,[27] when I lay at Clement's-Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,[28] — there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in: *rah*, *tah*, *tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*[29] would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. — God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit my house;

[26] *Shot* for *shooter*. So in the *Exercise of Arms*, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*." — *Well said* was used where we should say "well *done*."

[27] *Mile-End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, four thousand citizens were trained and exercised there.

[28] *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archers, styling themselves "the Auncient Order, Society and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. This society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he saw a good archer indeede, chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Shakespeare has heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who is represented in the romance as King Arthur's *Fool*. — *Quiver* is *nimble*, *active*, *spry*.

[29] *Bounce* was used, as we use *bang*, to express the report of a gun. See vol. x. page 36, note 52. — It is hardly needful to say that in "manage you," "come you in," &c., the *you* is simply expletive. The Poet has a great many such.

let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word.[30] Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentleman. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.]—On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, *&c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices:[31] I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; 'a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: 'a was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him mandrake: 'a came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd[32] huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights.[33] And now is this Vice's dag-

[30] *At a word* is an old phrase for *in short* or *in brief*. Shallow means that he'll keep his word; or that one word from him is as good as a hundred.

[31] The equivalent language of our time is, "I will *come it over* these justices." How he will do this, appears a little further on.—The implied pun on Shallow in *bottom* is obvious enough.

[32] *Scutch'd* is commonly explained to mean the same as *switched* or *whipped*.—The passage aptly hits off a perpetual sort of people who never find out what the fashion is, till it has passed away. Antony gives a like character to Lepidus in *Julius Cæsar*.

[33] The old Poets sometimes called their slight lyrical effusions by the name of *Fancies* and *Good-nights*.

ger[34] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst[35] his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name;[36] for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me:[37] if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

[34] There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the old Vice or Fool. See vol. v. page 222, note 17.

[35] *Burst*, *brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.

[36] That he was gaunter than *Gaunt*.

[37] This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, "He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice* as good." "It shall *go hard* but I will make" means "It must be a hard task indeed, if I do not work it through." See vol. ii. page 225, note 11.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on,[1] and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed[2] leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.

[1] To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement. Thus Holinshed: "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground."

[2] *Well-appointed* is the same as *well-furnished*, or *well-equipped*.

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady youth, guarded[3] with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments[4] figure innocence,
The dove and very blessèd spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to greaves,[5] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?[6]

[3] *Guarded* is a term of dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. See vol. iv. page 165, note 31.

[4] Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

[5] *Greaves* were leg-armour, and were sometimes made of leather; and, as books were covered with leather, the figure of turning mind-armour into leg-armour was natural and apt.

[6] A *point of war* is a warlike strain of music. So in Greene's *Orlando Furioso:* "To play him hunt's-up with a *point of war.*" And in Peele's *Edward the First*, 1593: "Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war.*" Also, Scott, in *Waverly*, Chap. xlvi.: "The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war* appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty."

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diseased;
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance,[7] present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;

[7] "Examples of every minute's instance" probably means examples which every minute *supplies* or *instances*.

Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied;
Wherein have you been gallèd by the King;
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you;
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My burden general is the commonwealth;
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.[8]

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from th' King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,

[8] Here *burden general* of course refers to the *public grievances* which the speaker has just been recounting, and for the redress of which he claims to be in arms. Then, besides this, he has a private or *particular* cause of quarrel in the wounding of his household affections by the cruelty inflicted on his own brother. So, in the preceding play, i. 3, we have Worcester speaking of the Archbishop as "bearing hard his brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop." See Critical Notes.

Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The King, that loved him, as the State stood then
Was, force perforce,[9] compell'd to banish him:
And when that Henry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both rousèd in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armèd staves in charge,[10] their beavers down,[11]
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,[12]
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, —
O, when the King did throw his warder down,[13]
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford[14] was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smiled?

[9] *Force perforce* was a reduplicate way of intensifying an expression of necessity; like the French *force forcée*. The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So in *2 King Henry VI.*, i. 1: "And, *force perforce*, I'll make him yield the crown." See, also, vol. x. page 47, note 10.

[10] That is, their *lances* being fixed in rest for the encounter.

[11] The *beaver* was a movable part of the helmet, covering the face in fight, but lifted up when the wearer chose. See page 103, note 20.

[12] The holes in their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

[13] This refers to the act of Richard in arresting the duel between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and ordering them both into exile. The matter is represented at length in the third scene of *King Richard II.*

[14] This is a mistake; he was *Duke* of Hereford.

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace
That he will give you audience; and, wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.[15]

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,

[15] A thing is often spoken of as *doing* that which it in any way *causes* to be done. So here the meaning seems to be, "every thing being struck off from your record, that might so much as *cause you to be thought* enemies." Shakespeare has many like expressions. See, however, Critical Notes.

To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse[16] you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—
We come within our awful banks[17] again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derivèd cause,

[16] To *muse* for to *wonder*, to *marvel*. Often so.

[17] That is, banks full of awe or respect for authority and law. The image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the State. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. See vol. x. page 200, note 3.

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths[18] martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking[19] grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables[20] clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.[21]

[18] "Our *royal faiths*" means our *good-faith*, or our *fidelity, to the King*; the adjective standing for the *object* of the substantive.

[19] *Picking* is *petty, paltry, trifling*, or *insignificant*. The idea is of one refining, "straining at a gnat," or making too much of small things. The Poet has *picked* several times in the same sense. So in *Love's Labours*, v. 1: "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," &c. See vol. x. page 13, note 21.

[20] The image is of table-books of slate, ivory, wax, &c., used for noting and keeping memoranda upon.

[21] The expression is rather obscure, owing partly to the mixing of simile and metaphor, partly to a peculiar use of *hangs*, which here means *suspends* or *arrests*, and partly to the double reference in *him* to the King and to the

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace: my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

husband implied in *wife*. The meaning, therefore, comes something thus: "So that the land, or the wife, as the King, or the husband, is striking, *causes* the *purposed* stroke to *hang unfinished*"; that is, "suspends or arrests the correction he had resolved or *determined* on, and had upreared his arm to execute." The verb to *hang* is used just so again in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5: "When thou hast *hung* thy *advanced* sword i' the air, not letting it decline on the declined"; that is, not letting it *fall* upon the *fallen*. Here *advanced* is *uplifted* or *upraised*. The Poet has many like instances of verbs used in a *causative* sense. See note 15, above. The substance of this explanation was written to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby, under date "Feb. 9, 1880."

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and others; from the other side,* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray: —
Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishop; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,[1]
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament;
To us th' imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,

[1] Holinshed says of the Archbishop that, "coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them foorth to the enterprise in hand."

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of Heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,[2]
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief, —
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the Court, —
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And, though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success[3] of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

[2] That is, "the feeling, which we all have in common, of the public grievances." A classical use of *sense*.

[3] *Success* for *succession*. A frequent usage. See vol. ix. page 255, note 26.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow[4] them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restorèd love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace. [*Drinks.*

Hast. [*To an* Officer.] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:[5]
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. [*Drinks.*

West. I pledge your Grace [*Drinks.*]; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. [*Drinks.*

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;

[4] *Approve* is an old meaning of *allow*. Very often so in the Bible. See, also, vol. vii. page 151, note 29.

[5] *Part* for *depart;* the two words being used interchangeably by old writers.

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Seems to say thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit* WEST.
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit* HAST.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: —
And you, Lord Archbishop, — and you, Lord Mowbray, —
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

[6] Johnson and other critics have been indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know."

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others*.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious

knight and valourous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,[1] *I came, saw, and overcame.*

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element,[2] which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like

[1] I cannot tell whence the Poet got his hint for this epithet *hook-nosed;* perhaps from some of the Dictator's coins, engravings of which were doubtless printed in his time. In his earlier years, Julius Cæsar was eminently handsome in face and person; but it is said that, what with his disease, and his continual rapture of administrative energy, he was in his latter years worn thin, and his nose had a *hooked* appearance, sure enough.

[2] A ludicrous term for the stars. The Poet uses *element* for *sky.*

a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution: —
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. —
[*Exeunt* BLUNT *and others with* COLEVILE.
And now dispatch we toward the Court, my lords:
I hear the King my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —
Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to Court,
Stand my good lord,[3] pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[4]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all but* FALSTAFF.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof;[5] for thin drink doth

[3] *Stand my good lord*, or *be my good lord*, means *stand my friend*, *be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

[4] *Condition*, here, probably means *office*, or *official capacity*, as commanding general. Or it may mean the speaker's social position, his princely rank. The word commonly means, in Shakespeare, *temper* or *disposition*.

[5] A rather singular use of *proof*, but probably *decisive result;* as the quality of a tree is *proved* by its fruit. Or it may mean *prove*, that is, *turn out*, any thing. So in Bacon's essay *Of Parents and Children:* "The *proof* is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse"; where the meaning is, it *proves*, or *turns out*, best.

so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.[6] A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,[7] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up[8] with his retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[9] till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.[10] Hereof comes it, that Prince

[6] *Inflammation* here means *heating*, *kindling*, or *setting on fire*. Shakespeare uses the verb to *inflame* in the same sense. See vol. x. page 88, note 1.

[7] *Forgetive* is *inventive* or *imaginative*. So the Poet has *forgery* in the sense of *imagination;* as in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "That I, in *forgery* of shapes and tricks, come short of what he did."

[8] *Puff'd up* here means *animated* or *inspired*. Shakespeare uses *puff'd* in the same sense in *Hamlet*, iv. 1: "Whose spirit, with divine ambition *puff'd*, makes mouths at the invisible event."

[9] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits.

[10] Alluding to the *Commencement* and the *Act* of the Universities, where those terms were used, to denote the occasion when students received full

Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. —

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is dischargèd all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,[11] and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,[1] our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which entitled them to their several degrees.

[11] A characteristic allusion to the old use of *soft wax* in sealing.

[1] *Address'd* is *made ready* or *prepared.* Often so.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glos. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glos. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glos. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas:
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:[2]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous[3] as Winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.[4]

[2] That is, if he have respectful attentions shown him.

[3] *Humorous* here is *capricious* or *variable.* See page 80, note 25.

[4] Edwards says, in explanation of this passage, that he has heard *flaws* used for "the small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of water, in winter mornings." This explanation is endorsed by Dyce, who adds, "I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes.*" The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in

His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,[5]—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash[6] gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For, when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active.

[5] Though their blood be *inflamed* by the poison of *temptation*. This use of *suggest* and its derivatives was very common. See vol. vii. page 52, note 54.

[6] *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolf's-bane*, a poisonous herb. — *Rash* is *sudden, hasty, violent.*

When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections[7] fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom-when[8] the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.[9]—

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,

[7] *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions, desires.* Appetitus animi.

[8] This compound, used twice by the Poet, is merely equivalent to *seldom.* See vol. vi. page 207, note 9.

[9] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular. [*Giving a packet.*

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting-up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve [10] of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large. [*Giving a packet.*

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: —
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back.*

Glos. Comfort, your Majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.[11]

[10] *Shrieve* is an old form of *sheriff*. See vol. iv. page 98, note 11.

[11] We have had Falstaff describing the King's disease as *apoplexy*. I believe he was in fact subject, in his later years, to what we call *epileptic* fits.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[12] that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glos. The people fear me;[13] for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature:
The seasons change their manners, as[14] the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd,[15] no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.

Glos. This apoplex will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

But *apoplexy* was used in the Poet's time as a common term for both diseases; at least by "laymen."

[12] *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latanisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries. — *Wrought it thin* is *made it thin by gradual wearing.*

[13] *Fear* is here used transitively, in the sense of *make afraid.* The Prince means that he is frightened at the strange freaks of Nature which the people observe, and which were thought to be ominous of some public calamity. — *Unfathered heirs* probably means *monstrous births.*

[14] The Poet often uses *as* with the force of *as if.*

[15] Referring, of course, to the Thames. Three flowings of the tide in succession, without any ebb, would seem indeed a strange event; nevertheless it is said to have actually occurred about the time supposed in the text.

SCENE V. — *Another Room in the Same.*

The King *on a bed;* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others attending.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull[1] and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the King?

Glos. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he
The good news yet? tell't him.

Glos. He alter'd much
Upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick

[1] *Dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness; tarditas, tardivete. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe;* tardiusculus, tardelet;" says Baret. And he has also the following: "Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus*." It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1658, may witness:

O, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear that hath an ear?
Down let him lie, and slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: — sweet Prince, speak low;
The King your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prince. No: I will sit and watch here by the King. —

[*Exeunt all but P.* HENRY.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow's with homely biggen[2] bound
Snores out the watch of night. — O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. — By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[3] hath divorced

[2] A *biggen* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. — The sense of the preceding line is, "Yet not *half* so sound *nor half* so deeply sweet." The Poet has various similar forms of expression. So Ben Jonson, in *The Forest*, xi., describing "true love": "That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines the *soft* and *sweetest* minds in equal knots." Also in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece:* "Only the *grave* and *wisest* of the land." See vol. vi. page 221, note 3.

[3] *Rigol* is *circle;* probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Shakespeare has it again in *Lucrece:*

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery *rigol* goes.

So many English kings. — Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, —
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and, put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glos. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? —
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. —
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossèd and piled up
The canker'd[4] heaps of strange-achievèd gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments[5] to the ending father. —

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined[6] me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears[7] his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

[4] *Canker'd* here is *rusted* or *tarnished.* See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

[5] *Engrossments* is *accumulations* or *piles;* as *engrossèd,* a little before. Also, in the First Part, iii. 2, page 88: "To *engross* up glorious deeds on my behalf." *His* refers to *father;* the prose order being, "To the ending father his engrossments yield this bitter taste."

[6] *Determined* is *ended;* still used so in legal language.

[7] "*Kindly* tears" are tears of *natural affection; kindly* being used in the primitive sense of *kind,* which is *nature.* See vol. iv. page 220, note 2.

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt all but K.* HEN. *and P.* HEN.

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm[8] to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

[8] *Balm* here means the consecrated oil used in coronations. So in *Richard II.*, iii. 2: "Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the *balm* from an *anointed* king."

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: — up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English Court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. [*Kneeling.*] O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard,
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise, —
Which my most inward-true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, — this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in, [*Rising.*

And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposéd!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;[9]
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it — as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father —
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But, if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,

[9] It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposèd[10] peace: all these bold fears[11]
Thou see'st with peril I have answeréd;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchase,[12]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.[13]
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,

[10] *Supposèd* here means, apparently, *imagined;* "the peace which we thought we had established."

[11] *Fears* are *objects of fear;* terrors. See page 26, note 9.

[12] The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things. — *Purchase* is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent. The word was often used as a sort of euphemism for any thing acquired by unjust and indirect methods. See page 40, note 22.

[13] That is, *by order of succession.* Johnson observes that "every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can."

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period. —
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Glostershire. A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie,[1] sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook,[2] bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts[3] cannot be

[1] This appears to have been a common form of adjuration, not conveying, perhaps, any particular meaning. In *The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*, by Arthur Dent, 1607, we have the following: "I know a man that will never swear but by *cock and py*, or *mouse foot*. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread: you shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth." See vol. vi. page 18, note 35.

[2] William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.

[3] *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

served: and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But, for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the Court is better than a penny in purse.[4] Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited,[5] Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot[6] against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your

[4] "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

[5] That is, well *conceived*, a happy *conception*, a fine stroke of wit. *Conceit* was always used in a good sense.

[6] *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford.

Worship truly, sir, this eight years; and, if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanced.[7]

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] — Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: — [*To the* Page.] and welcome, my tall fellow. — Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* SHALLOW.] — Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page]. — If I were saw'd into quantities,[8] I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence[9] of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concent,[10]

[7] This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech in Parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the House of Commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

[8] An odd use of *quantities*, but evidently meaning *parts*, *pieces*, or *portions*. A like instance occurs in *The Taming*, iv. 4: "Away, thou rag, thou *quantity*, thou remnant."

[9] "Semblable coherence" is coherence *from similarity*, or union from resemblance; the same in sense as "birds of a feather flock together."

[10] *Concent* is *unison* or *concord;* quite distinct from *consent*.

like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, — which is four terms,[11] or two actions, — and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow,[12] will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, severally, WARWICK *and the* Chief-Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief-Justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

[11] These *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. During the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city, to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

[12] "A sad brow" is a *serious* countenance, or a look of *earnest*. So the Poet often uses *sad*. See vol. v. page 200, note 1.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter LANCASTER, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glos. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glos. O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, — it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A raggèd and forestall'd remission.[1]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, *attended.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your Majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court;
Not Amurath an Amurath[2] succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,

[1] This passage has puzzled the commentators vastly. *Ragged* is doubtless put for *base, beggarly, ignominious.* To *forestall* is, properly, to *anticipate;* and I suspect the word is here used *proleptically.* The speaker's thought seems to be, that in his case any pardon will be ignominious, which is not free and unsolicited; or the granting of which is preceded or anticipated by a request. Thus a pardon begged or sued for would be base *because* forestalled. The Poet has many such proleptical forms of speech. See *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2, note 1. And so Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 3, 31, speaks of a "beaten marinere" as "long time having tand his *tawney* hide"; that is, tanned his hide, *and thus made it* tawny. Mr. Joseph Crosby, however, writes me an explanation that may be still better: "'You will never see that I will beg an ignominious pardon,—a remission for a deed that of itself *forestalled* any remission.' In other words, he means a pardon that every fair-minded man knows *ought not to be begged for;* as the deed that was done forestalled its own remission, because it was so just and lawful, that it *merited no punishment*, but rather reward."

[2] Amurath III., Emperor of the Turks, died in 1595: his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction.

That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Clar.
Lan.
Glos.
} We hope no other from your Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: — and you most;
[*To the* Chief-Justice.
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleasèd to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,[3]
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

[3] *Presented* for *represented*. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you.[4] If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold

[4] While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the Prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Gouvernour;* but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.

That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstainèd sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.[5] —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,[6]
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

[5] This retaining of Gascoigne in office has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the King. It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first Parliament of Henry V. was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV., who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's lesson of magnanimity without any abatement on the score of history.

[6] The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions have ceased on my father's death, and are now buried in his tomb.

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,[7]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the* Chief-Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,[8]
As I before remember'd, all our State:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Glostershire. The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,[1] and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

[7] "The state of floods" is the ocean; so called, probably because it is the chief of floods, and comprehends the majesty of all the others.

[8] To *accite* here means to *call* or *summon*. In ii. 2, of this play, it is used in the sense of *move* or *impel:* "And what *accites* your most worshipful thought to think so?"

[1] Caraway seeds used to be much eaten with apples as a carminative, to

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. — Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said,[2] Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.[3]

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: — by the Mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: — a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: — come, cousin.

Sil. Ah sirrah! quoth-a, — we shall

[Sings.] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever-among[4] *so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart! — Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit. [BARD. *and* PAGE *sit at another table.*] — Proface![5] What you want in

relieve the flatulency generated by the fruit. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1594, strongly recommends them for that purpose.

[2] "Well *said*" is here used for "well *done*." — *Spread* has reference to making ready for eating and drinking.

[3] Meaning "your husband*man*"; the one who *husbands* your affairs.

[4] *Ever-among* is an ancient idiomatic phrase, used by Chaucer and others. It means about the same as *always*. — No traces have been found of the old songs with which Silence overflows so eloquently in his mellowness.

[5] A phrase of welcome, equivalent to "Much good may it do you." It is thus explained by old Heywood: "Reader, reade this thus: for preface, *proface, much good may it do you.*" It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of*

meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.[6] [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; — and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Sings.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats[7] for you.

[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your Worship? — [*To* BARD.] I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Sings.] *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman[8] *mine;*
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry: now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil. [Sings.] *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Wolsey: "Before the second course, my Lord Cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*."

[6] That is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.

[7] Apples commonly called *russetines*.

[8] *Leman* is *sweetheart* or *mistress*. See vol. v. page 167, note 6.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — [*To the* Page.] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too. — I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.[9]

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. — [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who has just drunk a bumper.*

Sil. [Sings.] *Do me right, and dub me knight,*
Sa'mingo.[10]
Is't not so?

[9] These are sportsman's phrases applied to hounds. "He will not out" means "he will not fail you," or "he will be true to you." Used of hounds when they hunt *in a cry*, that is, pursue the game in concert, and stick by each other. See page 38, note 17.

[10] To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis:* "Those *formes of ceremonious quaffing*, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves; and lose the reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason.*" — He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening. — In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. Whether the change to *Sa'mingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why St. Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your Worship, there's one Pistol come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court! let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r Lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.[11]

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra[12] for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

[11] That is, the greatest man *except* goodman Puff. The exceptive *but*, as it is called; a contraction of *be out*. — *Barson*, or *Barston*, is the name of a village in Warwickshire.

[12] *Foutra* appears to have been a slang expression of scorn.

Sil. [Sings.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?[13]
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, besonian?[14] speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

[13] *Helicons* for *poets;* mount Helicon in Bœotia being the special haunt of the Muses and sacred to Apollo, the god of poetical inspiration. There was the famous fountain of Hippocrene, whence those divine old girls, the Muses, imbibed their fine raptures.—Pistol has got his memory so stored with scraps of plays and ballads, that he imagines himself a poet, or a *Heliconian.*

[14] The meaning of *besonian,* here, has been a good deal discussed. The word is of Italian origin, and properly signifies a needy fellow or a beggar; but came to be used in the stronger sense of *scoundrel.* The best explanation of Pistol's meaning that I have met with is in *The Edinburgh Review,* July, 1869: "He uses *besonian* simply as a thrasonical phrase of martial contempt for the bucolic mind, an intimation that Shallow, Justice of the Peace though he may be, and 'under the King in some authority,' is after all no better than a peasant. The word is used by Nash, and other contemporary poets and dramatists, in exactly the same sense, to designate the lower class of labourers, boors, and rustics." And the writer sustains this by the following quotation from Markham's work on *English Husbandmen:* "First, therefore, let every man understand, that this title of Husbandman is not tyed onely to the ordinarie tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France, peasants; in Spaine, *besonyans,* and generall the clout-shoo: no, they are creatures of a better creation," &c.

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,[15] like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door:[16] the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! —
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. — O sweet Pistol! — Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARD.] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. — Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief-Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led? say they:
Why, here it is; welcome this pleasant day! [*Exeunt.*

[15] An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England *to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace.*"

[16] The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one who has fallen under such a death as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

SCENE IV.—*London. A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in the* Hostess *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,[1] you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,[2] I will have you as soundly swinged for this; you blue-bottle rogue,[3] you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.[4]

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

[1] *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or catchpole. Cleveland says of a committee-man: "He is the devil's *nut-hook;* the sign with him is always in the clutches."

[2] Alluding, probably, to the cap worn by the Beadle; the official cap.

[3] Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

[4] A *half-kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

Dol. Goodman Death, goodman Bones!

Host. Thou atomy,[5] thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter three Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

3 Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.

1 Groom. Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me!—[*To* SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. —it shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. —my devotion;—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

[5] *Atomy* is a Quicklyism for *anatomy.*

Fal. — as it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me; —

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. — but to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est:* 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King *and his Train, the* Chief-Justice *among them.*

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp[1] of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief-Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

[1] *Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child*. It occurs repeatedly so in *The Faerie Queene*. How it came to be used only for a wicked or mischievous being, a child of the Devil, does not appear.

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a Fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —
As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.[2] — Be't your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word. —
Set on. [*Exeunt the* King *and his Train.*

[2] The King's treatment of his old makesport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes, "If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:—come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at[3] night.

Re-enter LANCASTER, *the* Chief-Justice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;[4] Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page, *with* Officers.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's:

[3] *Soon at* is a phrase used several times by the Poet. The meaning appears to be merely *as soon as*, or *about*. See vol. iii. page 146, note 1.

[4] The Fleet was one of the old prisons in London. So Wordsworth, in his PROLOGUE to *Peter Bell:*

> As well might Peter, in *the Fleet*,
> Have been fast bound, a begging debtor:
> He travell'd here, he travell'd there;
> But not the value of a hair
> Was heart or head the better.

He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations[5]
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I shall say will, I doubt,[1] prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture: Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

[5] *Conversation* in Shakespeare's time had the general meaning of *manners* or *behaviour*.

[1] Doubt in the sense of *fear* or *suspect*. Often so.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, — to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it,[2] and make you merry with fair Catharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you; — but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.[3]

[2] This promise touching Falstaff, for some cause or other, was not carried out: Sir John does not once appear in the play of *King Henry V.* The Poet probably judged, as indeed he well might, that Falstaff's dramatic office and mission were fairly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses.

[3] Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the King or Queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of modern English play bills.

CRITICAL NOTES.

INDUCTION.

Page 152. *This have I rumour'd through the* pleasant *towns*
Between that royal field of Shrewesbury
And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged stone.* — The old copies have "*peasant* townes," and also *hole* instead of *hold*. *Pleasant* is the correction made in Collier's second folio; and Dyce says it had occurred to him long ago; at the same time observing, "One may wonder why Rumour should mention only 'the *peasant* towns,' (a most strange expression,) as if so busy a personage, in the long journey from Shrewesbury to Warkworth, had failed to 'call in at the more important places.'"

ACT I., SCENE 1.

P. 158. *That arrows* fly *not swifter toward their aim*
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. — So Walker. The old text has "arrowes *fled* not."

P. 158. *Then was* the *noble Worcester*
Too soon ta'en prisoner. — The old copies have *that* instead of *the*. Probably the error crept in from *that* occurring just below. Corrected by Hanmer.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 163. *He may keep it still* as *a face-royal.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *at* instead of *as*.

P. 164. *And if a man is* thorough *with them in honest taking-up*, &c. — The old copies have *through* instead of *thorough*. Still I am not altogether certain that the change ought to be admitted, as in fact the two forms were often used indiscriminately. Corrected by Pope.

P. 167. Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening*, &c. — Here the old copies have the prefix "*Old.*" instead of "*Fal.*" Doubtless "*Old.*" is a relic of the original naming of Falstaff, the change not having been marked in that place. See *Introduction* to the *First Part.*

P. 169. *Virtue is of so little regard in these* costermonger *times.* — The old copies have *costermongers.* Corrected by Capell.

P. 170. *I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to death with perpetual motion.* — Not in the folio. The quarto reads "eaten to death with *a* rust." The *a* seems decidedly out of place here, as much so as it would before "perpetual motion."

P. 171. *But the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; so both the* diseases *prevent my curses.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *degrees* instead of *diseases.* Singer retains the former on the ground that "there is wit in speaking of a diseased sinner as *graduating* with honours." If there be any wit, I am sure it is much too fine and too far-fetched to be apprehended by an audience. So that Singer's reason for retaining is with me a reason for rejecting the old reading. Besides, at the close of the scene Falstaff speaks of the same things as *diseases:* "I will turn diseases to commodity."

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 172. *And our supplies* lie *largely in the hope*
Of great Northumberland. — The old copies have *live* instead of *lie.* The correction is Walker's, who adduces various instances of *lie* and *live* confounded.

P. 173. *Yes,* in *this present quality of war:*
Indeed, the instant act and *cause on foot*
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th' appearing buds; &c. — The first twenty lines of this speech are wanting in the quarto; and the folio gives them in a very unsatisfactory state. So, in the lines here quoted, the folio reads thus:

> Yes, *if* this present quality of warre,
> Indeed the instant *action:* *a* cause on foot,
> Lives so in hope, &c.

The corrections given in the text are made in Collier's second folio; which, however, had been anticipated in regard to the first — *in* for *if* — by Johnson. See foot-note 4.

P. 174. *What do we then but draw anew the model*
In fewer offices, or at last *desist*
To build at all? Much more, in this great work, —
Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up, — *should we survey*
The plot of *situation and the model,*
Consent *upon a sure foundation,*
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
And *weigh against his opposite; or else*
We fortify on *paper and in figures,* &c. — Here, again, in the second of these lines, the folio has *least* instead of *last;* in the tenth, *To* instead of *And;* and, in the last, "*in* paper" instead of "*on* paper." The first correction was made by Capell, and the second was proposed by Staunton, where Capell had printed "*How* weigh," and both the first and the third are found in Collier's second folio; which also inserts a whole line between the ninth and tenth, thus: "A careful leader sums what force he brings." In the sixth line, also, Collier's second folio has "The plot, *the* situation, and the model," and, in the seventh, *Consult* instead of *Consent;* the latter of which I suspect to be right; perhaps both.

P. 175. *If he should do so,*
To *French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,*
They baying him at the heels. — So the quarto, except that it lacks *To,* which was supplied by Capell. The folio gives the passage thus:

> He leaves his backe unarm'd, the French and Welsh
> Baying him at the heels.

Act II., Scene I.

P. 176. *Master Fang, have you enter'd the* exion? — Here the old copies have *action* instead of *exion;* but they afterwards show that the latter is Mrs. Quickly's habitual form of the word, or her idiom.

P. 177. *A hundred mark is a long* score *for a poor lone woman to bear.* — So Collier's second folio. Instead of *score,* the old copies have

one, for which Theobald substituted *loan*. In the old text, *one* would naturally refer to *mark;* so that the sense would be, "A hundred mark is a long *mark* for a poor," &c.; with an intended quibble on the two senses of *mark*. But I think, with Lettsom, that, if the Hostess had meant a quibble, she would have repeated *mark*. Of course *score* refers to the old way of keeping accounts by *marking* or *scoring* the items down with chalk, or with notches cut in a stick.

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 184. *And God knows whether those that bawl out* of *the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom.* — So Pope. The old copies read "those that bawl out the ruins." Capell inserted *from*, which gives the same sense as *of*. Still I am not absolutely certain that either insertion is right; since "bawl out the ruins" might mean "*wear* out the ruins in their *bawling age*." See foot-note 3.

P. 187. *The answer is as ready as a* borrower's *cap.* — The old copies have "*borrowed* cap." Corrected by Warburton.

P. 187. *I will imitate the honourable* Roman *in brevity.* — Instead of *Roman*, the old copies have *Romanes* and *Romaines*, which cannot be right, as the reference is, undoubtedly, to Julius Cæsar. The correction is Warburton's. See foot-note 9.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 189. *When your own Percy, when my* heart's *dear Harry,*
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. — "My *heart's* dear" is the reading of the quarto: the folio has "my *heart*-dear"; upon which Lettsom remarks, "This compound is a Germanism: it does not appear to me in Shakespeare's style." — In the third line, Theobald changed *long* to *look*, and the change was approved by Heath. Perhaps rightly.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 194. *Grant that, my* pure *virtue, grant that.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have "my *poore* virtue." Singer says the same correction is made in his second folio.

P. 196. *Feel*, mistress, *how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.*

Doll. *So you do, Hostess.* — The old copies have *masters* instead of *mistress*. As Falstaff is the only *man* present, *masters* cannot well be right: moreover Doll's reply infers the preceding words to be addressed to her. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 198. *Down, down, dogs ! down*, faitors ! — So Capell. The quarto has *faters*, which is probably only another spelling of *faitors*. The folio has *fates*.

P. 199. Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta. — The old copies have "*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*," except in the last word, where the folio has *contente*. The words are of course supposed to be the motto inscribed on Pistol's sword. As this was doubtless a Toledo blade, the motto would naturally be in Spanish; and such it is in the text. Pistol, it is true, might blunder in the reading or repeating of it, as he does in *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks ;* but there would be no humour or character in such a blunder here. So I concur with Dyce in giving a corrected form of the motto both in this place, and again near the close of the fifth Act.

P. 199. *Thrust* me *down stairs ! Know we not Galloway nags ?* — So Lettsom. The old copies have *him* instead of *me*. Pistol would naturally change the pronoun, in repeating Doll's words, and *him* might easily creep in by mistake from the line before.

P. 201. *Thou whoreson little Bartholomew*-tide *boar-pig.* — The old text has "little *tidy* Bartholomew boar-pig." There is no apparent reason why the epithet *tidy* should be thus applied to Falstaff. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Hanmer reads *tiny ;* but that gives a rather vapid touch of irony. The reading in the text is Walker's, and it gives a sense that fits perfectly; as Bartholomew-tide, with its great fair, its frolic and feasting and roast pigs, was a high time, especially to such persons as Doll Tearsheet. See footnote 32.

P. 205. *For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns, poor* soul ! — "This," says Johnson, "is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The venereal disease was called, in those times, the *brennyng* or *burning*." The old text reads "and burns poor *souls*." Some recent editors have returned to the old reading; I cannot imagine why.

P. 207. *O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll!* — So the scene ends in the folio. The quarto adds "come, shee comes blubberd, yea, will you come, Doll?" Here, no doubt, as Dyce supposes, "she comes blubber'd" was meant as a stage-direction, but got printed by mistake as a part of the text. But it seems to me nowise unlikely that the Poet concluded to strike out the whole, as it is indeed no addition, except of words.

Act III., Scene I.

P. 207. *Than in the pérfumed chambers of the great,*
Under their *canopies of costly state.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *their*, which is Lettsom's correction. Of course *their* refers to *the great.* Collier's second folio reads "Under *high* canopies."

P. 208. *Who take the ruffian billows by the top,*
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds. — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has *clouds* instead of *shrouds.* How clouds can be spoken of as slippery, is not very apparent.

P. 208. *Then, happy* lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. — Instead of *lowly clown*, the old copies have *Lowe, lye down.* The correction in the text is Warburton's; and Gilbert Wakefield, in a note on Lucretius, tells us the same had occurred to him. Johnson adopted *lowly clown.* It is evident enough that a transcriber or printer might easily mistake *cl* for *d*, and instances of such mistake are not wanting.

P. 210. The time *will* come, *thus did he follow it,*
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. — In the first of these lines the old copies have *shall* instead of *will.* It is true, the two words were often used indiscriminately; but I can hardly think that to be the case here. Johnson's correction.

P. 210. *Such things become the hatch and brood of time;*
And, by the necessary form of these,
King Richard might create a perfect guess, &c. — So Capell. The old copies have *this* instead of *these.* The latter naturally refers to *things;* but I cannot find what *this* should refer to.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 213. *And carried you a forehand shaft* a *fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.* — So the quarto. The folio has "forehand shaft *at* fourteen," &c. The words "*at* fourteen and fourteen and a half" do not rightly express distance of flight; while *carried* shows such to be the meaning intended.

P. 215. *By my troth, you* like *well.* — So the quarto. The folio has "you *looke* well." See foot-note 13.

P. 216. *For the* others, *Sir John: — let me see;* &c. — The old copies have *other* instead of *others*. The dialogue following shows *others* to be right.

P. 216. *It is often so indeed;* but not *much of the father's substance.* — So Capell. The quarto has "*but* much"; the folio, "*but not* of the father's substance."

P. 220. *For you, Mouldy, stay at home* till *you are past service.* — Tyrwhitt proposed to read "stay at home *still;* you are past service." This is plausible, if not more; but it is dangerous meddling with Falstaff's words; and he would hardly pronounce Mouldy "past service," when Shallow declares him one of "your likeliest men."

P. 222. *'A was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were* invisible. — So Rowe, who is followed by Steevens and Staunton. The old copies have *invincible*, which is to me without meaning here. Of course "thick sight" is *dim* sight.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 224. *Let us* sway on, *and face them in the field.* — Editors find *sway on* a troublesome expression. Collier's second folio reads "*Let's away* on," which is decidedly tame. I am not aware that any other even plausible change has been proposed; and *sway on*, though something odd, seems to admit of a fitting sense. See foot-note 1.

P. 225. *If that rebellion*
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady *youth, guarded with* rags. — The old copies

have *bloody* instead of *heady*, and *rage* instead of *rags*. The former correction was made by Warburton, and is also found in Singer's second folio: the latter was proposed by Walker, and is made in Collier's second folio. See foot-note 3.

P. 225. *I say, if damn'd commotion so* appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare *and bloody insurrection*
With your fair honours. — The old text has *appeare* instead of *appear'd*, and *base* instead of *bare*. The context readily shows both *appear'd* and *bare* to be right. We have many instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded, as we also have of *bare* and *base*. The last correction is Walker's.

P. 225. *Turning your books to* greaves, *your ink to blood.* The old copies have *graves*, which Warburton altered to *glaives*; and the same change is made in Collier's second folio. But *greaves* yields a sense equally congruent, and comes nearer the old word; therewithal it appears that *greaves* was often written *graves*. Steevens made the correction. See foot-note 5.

P. 226. *And are enforced from our most quiet* sphere. — This passage is not in the quarto, and the folio has *there* instead of *sphere*, which was proposed by Warburton, and adopted by Hanmer. Collier's second folio has *chair*, which might do very well, but that, as Dyce remarks, "the Archbishop is evidently talking *of his associates as well as of himself*."

P. 227. *My* burden *general* is *the commonwealth;*
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular. — The second of these lines is wanting in the folio; and in the first the originals read "My *Brother* generall, the Commonwealth." With this reading, the passage absolutely defies explanation. It is generally, perhaps justly, regarded as incurably corrupt. Still I am apt to think that a not unfitting sense may be got, without much straining, from the passage as here given. It has long seemed to me not unlikely that *brother* had crept into the first line, displacing some word which the Poet wrote. The reading in

the text is Mr. Samuel Bailey's, who notes upon the passage thus: "'My *burthen* general *is* the commonwealth.' *Burthen* here of course signifies grievance, and it gives the required antithesis between public wrong and private cause of quarrel. Dr. Johnson achieved the same end by proposing *quarrel* in the first line instead of *brother;* but with the disadvantage that *quarrel* could hardly be converted into the received text, while *burthen* and *brother* might easily be interchanged." See foot-note 8.

P. 228. *The King, that loved him, as the State stood then,*
Was, force *perforce, compell'd to banish him:*
And when *that Henry Bolingbroke and he,* &c. — This whole speech is wanting in the quarto. In the second line the folio has *forc'd* instead of *force.* But, as the phrase *force perforce* was very common, and as Shakespeare has it repeatedly, there can be little doubt of his having used it here. See foot-note 9. — In the third line, again, the folio has *then* instead of *when.* The correction was made by Rowe, and is found in Collier's second folio.

P. 229. *And bless'd and graced* indeed *more than the King.* — Instead of *indeed,* the folio has *and did.* The correction is Thirlby's. This line and all the foregoing part of the speech are also wanting in the quarto.

P. 229. *Every thing set off*
That might so much as think *you enemies.* — The use of *think* seems rather odd and harsh here. Hanmer substituted *mark,* Capell, *hint.* Both changes are plausible, especially the latter; but *think* is probably right. See foot-note 15.

P. 229. *Then reason* wills *our hearts should be as good.* — The old copies have *will* instead of *wills.* Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 230. *And present execution of our wills*
To us and to our purposes confirm'd. — So Capell. The old copies have *confinde* and *confind* instead of *confirm'd.* Hanmer reads "*properties* confirm'd."

P. 230. And *either end in peace, — which God so frame! —*
Or to the place of difference call the swords, &c. — The old copies read "*At* either end." An obvious error.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 233. *To us th'* imagined *voice of God himself.* — The old copies have *imagine*. See note on "I say, if damn'd commotion so *appear'd*," &c., page 288.

P. 234. *Under the counterfeited* seal *of God.* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *zeal* instead of *seal*. *Seal*, it appears, was first conjectured by Capell.

P. 236. *Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow*
Seems *to say thus*, Some good thing comes to-morrow. — So Walker. The old text reads "*Serves* to say thus."

P. 236. *And, good my lord, so please you, let* your *trains*
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal. — The old copies read "let *our* trains." An unquestionable error, which the context readily corrects.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 238. *And the dungeon your place, a* dale *deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.* — The old copies have "a *place* deep enough"; the word *place* having no doubt been repeated by mistake. Tyrwhitt made the correction.

P. 240. *My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go*
Through Glostershire. — The old text reads "My lord, *I* beseech you."

P. 241. *Which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit.* — The old copies read "which delivered o're to *the Voyce*, the Tongue, which is the Birth," &c. Here I have not the slightest doubt that, as Staunton suggests, *the Voyce* and *the Tongue* were written as alternative readings, or the latter as a substitute for the former, and that both accidentally got printed together. See note on "And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride," &c., vol. x. page 248.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 246. *She either gives a stomach, and no food,—*
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.—So Pope. The old editions read "such *are* the rich."

P. 247. *This* apoplex *will certain be his end.*—So Pope. The old text has *apoplexi* and *apoplexie*. The form *apoplex* was common.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 248. SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.*

The King *on a bed;* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others attending.*—The old copies have no stage-direction here, nor any thing to indicate a change of scene, except the words of the dialogue. These, however, necessarily infer that the King is carried into another room, and there placed on a bed. At the close of what is here given as SCENE V., the King asks, "Does any name particular belong unto the lodging where I first did swoon?" and, on being told the name of that room, gives the order, "But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie." The Cambridge Editors, I believe, were the first to arrange the matter rightly. Dyce prints "[*They place the* King *on a bed; a change of scene being supposed here.*" But the fact of the King's being carried from one chamber into another, and then carried back into the first, is enough to justify the present order, and indeed fairly requires it. It is well known that the Elizabethan stage often left such changes to the imagination of the audience.

P. 249. *Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet*
As he whose brow's *with homely biggen bound*
Snores out the watch of night.—Instead of *brow's*, the old text has *brow* simply. This makes *brow* the subject of *Snores;* which comes pretty near being absurd. In the preceding line, perhaps we ought to read "not so sound *nor* half so deeply sweet." See, however, foot-note 2.

P. 251. *For this the foolish over-careful fathers*
Have broke their sleeps with thought.—The old copies have *thoughts*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 251. *Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey* pack'd,
We bring it to the hive. — So Dyce. The folio reads "our Thighes *packt* with Wax, Our Mouthes with Honey." The quarto varies from this in having *Thigh* instead of *Thighes*.

P. 255. *For what in me was* purchase,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort. — So Lettsom and Collier's second folio. The old text has *purchas'd*. Probably another instance of the confusion, so frequent, of final *d* and final *e*. See footnote 12.

P. 256. *And all* my foes, *which thou must make thy friends,*
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some *off, and had a purpose now*
To lead out many to the Holy Land, &c. — In the first of these lines the old copies have *thy friends* instead of *my foes;* a palpable error, which probably crept in by accidental repetition from *thy friends* at the end of the line. The correction of *thy* to *my* was proposed by Tyrwhitt, and is made in Collier's second folio; that of *friends* to *foes* is Walker's. Dyce, at the suggestion of Lettsom, combines the two, and rightly, beyond question. — In the sixth line, again, the old text reads "I cut *them* off." Here *them* is manifestly quite at odds with the context. Corrected by Mason and in Collier's second folio.

Act v., Scene 2.

P. 262. *How might a prince of my great hopes forget*
So great *indignities you laid upon me?* — Walker thinks that, in place of the second *great*, we ought to read *gross*. But Shakespeare seldom cares, apparently, to avoid repetition of words in such cases.

P. 264. *And then imagine me taking your part,*
And, in your power, so *silencing your son.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old copies have *soft* instead of *so*. The process was any thing but *soft*.

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 268. Be merry, be merry, my *wife's as* all. — So Farmer proposed, and so Rann printed. The old text reads "my *wife has* all." This, it seems to me, has no coherency with the context. Of course the meaning, as given in the text, is, "my wife is a shrew, as all wives are."

P. 272. Where is the life that late I led? *say they:*

Why, here it is; welcome this *pleasant* day! — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old copies have "*these* pleasant *dayes*," and "*those* pleasant *dayes*."

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 274. Shal. *It doth, it doth, it doth.* — The quarto assigns this and Shallow's two preceding speeches to Pistol. The folio sets the prefix "*Shal.*" to the first of the three, but leaves the others with the prefix "*Pist.*" All three clearly belong to Shallow. Corrected by Hanmer.

Epilogue.

P. 278. *And what indeed I* shall *say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.* — So Walker. The old text reads "and what indeed I *should* say." The propriety of the change is obvious.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

REGISTERED, along with *As You Like It*, at the Stationers' on the 4th of August, 1600, but locked up from the press under an injunction "to be stayed." In regard to *As You Like It* the stay seems to have been continued; but not so in regard to the other, as this was entered again on the 14th of the same month, and was published in the course of that year. The same text was reissued in 1602, and again in 1608. In these editions the author's name was not given; the play, moreover, was but about half as long as we have it; the Choruses, the whole of the first scene, and also many other passages, those too among the best in the play, being wanting altogether. All these were supplied in the folio of 1623; which, accordingly, is our only *authority* for the text.

In the Epilogue to *King Henry the Fourth* the speaker says, "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France." Whether this promise was directly authorized by Shakespeare we cannot positively say, as that Epilogue was probably not of his writing; but there is little doubt that the play to which it is affixed was written as early as 1597. That the play now in hand was written soon after the date of that promise, and written in pursuance of it, is highly probable. On the other hand, in the Chorus to Act v. we have the following:

> Were now the general of our gracious Empress —
> As in good time he may — from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!

This undoubtedly refers to the Earl of Essex, who went on his expedition against the Irish rebels in April, 1599, and returned

in September following. That Chorus, therefore, and probably the others also, was written somewhere between those two dates. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the first draught of the play was made in 1597 or 1598; that the whole was rewritten, enlarged, and the Choruses added during the absence of Essex, in the Summer of 1599; and that a copy of the first draught was obtained for the press, perhaps fraudulently, after it had been superseded on the stage by the enlarged and finished copy.

In this play, as in *King Henry the Fourth*, the historical matter was taken from Holinshed, both the substance and the order of the events being much the same as they are given by the historian. The King came to the throne in March, 1413, being then twenty-six years old. The Parliament with which the play opens was held in the Spring of 1414, and the King's marriage with Catharine took place in the Spring of 1420; so that the time of the action is measured by that interval.

Shakespeare, for some cause or other, did not fulfil the promise, already quoted, touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. I suspect that, when the author went to planning the drama, he saw the impracticability of making any thing more out of him. Sir John's dramatic character and mission were clearly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses. Falstaff repenting and reforming, if such a thing were possible, might indeed be a much better man, but in that capacity he was not for us. So that the Poet did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings and death gently touches our pity, and recovers him to our human sympathies.

In respect of proper dramatic interest and effect, this play is far inferior to *King Henry the Fourth*, nor does it rank very high in the list of Shakespeare's dramas; but in respect of wisdom and poetry and eloquence, it is among his very best.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

JOHN, Duke of Bedford, } his
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, } Brothers.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.

EDWARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

HENRY CHICHELEY, Archbishop of Canterbury.

JOHN FORDHAM, Bishop of Ely.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

RICHARD, Earl of Cambridge, } Conspirators.
HENRY LORD SCROOP, }
Sir THOMAS GREY, }

Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, } Officers in the King's Army.
GOWER, FLUELLEN, }
MACMORRIS, and JAMY, }

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, also Soldiers.

A Boy, Servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES VI., King of France.

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

CONSTABLE of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, Lords.

MOUNTJOY, a French Herald.

Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

CATHARINE, Daughter of Charles.

ALICE, a Lady attending her.

Mrs. PISTOL, late Mrs. Quickly.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *At the beginning of the play, in England; afterwards, in France.*

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd-in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.[1] But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit[2] hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques[3]
That did affright the air of Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crookèd figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary[4] forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece-out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,

[1] Readers may like to be told that the image is of three eager hounds held back with a leash or strap, till the huntsman sees the time has come for letting them fly at the game. The Poet has repeated allusions to this old warlike trio. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: "And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, shall in these confines with a monarch's voice cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war." See, also, vol. viii. page 78, note 1.

[2] A *cockpit* was a small area enclosed for cocks to fight in. The *pit* of a theatre was the space immediately in front of the stage. The occupants of it had nothing between their feet and the ground; hence were sometimes called "groundlings." In the text, however, *cockpit* seems to be put for the stage itself.

[3] The *Wooden O* was the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, which was circular within. — "The *very* casques" is, "*so much as* the casques," or "*merely* the casques." So in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "Thou false deluding slave, that feed'st me with the *very* name of meat."

[4] *Imaginary* for *imaginative;* the passive form with the active sense. An usage occurring continually in these plays.

And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this History;[5]
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. An Ante-chamber in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *and the Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you: That self[1] bill is urged
Which in th' eleventh year of the last King's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[2] and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possessions;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout

[5] That is, "admit me *as* chorus to this History." A *chorus*, in one sense of the term, is an *interpreter;* one who explains to the audience what might else be dark or unmeaning to them. — *Supply*, I take it, is here used in the sense of *supplement* or *completion*. So that "for the which supply" is equivalent to *for the completing of which*.

[1] *Self* for *self-same;* a frequent usage.

[2] The more common form of this word is *scrambling*. — *Question*, in the next line, is *discussion* or *consideration*.

By testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars[3] and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King, besides,
A thousand pounds by th' year:[4] thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard,
And a true lover of the holy Church.

Ely. The courses of his youth promised it not.

Cant. The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
'T envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness[5]

[3] *Lazars* here means the same as in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 479: "A *lazar*-house it seem'd, wherein were laid *numbers of all diseased*."

[4] This is taken almost *verbatim* from Holinshed.

[5] That is, a wilfulness with *many heads*, and which, like the hydra, as fast as the heads are cut off, puts forth new ones. So that "hydra-headed wilfulness" is but a strong expression for *freakishness* or *waywardness;* the character of one who, drifting before his whims, is ever on some new tack, or is "every thing by turns, and nothing long." — For the next line, see vol. v. page 125, Critical Note on "That you insult, exult, and all at once."

So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We 're blessèd in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all-in-all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine,[6] is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to his theoric:[7]
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies[8] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration

[6] The air is called a "charter'd libertine," probably because it has by Nature a charter of exemption from restraint, or a prescriptive right to blow when and where it will, and cares no more for a king than for a beggar.

[7] He must have drawn his *theory*, digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric*, or *practique* and *theorique*, were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory*.

[8] *Companies* for *companions*. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 1: "Turn away our eyes, to seek new friends and stranger *companies*."

From open haunts and popularity.[9]

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness;[10] which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.[11]

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How[12] things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th' exhibiters[13] against us:
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, —
Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,

[9] *Popularity* meant *familiarity with the common people*, as well as popular favour or applause.

[10] In Prince Henry's last speech, Act i. 2, *1 King Henry IV.*, he is represented as deliberately proposing this course to himself, for reasons therein stated. So of Julius Cæsar, "the greatest name in history," as Merivale calls him, it is said that in his earlier years he concealed his tremendous energy and power of application under such an exterior of thoughtless dissipation, that he was set down as a mere young trifler not worth minding.

[11] *Crescive* is the same as *crescent*, *growing*, or *increasing*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "Nature, *crescent*, does not grow alone in thews and bulk. — *His* for *its*, as usual.

[12] The Poet not unfrequently thus uses *how* in the sense of *by which*.

[13] *Exhibiters* is *movers*, *proposers*, or *prosecutors*. So, in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 1, Mrs. Page says, "I'll *exhibit* a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of fat men."

As touching France, — to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear —
As, I perceived, his Grace would fain have done —
The several and unhidden passages[14]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward,[15] his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

[14] The *passages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims descend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.* — JOHNSON.

[15] Isabella, queen of Edward the Second, and mother of Edward the Third, was the daughter of Philip the Fair, of France. She was reputed the most beautiful woman in Europe, and was by many thought the wickedest. The male succession from her father expired in the person of her brother, Charles the Fair. So that, but for the exclusion of females, the French crown would have properly descended to her son.

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Presence-chamber in the Same.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND,[1] *and* Attendants.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
King. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?
King. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,[2]
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *and the Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. God and His angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
King. Sure, we thank you.
My learnèd lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should or should not bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely[3] charge your understanding soul

[1] The Princes Humphrey and John were made Dukes of Gloster and Bedford at the first Parliament of Henry the Fifth, in 1414. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, Marquess of Dorset, was made Duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprang from John of Gaunt by Catharine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children. — The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the Earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Neville.

[2] *Resolve* is very often used by old writers in the sense of *inform*, *assure*, or *satisfy*.

[3] *Nicely* here has the sense of *curiously* or *ingeniously*, and its force rather qualifies *opening* than *charge:* so that the sense of the whole clause is, "that you should burden your wise judgment with the guilt of making that

With opening titles miscreate, whose right[4]
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[5]
Of what your Reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn[6] our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne:—There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land":
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[7]

seem fairly and truly derived which is really a false creation, a fiction of craft and ingenuity."

[4] *Whose right* is equivalent to *the right growing from which*, or *depending on which:* the right growing from which, however plausibly made out, would not stand with a plain and honest handling of the matter.

[5] *Approbation* was used of old for *proving* or establishing by proof.

[6] To *impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*.

[7] To *gloze* is to *explain* or *expound*, as in our word *gloss*. So in Holinshed: "The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*, that is to saie, Into the Salike land let not women

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest[8] manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devisèd for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown

succeed. Which the French *glossers* expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond."

[8] Shakespeare often uses *honest* and *honesty* for *chaste* and *chastity*. So here *dishonest* means *unchaste*. So in *As You Like It*, v. 3: "I hope it is no *dishonest* desire, to desire to be a woman of the world"; that is, to *get married*. See vol. v. page 71, note 6.

Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —
To fine his title[9] with some show of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself[10] as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lŏuis the Emperor, and Louis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,[11]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the Summer's Sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Louis's satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Kings of Franče unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar[12] their crookèd titles

[9] "To *fine* his title" may mean to *embellish* or *dress up* his title, to make it *specious* or *plausible*. See Critical Notes.

[10] *Passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family." — The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though indeed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine."

[11] This should be Louis the *Ninth*. The Poet took the mistake from Holinshed.

[12] To *imbar* is to *bar;* that is, to *exclude* or *set aside*. See Critical Notes.

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.[13] Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action![14]

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renownèd them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,

[13] The passage referred to is in Numbers xxvii, 8. Holinshed gives it thus: "The archbishop further alledged out of the booke of *Numbers* this saieing, 'When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.'"

[14] The meaning evidently is, cold for *want* of action. For similar instances of language see vol. v. page 55, note 7.

As did the former lions of your blood:
They know your Grace hath cause and means and might.
West. So hath your Highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
King. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches,[15] gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,[16]
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,

[15] The *marches* are the *borders*. See vol. xi. page 45, note 1.

[16] The *main intendment* is the *principal purpose;* that he will *bend his whole force* against us. — A *giddy* neighbour is an *unstable* or *inconstant* neighbour, one not true to his promises.

Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd[17] than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,

If that you will Francè win,
Then with Scotland first begin:

For, once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd[18] necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advisèd[19] head defends itself at home;

[17] *Fear'd* here means *frighten'd*. We have it in the same sense in other places, as in *3 Henry VI.*, v. 2: "Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." See vol. vi. page 149, note 2.

[18] "A *crush'd* necessity" seems to be a proleptical form of speech, meaning a necessity that *will* or *may be* crushed, or *overcome*, by the use of other means, such as locks and traps. See Critical Notes.

[19] *Advised* is *thoughtful, deliberate*. Often so. See vol. iii. page 120, note 31.

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,[20]
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,[21]
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in Nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;[22]
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the Summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading-up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding-in

[20] *Consent* and *concent* are only different forms of the same word; but *concent* is the form that has grown to be a term of art in music. The idea of this passage occurs in a fragment quoted by St. Augustine from a lost book of Cicero's. But Shakespeare, if he did not discover it with his own unassisted eye, was more likely to derive it from Plato, who was much studied in England in his time.

[21] *Butt* is a term in archery for the mark or object aimed at. The general idea of the passage is, that action or endeavour has, for its rule and measure, obedience, or rather the thing obeyed, that is, law; and this law, standing as a common mark or aim, keeps endeavour from running at cross-purposes with itself.

[22] "Officers of *sorts*" probably means officers of different *ranks* or *grades*. Or it may mean officers having different parts or duties *allotted* to them. The sense of the Latin *sors*.

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to éxecutors[23] pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosèd several ways,
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne[24]
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

King. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. —
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery[25]
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:

[23] *Executors* for *executioners*. So in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "Tremble at an *executor*, and yet not fear hell-fire."

[24] *Borne*, here, is *carried on* or *worked through*. Repeatedly so.

[25] *Empery* is, in old usage, a word for *dominion* or *sovereignty*.

Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.[26] —

Enter Ambassadors *of France, attended.*

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

1 Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1 Amb. Thus, then, in few :
Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward Third :
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth ;
And bids you be advised,[27] there's nought in France

[26] Formerly, in England, it was customary, on the death of an eminent person, for his friends to compose short laudatory poems or epitaphs, and affix them to the hearse or the grave with pins, paste, or wax. Gifford thinks, and, apparently, with good reason, that the Poet here alludes to this custom. He adds, "Henry's meaning therefore is 'I will either have my full history recorded with glory, or lie in an undistinguished grave; not merely without an inscription sculptured in stone, but unhonoured even by a waxen epitaph,' that is, by the short-lived compliment of a paper fastened on it."

[27] Here *be advised* is *bethink yourself;* much the same as in note 19.

That can be with a nimble galliard[28] won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,[29]
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls,[30] my liege.

King. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.[31]

[28] *Galliard* was the name of a sprightly dance. See vol. v. page 147, note 22.

[29] *In lieu of* is *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. See vol. vii. page 20, note 36.

[30] In the corresponding scene of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, the Archbishop delivers to the King "a *tunne* of tennis-balles" as a present from the Dauphin. The King thereupon exclaims, "What, a *gilded tunne!*" and, upon his asking, "What might the meaning thereof be?" the Archbishop replies, "My lord, hearing of your wildness before your father's death, sent you this, meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis-court than a field." I quote this mainly as throwing light on the meaning of *tun* here. The following from *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, will give what further light may be needed. "In addition to a large cask containing a certain measure of liquids or solids, it was applied to a goblet, chalice, or drinking-cup, more commonly a silver-gilt goblet. Thus Minsheu, on the English side of his *Spanish Dictionary*, gives 'a *tunne*, or nut to drink in, *cubiléte*,' which is explained, 'a drinking-cup of silver, or such a cup as jugglers use, to show divers tricks by.' In illustration of this we may mention that in an old country town we remember an inn formerly known as 'The Three Tuns,' which had as its ancient painted sign three gilt goblets exactly like those used by street jugglers." From a passage given by Halliwell, it would seem that *nut* or *nutte* was used like *tun* for a drinking-cup or goblet, which in wealthy Houses was commonly of silver or silver-gilt.

[31] The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. — *Rackets* are instruments made with a sort of hoop at the further end, and some light elastic material stretched over it, for striking or

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[32] And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living here, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For here I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;[33] and his soul
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,

catching the balls in a game of tennis. So Swift, in his Preface to *A Tale of a Tub*, 1697: "'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company."

[32] A *chase* at tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the endeavour on each side is to keep the ball up.

[33] At the first bringing of cannon into the field *stones* were used for *balls*.

To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —
Convey them with safe conduct.[34] — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy[35] hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions[36] for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,[37]
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[34] *Conduct* for *escort* or *attendance*. Often so. See vol. x. page 7, note 4.

[35] *Happy* for *auspicious* or *propitious*, like the Latin *felix*.

[36] To *proportion* a thing is to make it *proportionable* to the purpose. So here the noun means *suitable numbers of troops;* as before in this scene: "But lay down our *proportions* to defend against the Scot."

[37] That is, God *going* before; God prospering or guiding us.

SCENE III. — *London. Before the Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter, severally, NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.[1]

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient[2] Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but, when time shall serve, there shall be smites: but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers[3] in France: let't be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will die as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be

[1] This corporal derives his name from the Saxon *niman*, which means *to take;* and in the old cant of English thieves to *steal* was to *nim*. In fact, thieves generally, I believe, are apt to take it in ill part, if the word *stealing* is applied to their action. And an experienced English magistrate is said to have remarked, that "of the persons brought before him for theft many confessed they *took* the article in question, but none said they stole it."

[2] *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See vol. xi. page 105, note 8.

[3] In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*.

as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. —

Enter PISTOL *and the* Hostess.

How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike,[4] call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. — [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn! [PISTOL *also draws his sword.*] Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant,[5] — good corporal, — offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland![6]

[4] *Tike* was much used, as it still is in some places, for a large dog.

[5] Bardolph here addresses Pistol as *lieutenant*, though he has twice before called him *ancient*, which is his proper title. Whether the slip is Bardolph's or the Poet's, may be something uncertain. So, near the close of the preceding play, Falstaff addresses the same ensign as "*Lieutenant* Pistol." Also, in this scene, Nym calls Bardolph *lieutenant;* whereas, in iii. 1, he addresses him as *corporal.*

[6] The cur of Iceland is called *prick-eared*, because he *pricks up* his ears, or has his ears erect and pointed. — A treatise by Abraham Fleming, printed in 1576, has this: "*Iceland dogs*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their hair, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet these curs, forsooth, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times, instead of the spaniel gentle or comforter."

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,[7]
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take,[8] and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason;[9] you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damnèd furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.[10] [NYM *draws his sword.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[*Draws his sword.*

[7] *Perdy* is an old corruption of *par dieu*, which seems to have been going out of use in the Poet's time. It occurs often in the old plays, and was probably taken thence by Pistol, whose talk is chiefly made up from the gleanings of the playhouse, the groggery, and other like places.

[8] Pistol evidently uses this phrase in the same sense it bears in our time. He supposes Nym to have conveyed some dark insult by the word *solus*, and he prides himself on his ability to *take the meaning* of such insinuations.

[9] *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

[10] Pistol's *exhale* means, *draw thy sword*. So in *King Richard III.*, i. 2: "'Tis thy presence that *exhales* this blood from cold and empty veins." The Poet repeatedly has *exhale* in the same sense.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. —
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall. [*They sheathe their swords.*

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe la gorge!*
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital [11] go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For th' only she; and *Pauca*,[12] there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, — and you, hostess: — he is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the King has kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the Devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

[11] *Spital* is *hospital;* and *powdering-tub* refers to the old mode of treating such diseases as are apt to infect the Doll Tearsheet sisterhood. Pistol means to insinuate that Mistress Doll has gone to an hospital to be treated in that way.

[12] That is, *pauca verba*, few words.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[PISTOL *and* NYM *draw their swords.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. [*Draws his sword.*

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble[13] shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood;
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; —
Is not this just? — for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand. [*They sheathe their swords.*

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,[14] that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

[13] The noble was worth six shillings and eight pence.

[14] The Hostess here uses words, as she has before used *adultery*, without knowing their meaning. A *quotidian* is a fever that returns every day; a *tertian*, every three days.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.[15]

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.[16] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

[15] To *pass a career* is said to have been a technical phrase for galloping a horse violently to and fro, and then stopping him suddenly at the end of the course. Nym refers to the King's sudden change of treatment towards Falstaff, on coming to the crown.

[16] "We'll live together quietly and peaceably, like little lambs."

O England !—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge ;[1] and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France—O guilt indeed !—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If Hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The King is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton ;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. [*Exit.*

[1] This was Richard Plantagenet, second son to Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, who, again, was the fourth son of Edward the Third. He was married to Anne Mortimer, sister to Edmund, Earl of March, and great-granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward the Third. From this marriage sprung Richard, who in the next reign was restored to the rights and titles forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. This Richard afterwards claimed the crown in right of his mother, and as the lineal heir from the aforesaid Lionel ; and hence arose the long war between the Houses of York and Lancaster. So that the present Earl of Cambridge was the grandfather of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third. His older brother, Edward, the Duke of York of this play, was killed at the battle of Agincourt, and left no child.

SCENE I. — *Southampton. A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by-and-by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. *Enter King* HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, — and my kind Lord of Masham, —
And you, my gentle knight, — give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
King. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair concent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your Majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty[1] and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance[2] of desert and merit
According to their weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our more advice,[3] we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,[4]

[1] *Create* for *created.* The Poet has many such shortened preterites; as *frustrate, situate, suffocate,* &c. — *Duty,* here, is *dutifulness,* the act for the motive or principle of it.

[2] *Quittance* for *requital* or *return.* See vol. xi. page 158, note 12.

[3] "On *more advice*" is on *further consideration.* See vol. iii. page 208, note 1. — *Security,* in the next line, has the sense of the Latin *securus; over-confidence.* A frequent usage. See vol. x. page 190, note 4.

[4] *Distemper* for *intemperance.* The King has just said, "It was *excess of*

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late[5] commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

King. The mercy that was quick[6] in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

wine that set him on." So in *Othello*, i. 1: "Being full of supper and *distempering* draughts."

[5] *Late* in the sense of *recent* or *newly-appointed*.

[6] *Quick*, here, is *living* or *alive*. See vol. vii. page 216, note 18.

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. —
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him[7] with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly[8] conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. — But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use;
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,[9]

[7] *In furnishing* him; the infinitive used gerundively, as very often. *Accord* in the sense of *agree* or *consent*.

[8] *Lightly*, here, is *promptly*, *readily*, or *without scruple*. So in *The Comedy*, iv. 4: "And will not *lightly* trust the messenger."

[9] Heath probably gives the right explanation of this: "Working so apparently under the influence of some motive which nature excuses at least in some measure; such as self-preservation, revenge, and the like, which have the greatest sway in the constitution of human nature." — In the next line, *admiration* is *wonder*, as usual in Shakespeare. To *whoop* is to exclaim, or *utter a note of surprise*.

That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion,[10] didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest[11] by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that tempted thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance[12] why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,[13]
He might return to vasty Tartar[14] back,
And tell the legions, *I can never win*
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: or seem they grave and learnèd?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

[10] *Proportion* in the sense of *natural order* or *fitness*. The sense of the passage is, that Scroop's course is to be wondered at because it is against all the proper *analogies* of crime, and therefore *monstrous*.

[11] To *suggest*, in old usage, is to *tempt*, to *seduce*. The same with *suggestion*. See vol. vii. page 52, note 54.

[12] The Poet uses *instance* in a great variety of senses, which are sometimes not easy to define. Here it means example, purpose, or *inducement*. See vol. xi. page 211, note 6.

[13] Evidently alluding to 1 Peter, v. 8: "The Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

[14] The *Tartarus* of classical mythology. *Vasty* in the sense of the Latin *vastus; hideous, frightful, devouring*. So, again, in the third scene of this Act: "The poor souls for whom this hungry war opens his *vasty* jaws."

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;[15]
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And, but[16] in purgèd judgment, trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted[17] didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best-indued[18]
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another Fall of Man.[19] — Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

[15] *Complement* is *accomplishment* or *completeness;* quite distinct from *compliment.* See vol. ii. page 35, note 7.

[16] *But* is here exceptive; and the sense of the whole passage is, not trusting so absolutely in his own perceptions as to despise or neglect the advice of others; and then not acting upon either till he has brought a judgment purged from the distempers of passion to bear upon the joint result.

[17] *Bolted* is *sifted.* So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3: "The fann'd snow that's *bolted* by the northern blasts."

[18] Here the force of *best* retroacts on *full-fraught*, giving it the sense of the superlative. The Poet has many instances of similar language. See vol. iii. page 180, note 42.

[19] Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the King's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:[20]
But God be thankèd for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,[21]
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnèd enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King. God quit[22] you in His mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,

[20] According to Holinshed, Cambridge's purpose in joining the conspiracy was, to give the crown to his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, and also to open the succession to his own children, as he knew the Earl of March was not likely to have any. As heirs from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, his children would, in strict order, precede the Lancastrian branch; as John of Gaunt, the grandfather of the present King, was the third son of Edward the Third. See page 31, note 1.

[21] Rather odd and harsh in construction; but the meaning is, "at which I will heartily rejoice, even while suffering the pain it involves."

[22] *Quit* for *acquit;* as a little before, "And God *acquit* them of their practices!" See vol. v. page 53, note 2.

And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,[23]
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of His mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! — Bear them hence. —
[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, *and* GREY, *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings; we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *London. Before the Boar's-head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and the* Boy.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee[1] to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.[2] —

[23] To *tender* a thing, as the word is here used is to *esteem* it, to *be careful* or *tender of* it. See vol. vii. page 51, note 49.

[1] That is, *accompany* thee. Often so.

[2] To *yearn* is to *grieve*, to *be sorry*, to *mourn*. See vol. x. page 242, note 15.

Bardolph, be blithe ; — Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ; — Boy, bristle thy courage up ; — for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or in Hell !

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell : he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christom [3] child : 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide : [4] for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John !* quoth I : *what, man ! be o' good cheer.* So 'a cried out, *God, God, God !* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God ; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.[5]

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

[3] *Christom* is a form of *chrisom.* A chrisom-child was one that died within a month after the birth; so called from the *chrisom*, which was a white cloth put upon the child at baptism, and used for its shroud, in case it did not outlive the first month. Bishop Taylor has the word in his *Holy Dying*, Chap. I. sec. 2 : " Every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a *chrisom-child* to smile."

[4] The common people of England used to believe that death always took place just as the tide began to ebb.

[5] To *cry out of* or *on* a thing is to *exclaim against* it. See vol. xi. page 210, note 5.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A never could abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the Devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheúmatic,[6] and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog?[7] the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is *Pitch and pay;*
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog,[8] my duck:
Therefore *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.[9] — Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

[6] *Rheumatic* is a Quicklyism for *lunatic.* — "*Handle* women" is *speak* of them, that is, meddle with them in his talk.

[7] To *shog* is the same as to *jog*. Generally used with *off*, *shog off*.

[8] Pistol puts forth a string of proverbs. "*Pitch and pay*, and go your way," is one in Florio's Collection. "Brag is a good dog, and *Holdfast* a better," is one of the others to which he alludes.

[9] He means, *dry thine eyes.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *France. A Room in the French* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King, *attended; the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, —
And you, Prince Dauphin, — with all swift dispatch,
To line[1] and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth

[1] To *line* is to *strengthen*. Often so. See vol. xi. page 48, note 10.

To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:[2]
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous[3] youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception,[4] and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High-Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which[5] of a weak and niggardly projection,

[2] *Morris* is an old corruption of *Morisco*. The *morris-dance* is thought to have sprung from the Moors, and to have come through Spain, where it is said to be still delighted in by both natives and strangers, under the name of *Fandango*. See vol. iv. page 46, note 5.

[3] *Humorous* is *freakish*, *frolicsome*, or governed by whims. Hotspur, having the same thing in view, calls him "the madcap Prince of Wales." See page 8, note 5.

[4] That is, modest, or *diffident* in raising objections, in finding fault, or expressing disapproval or dissent.

[5] The grammar of this passage is somewhat perplexed. *Being* is under-

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd[6] upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain[7]
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too-much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mighty sire — on mountain standing,[8]
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun —
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of Nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers

stood after *which;* and not merely *which*, but the whole clause is the subject of *doth spoil*. So that the meaning comes thus: The ordering of which after a weak and niggardly project or plan is like the work of a miser, who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth. — For the meaning of *proportions*, in the line before, see page 24, note 36.

[6] To *flesh*, as the word is here used, is to *feed* as upon *flesh;* to *satiate*, to *gorge*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 5: "The wild dog shall *flesh* his tooth in every innocent." For kindred senses of the same word see vol. x. page 90, note 5; and vol. xi. page 159, note 19.

[7] *Strain* for *stock*, *lineage*, or *race*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1: "If thou wert the noblest of thy *strain*." See, also, vol. iv. page 184, note 33.

[8] The battle of Cressy took place August 25, 1346, the Black Prince being then fifteen years old. The King had knighted him a short time before. During the battle, the King did in fact keep his station on the top of a hill, from whence he calmly surveyed the field of action, where the Prince was in immediate command. When the fight was waxing hot and dangerous, the Earl of Warwick dispatched a messenger to the King to request succours for the Prince. The King inquired if his son were killed or wounded, and, being answered in the negative, "Then," said he, "tell Warwick he shall have no assistance. Let the boy win his spurs. He and those who have him in charge shall earn the whole glory of the day." This reply is said to have so inspired the fighters, that they soon carried all before them.

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. — [*Exeunt* Messenger *and certain* Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths,[9] when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of Nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretchèd honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward[10] claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,

[9] *Spending the mouth* was the sportsman's phrase for *barking*.
[10] *Awkward* is here used in its primitive sense of *perverse* or *distorted*.

Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,[11] [*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook his pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly[12] held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for, if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

[11] Another instance of the passive and active forms used indiscriminately, — *memorable* for *memorative*, or that which *reminds*. — *Line* here is *genealogy*, or tracing of *lineage*.

[12] *Indirectly* in the sense of the Latin *indirectus; unjustly* or *wrongfully*. Repeatedly so. See vol. x. page 20, note 7.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King: An if[13] your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass,[14] and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.[15]

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-Court of mighty Europe:
And be assured you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

[13] *An if* has the force of *if* simply, the two being used indifferently, and often both together, with the same sense.

[14] *Chide* in the double sense of *resound* and of *rebuke*.

[15] *Ordinance* for *ordnance;* the trisyllabic form being used for metre's sake. See vol. x. page 27, note 32.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing[1] our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed[2] King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage,[3] and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage[4] of this navy;

[1] That is, with the wing of imagination. *Imagined* for *imaginative;* still another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms. See page 6, note 4.

[2] Well-*appointed*, as often, for well-*equipped* or well-*furnished*. — *Brave*, in the next line, is *splendid* or *superb;* a frequent usage.

[3] *Rivage*, the bank, or shore; *rivage*, Fr.

[4] *Sternage* and *steerage* were formerly synonymous; so also were *sterns-*

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter; and with her, to [5] dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: [6] and the nimble gunner
With linstock [7] now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. — *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

King. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

man and *steersman.* And the *stern* being the place of the *rudder*, the words were used indifferently.

[5] *To* is here equivalent to *as* or *for*. See vol. vii. page 74, note 13.

[6] The offer *pleases* not. This use of to *like* is very frequent.

[7] *Linstock* was a *stick* with *linen* at one end, used as a match for firing guns. — *Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. They were used on the stage, and the Globe Theatre was burnt by a discharge of them in 1613.

As modest stillness and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage [1] of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.[2]
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet [3] from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy [4] now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,

[1] Shakespeare uses *portage* for *loop-holes* or *port-holes*.

[2] To *jutty* is to project; *jutties*, or *jetties*, are projecting moles to break the force of the waves. — *Confounded* is *vexed*, or *troubled*. — *Swill'd* anciently was used for "*wash'd much* or *long*, drowned, surrounded by water."

[3] *Fet* is an old form of *fetched*. Shakespeare has it several times.

[4] *Copy* is here used for the *thing copied*, that is, the *pattern* or *model*. — "Men of *grosser* blood" are men of *lower rank* simply, — the "good yeomen" who are next addressed.

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:[5]
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George!*
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and the* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:[6] the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song[7] of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield, in bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. *As duly, but not as truly,*
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals!

[5] The Poet seems to have relished the old English sport of hunting, and he abounds in terms of the chase. In hunting foxes, for instance, the hounds were held back in slips or strings, till the game was got out of its hole, when it was said to be a-foot. See Prologue, page 6.

[6] "A *case* of lives" is a *pair* of lives; as "a case of pistols," "a *case* of poniards," "a *case* of masks."

[7] *Plain-song* was used of the uniform modulation of the old simple chant.

will you not up to the preaches? [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke,[8] to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck![9]

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt* NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* PISTOL, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.[10] I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics[11] do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not.[12] For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men;[13] and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk.

[8] That is, great *commander;* duke being only a translation of the Latin *dux.*— "Men of *mould*" is men of earth, poor mortal men.

[9] *Bawcock* and *chuck* were terms of playful familiarity or endearment; the one being from the French *beau coq*, the other a corruption of *chicken*. See vol. v. page 204, note 8.

[10] A *swasher* is a *swaggerer*, *blusterer*, or *braggart*.

[11] An *antic* is a *buffoon*. The word was also used of certain pictured oddities, such as would now be called *caricatures*. See vol. iv. page 198, note 4.

[12] Has plenty of valour in his face, but none in his heart, and so fights with looks, not with blows; that is, substitutes impudence for valour. *White-liver'd* was a common epithet for a coward. See vol. ix. page 264, note 39.

[13] "The *best* men" are the *bravest* men, in Nym's dialect. So, a little after, "*good* deeds" are *brave* deeds.

They will steal any thing, and call it purchase.[14] Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.[15] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing-up of wrongs.[16] I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary — you may discuss unto the duke, look you — is diggt himself[17] four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

[14] *Purchase* was a word of equivocal meaning in Shakespeare's time, and was often used as a euphemism for *theft*. See vol. xi. page 40, note 22.

[15] As *carrying coals* was the lowest office in ancient households, the phrase became a proverb of reproach. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, Sampson says to his fellow-servant, "Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals*"; meaning that, if that reproach be spit at him, he will fight.

[16] "Pocketing-up of wrongs" is an old phrase for putting up with insults instead of resenting them. See vol. xi. page 96, note 24.

[17] Has *dug his mines*. Properly the order of the words should be reversed; as it is the besiegers who *mine*, and the besieged who *countermine*.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY.

Jamy. I say gude-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. Got-den[18] to your Worship, goot Captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers[19] given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication? partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for

[18] *Good-den* or *god-den* was a familiar corruption of *good day*.

[19] Pioneers are a class of soldiers who take the lead in siege operations; military engineers.

the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gude, gude feith, gude captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve,[20] as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the duke: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd,[21] and the trompet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the Mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ai'l do gude service, or ai'l lig[22] i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ai'l pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question[23] 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation is a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both

[20] I shall, with your permission, *requite you;* that is, *answer you.*

[21] Captain Macmorris means, apparently, not that the town is *besieged,* for that has been going on for some time, but that it is summoned or challenged to surrender.

[22] *Lig* is the valiant and argumentative Scotchman's word for *lie.*

[23] Here, as often, *question* is *talk, discourse,* or *conversation.* See vol. vii. page 253, note 13.

in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you still mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter King* HENRY *and his Train.*

King. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buriéd.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier,[1] — rough and hard of heart, —
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as Hell; mowing like grass

[1] *Flesh'd*, here, is *made fierce*, as bloodhounds are by the taste or smell of blood. Probably the sense of being seasoned or indurated with acts of cruelty is also involved. So in *Richard III.*, iv. 3: "Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn to do this ruthless piece of butchery, albeit they were *flesh'd* villains, bloody dogs," &c.

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war, —
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends, —
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enragèd soldiers in their spoil,
As send precépts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of[2] your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows[3] the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted[4] upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

[2] *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases.

[3] To *overblow*, here, is to *blow* or *drive away*, or *keep off*.

[4] A *spit* was an iron rod, to thrust through a fowl or piece of meat, so as to place it before the fire, and keep it turning till roasted. Hence the phrase "done to a turn." The word came to be used, as here, in a more general application. See vol. i. page 87, note 9.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us, that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.[5]

King. Open your gates. — Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, —
The Winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, — we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The* King, *&c, enter the town.*

Scene III. — *Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Catharine *and* Alice.[6]

Cath. *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

[5] *Defensible* for *defensive*, or *capable of defence;* the passive form with the active sense. So in many words. See vol. xi. page 190, note 3.

[6] The dramatic purpose of this scene, if it have any, is not very obvious. But there is something of humour, at least there would be to an English audience, in the compliments Alice bestows upon the Princess in assuring her that she speaks English as well as the English themselves. And there is still more of humour *implied* in the act of thus preparing a conquest of France by introducing a French Princess learning to chop English. As the marriage is an essential part of the dramatic argument, it was doubtless in keeping with the Poet's method to represent Catharine in the process of learning the hero's tongue; which could only be done by mixing up the two languages in a scene or two.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée* de hand.

Cath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés* de fingres; *oui,* de fingres.

Cath. *La main,* de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vitement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? nous les appelons* de nails.

Cath. De nails. *Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, *et* de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.*

Cath. *Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude?*

Alice. De elbow.

Cath. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Cath. *Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez:* de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie!* de elbow. *Comment appelez-vous le col?*

Alice. De neck, *madame.*

Cath. De nick. *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick; *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?*

Cath. *Non, je réciterai à vous promptement:* de hand, de fingres, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Cath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur,* de elbow.

Cath. *Ainsi dis-je;* de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin. *Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de coun.

Cath. De foot *et* de coun! *O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot *et* de coun *néanmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Cath. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* BOURBON, *the* Constable *of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays [1] of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,

[1] *Sprays* is *shoots, sprigs,* or *sprouts;* alluding to the origin of the Anglo-Norman stock.

Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten [2] isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,[3] their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields, —
Poor we may call them in their native lords!

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;[4]

[2] *Shotten* signifies any thing projected; so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain.

[3] *Sur-rein'd* is probably *over-ridden* or *over-strained.* It was common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which was called a mash. — *Barley-broth* is probably meant as a Frenchman's sneer at English *ale*, or *beer.*

[4] The *coranto* was a lively dance for two persons. See vol. v. page 147, note 22. — The *lavolta* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have

Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. —
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth,[5] High-Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit[6] you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, — you have power enough, —
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies:

> A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapest do sound.

[5] This should be Charles D'Albret; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*.

[6] *Quit* for *acquit;* the sense being clear, release, or exonerate *yourselves*. See vol. v. page 53, note 2.

His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.[7]

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give. —
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient; for you shall remain with us. —
Now forth, Lord Constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter, severally, GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.[1]

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not — Got be praised and plessed! — any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most val-

[7] That is, *instead of achieving* a victory over us, make a proposal to buy himself off with a ransom.

[1] After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

iantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient there at the pridge, — I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom[2] valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, —
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone, —

Flu. By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax,[3] and hangèd must 'a be,

[2] In the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient;* but it was also used for *lusty, rampant.* Pistol would be more likely to take the popular sense than one founded on etymology.

[3] The *pax* is said to have been a small piece of plate, sometimes with the Crucifixion engraved or embossed upon it, which at a certain point in the

A damnèd death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain![4] [*Exit.*

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a Summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London,

Mass was offered to the laity to be kissed: *Osculatorium* was another name for it.

[4] What is here called "the fig of Spain" was by no means confined to that country, nor did it originate there. It was a coarse gesture of contemptuous insult, made by thrusting the thumb between the middle and fore fingers, so as to form a rude likeness to a certain disease which was called the *ficus* as far back at least as the days of classic Rome.

under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce,[5] at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-coined oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut,[6] and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age,[7] or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the King is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.[8] —

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Got pless your Majesty!

King. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of

[5] A *sconce* was a *blockhouse* or *chief fortress*, for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce; a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.

[6] The English used to be very particular about the *cut* of their beards. Certain ranks and callings had their peculiar style; and soldiers appear to have affected what was called the *spade* cut and the *stilletto* cut.

[7] Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the Poet's age; they are the continual subject of satire to his contemporaries.

[8] "I must tell him what was done at the bridge."

the pridge : I can tell your Majesty, the duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, — one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks,[9] and knobs, and flames o' fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for,[10] none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language ; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.[11]

King. Well, then I know thee : what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King : Say thou to Harry of England : Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep ; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe :[12] now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his

[9] *Bubukles* are blotches or botches ; *whelks* are pustules or wheals.

[10] That is, nothing taken *without being* paid for. This use of *but* with the force of *without* occurs repeatedly. See vol. iv. page 82, note 1.

[11] The person of a herald being, by the laws of war, inviolable, was distinguished by a richly-emblazoned dress.

[12] The *implied* image is of a sore, as a boil or carbuncle, which is best let alone till it has come to a head. — *Cue* is used in the sense of *turn*.

folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and, for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master; so much my office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment:[13] for, to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,[14]—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me;[15] I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;

[13] Without *impediment;* an old use of *impeachment*, now obsolete. Thus in Holinshed: "But the passage was now so *impeached* with stakes in the botome of the foord, that he could not passe."

[14] An enemy both cunning in arts of strategy and having the advantage in ground and numbers.

[15] "Hath *puffed me up* with that vanity."

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, God before,[16] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
[*Gives a purse.*
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:[17]
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.
[*Exit.*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable *of France, the Lord* RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, *the* Dauphin, *and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. — Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

[16] That is, "God being our guide." See page 24, note 37.
[17] *Advise*, again, as before: *bethink* himself, *consider*. Page 21, note 27.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High-Constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;[1] *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,[2] but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.[3]

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved

[1] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

[2] Alluding to the ancient doctrine that men and animals, as well as other things, were all made up of the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, and that the higher natures were rendered so by the preponderance of the two latter in their composition. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2, the heroine says, "I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life." The Poet has divers allusions to the doctrine.

[3] It appears from this that *jade* and *horse* were sometimes used simply as equivalent terms. On the other hand, *beast* is here meant to convey a note of contempt, like the Latin *jumentum*, as of an animal fit only for the cart or packsaddle.

praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of Nature,* —

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foi,* methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.[4]

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.[5]

[4] *Kerns* is equivalent to *boors*, and was used especially of Irish light-armed foot-soldiers. — *Strait strossers* is *tight drawers* or *breeches*. *Strosser* is probably a corruption of *trosser*, another form of *trouser*. So in Middleton's *No Wit, no Help like a Woman's*, ii. 1: "Or, like a toiling usurer, sets his son a-horse-back in cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old *strossers*."

[5] Referring to the custom which some ladies had, as, it is said, some still have, of wearing hair not their own. The Dauphin is jibing and flouting

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:*[6] thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! — Will it never be day? — I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

the Constable upon the presumed qualities of the lady whom he calls his mistress. See vol. iii. page 173, note 19.

[6] It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his Bible: we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter, ii. 22.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.[7]

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.[8]

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.[9]

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with — There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the Devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt[10] is soon shot.

[7] To *tread* out an oath is to *dance* it out, probably.

[8] Here, as often, *still* is *continually* or *always*. — *Doing* is used equivocally, but the poor quibble is not worth comment.

[9] This pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is unhooded, her first action is to bate, that is, beat her wings, or flutter. The Constable would insinuate that the Dauphin's courage, when he prepares for encounter, will *bate*, that is, soon diminish or evaporate. *Hooded* is *blindfolded*.

[10] A *bolt* was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and so requiring little or no skill. See vol. iv. page 157, note 6.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.[11]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High-Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — Would it were day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish[12] fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension,[13] they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits

[11] *Overshot*, here, probably means *disgraced* or *put to shame;* though one of its meanings is *intoxicated.*

[12] *Peevish* was often used in the sense of *mad* or *foolish.* So in *The Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1: "How now! a *madman?* why, thou *peevish* sheep, what ship of Epidamnum stays for me?" — To *mope* is to move or act *languidly* or *drowsily*, or as in a half-conscious state. — The Poet uses *fat-brain'd* and *fat-witted* for *dull* or *stupid.*

[13] *Apprehension* for *mental quickness, intelligence*, or aptness to perceive; as to *apprehend* is, properly, to *grasp, seize*, or *lay hold of.*

with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring[1] dark
Fills the wide vessel of the Universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels[2] almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd[3] face:

[1] To *pore* is to look intently, heedfully, or with strained vision; and *poring* is here, no doubt, an instance of what is called transferred epithet: the darkness in which we look as aforesaid, or *grope*.

[2] That is, the sentinels *stationed*, or remaining at their posts.—*That* has the force of *so that;* a very frequent usage.

[3] It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than *shadow'd face*. The epithet *paly flames* is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,[4]
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;[5]
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks,[6] and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band

[4] This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but also to a part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole in the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivet up*.

[5] The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."

[6] The metaphor of a gesture *investing* cheeks seems rather harsh and strained. But *gesture*, in the sense of the Latin original, may very well be used of a look, or any form of expression addressed to the eye. And to speak of a *look* as *overspreading* or *covering* the face, is legitimate enough. We have a like figure in *Much Ado*, iv. 1: "I am so *attired* in wonder." Also, in Sidney's *Astrophel:* "Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace." — Perhaps it should be added that *and* connects *coats* to *gesture*, not to *cheeks:* "and *their* war-worn coats." See Critical Notes.

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, *Praise and glory on his head!*
For forth he goes and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint[7]
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the Sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.[8]
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding[9] true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

[7] *Attaint*, or *taint*, was often used for *attainture* or *attainder*, in the sense of *impeachment* or *accusation*. The meaning is, that the King by his brave and cheerful look overcomes all disposition on the part of the soldiers to blame or reproach him for the plight they are in.

[8] The meaning, as I take it, is, "so that, to describe the thing inadequately, men of all ranks in the army get a little glimpse or taste of Harry in the night." See Critical Notes.

[9] *Minding*, here, is the same as *calling to mind*.

SCENE I. — *France. The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be. —
Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should 'dress[1] us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself. —

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, *Now lie I like a king.*

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.[2]

[1] Here *'dress* is a contraction of *address*, which the Poet often uses for *make ready* or *prepare*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 7: "Was the hope drunk wherein you *'dress'd* yourself?" See, also, vol. v. page 112, note 24.

[2] The allusion is to the casting of the *slough* or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légèreté*, French.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, *and* ERPINGHAM.

King. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

King. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp[3] of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry *le Roi.*

Pist. Le Roy!
A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

[3] The original meaning of *imp* is *graff*, *scion*, or *sprout*. See vol. ii. page 16, note 1.

King. No, I am a Welshman.[4]

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.[5]

King. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee, then!

King. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

King. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration[6] in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, — in your own conscience, now?

[4] He calls himself a Welshman because he was in fact born at Monmouth in Wales. Hence his surname, Harry of *Monmouth.*

[5] Saint David is the patron saint of Wales, and of course his day stands high in the Welsh calendar; a national holiday.

[6] *Admiration*, as usual, in the Latin sense of *wonder.*

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

King. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder!

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. — Who goes there?

King. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?[7]

King. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element[8] shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.[9]

[7] *Estate* and *state* were used indiscriminately.

[8] The *element* is the *sky*. Repeatedly so. See vol. v. page 138, note 5.

[9] An allusion to falconry. When a hawk, after soaring or mounting aloft, took his flight downwards, he was said to *stoop*: especially used of the plunge or *souse* he made upon the prey. — "Higher mounted" is *soaring* to a higher pitch; another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms.

Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Court. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We died at such a place;* some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left.[10] I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument?[11] Now,

[10] Their children left young and helpless; in a *raw* or *green age.*

[11] *Argument,* in Shakespeare, is *theme, subject, purpose,* any matter in

if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or, if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities,[12] you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury;[13] some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment,[14] though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they

thought, or any business in hand. — "Charitably dispose" alludes to the old doctrine that a Christian's last hours should be spent in making such provision as he can for the poor and needy and suffering human brethren whom he is leaving behind.

12 The language is slightly elliptical: iniquities for which he has not made his peace with Heaven by repentance and restitution.

13 "The broken seals of perjury" are the *seals* or *vows* broken by perjury.

14 "*Native* punishment" probably means punishment *at home*, or the punishment ordained in or by their native land.

would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, — wash every mote out of his conscience: and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let them outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay [15] him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the Sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round: [16] I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

[15] *Pay* here means *bring him to account*, or *requite his act.* — An *elder*-gun is a *popgun;* so called because made by punching the pith out of a piece of elder.

[16] *Round* is *plain-spoken, unceremonious, blunt.* Often so.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: [17] then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

King. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.[18] —

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,[19] our children, and
Our sins, lay on the King! We must bear all.
O hard conditiön! twin-born with greatness,

[17] *Bonnet* was the common name of a man's head-covering. — *Gage* is *pledge*, that which proves an *engagement*.

[18] Alluding to the old doctrine which made it treason to mar or deface the king's image on the coin. There is a quibble also on *crowns;* the King probably meaning that there are twenty Frenchmen to one Englishman.

[19] "Our careful wives" probably means "the wives whom we care, or are careful, for." Another instance of transferred epithet. See page 75, note 1.

Subject to th' breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing![20]
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony,—save general ceremony?—
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
What is thy soul of adoration?[21]
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?[22]
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king that find thee; and I know

[20] Who has no sense or feeling for any pains or troubles but his own: without sympathy; uncompassionate; and therefore selfish. To *wring* and to *writhe* have the same meaning. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6: "He *wrings* at some distress."

[21] Such was the idiom of the time; the sense being, "What is the life, virtue, or essence of thy adoration?" that is, the adoration paid to thee. The objective genitive, as it is called, where present usage admits only the subjective.

[22] That is, titles blown up, or made big and pretentious with the breath of flattery.

'Tis not the balm,[23] the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd[24] title running 'fore the *king*,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful[25] bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse';[26]
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.[27]

[23] The *balm* was the oil used in anointing a king at his coronation.—The ball was the symbol of *majesty;* the mace, of *authority.*

[24] *Farced* is *stuffed.* The tumid, puffy titles with which a king's name is introduced.

[25] Distressful, perhaps, in a twofold sense: the poor man is distressed to get it, and distressed after eating it.

[26] *Horse'* for *horses*, just as, elsewhere, *corpse'* for *corpses*, and *house'* for *houses:* for the old Sun-god, whether called Hyperion, Apollo, or Phœbus, was never a one-horse god; nor could his grand chariot be drawn by a one-horse team; and Shakespeare knew this right well.

[27] In the old writers, the predicate verb often agrees in number with the

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
King. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
King. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,[28] where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.[29]

nearest substantive, and not with the proper subject. So here, *hours* is the subject of *advantages*, which is a transitive verb, *peasant* being its object.

[28] One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem;* the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen. A *chantry* is, properly, a place where *chanting* is practised; or a chapel for choral service.

[29] That is, "Since, after all that I have done or can do in works of piety and charity, nothing but true penitence and earnest prayer for pardon will avail to procure a remission of my sins."

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

King. My brother Gloster's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The French Camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The Sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!* — My horse! *varlet, laquais!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*[1] — *les eaux et le terre,* —

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu,* —

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans. —

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them[2] with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales[3] and husks of men.

[1] An old exclamation of encouragement; *on! away!* Italian.
[2] To *dout* is to *do out*, to *put out*; *them* referring to *eyes*.
[3] *Shale* is an old form of *shell*; from the Saxon *schale*.

There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants —
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle — were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;[4]
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,[5] —
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpet sound
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount:[6]
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains[7] poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully;

[4] A *hilding* foe is a paltry, cowardly, base foe.

[5] *Speculation*, here, is simply *beholding*, or *looking on*.

[6] The *tucket-sonance*, or *sounding* of the *tucket*, was a flourish on a trumpet as a signal. — The Constable's spirits are dancing in merry scorn; *the note to mount* and *dare the field* being terms fitter for a sporting-excursion than for a war-tussle. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are *dared* when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so as to be sometimes taken by the hand.

[7] Their ragged *curtains* are their *colours*.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver[8] peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,[9]
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pall'd dull mouths the gimmal-bit[10]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless:
And their exécutors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To démonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet[11] take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The Sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

[8] The *beaver* was the part of the helmet that came down over the face.

[9] Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands.

[10] The *gimmal-bit* was probably a bit in which two parts or links were united, as in the *gimmal* ring, so called because they were double-linked; from *gemellus*, Lat.

[11] *Trumpet* for *trumpeter;* a frequent usage. — *Guidon* is an old word for *standard, ensign*, or *banner*, or the *bearer* of it. So Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie for their standards;* as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner to be taken from a trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, insteed of his standard."

Scene III. — *The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, *and* Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting-men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in Heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman,[1] warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:[2]

[1] The kind kinsman here addressed is Westmoreland. The Earl of Salisbury was Thomas Montacute: he was in fact not related to Westmoreland; but their families were connected by marriage.

[2] Westmoreland's first wife was aunt to the King by his grandfather's

If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not live in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:[3]
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,

side; she being one of several children of John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; all born out of wedlock, but afterwards legitimated. They took the name of Beaufort, from Beaufort Castle, in France, where they were born.

[8] The battle of Agincourt was fought the 25th of October, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Crispin and Crispianus, brothers, born at Rome, from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity, but, that they might not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers: the governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. Hence they have become the patron saints of shoemakers.

Will yearly on the vigil[4] feast his neighbours,
And say, *To-morrow is Saint Crispian:*
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, *These wounds I had on Crispin's day.*
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberéd,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:[5]
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely[6] in their battles set,
And will with all expedience[7] charge on us.

[4] The *vigil* of a holy day was the watch that was kept the night before. Something of the old custom survives in the celebration of Christmas *eve*.

[5] That is, shall make him a gentleman. King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats-of-arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

[6] *Bravely* is *in a braving manner;* defiantly.

[7] *Expedience* for *expedition, speed.* The usage was common.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
King. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!
King. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;[8]
Which likes me better than to wish us one. —
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assurèd overthrow;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
King. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

[8] "By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away." The Poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *three-score thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one. The numbers of the English are variously stated; Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

Shall witness live in brass [9] of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in rélapse of mortality.[10]
Let me speak proudly: Tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host, —
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly, —
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But by the Mass our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this, —
As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,

[9] Alluding to the plates of brass formerly let into tombstones.

[10] "*Relapse* of mortality" is simply the *falling-back* or *returning* of the mortal body to its original dust. — This high strain must be set down, I think, among the Poet's instances of overboldness. Certainly, nothing but his prodigious momentum of thought and poetry could carry us fairly through such a strain; hardly even that.

Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shall hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

King. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.[11]

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.[12]

King. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march away: —
And how Thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, *and the* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality! *Callino, castore me!*[1] art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

[11] This *Edward* Duke of York was the son of Edmund of Langley, the Duke of York, who was the fourth son of King Edward III. He is the man who figures as *Aumerle* in *King Richard the Second.*

[12] The *vaward* is the *vanguard.* So in Holinshed: "He appointed a *vaward*, of the which he made capteine Edward duke of York, who of an haultie courage had desired that office."

[1] These words, it seems, were the burden of an old song. Boswell found the notes in Playford's *Musical Companion.* He says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever"; and adds, "They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune."

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[2]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

Pist. Moy[3] shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim[4] out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damnèd and luxurious mountain-goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez-moi!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys? —
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk[5] him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

[2] *Fox* was an old fancy-term for *sword*. "The name," says Staunton, "was given from the circumstance that Andrea Ferrara, and, since his time, other foreign sword-cutlers, adopted a fox as the blade-mark of their weapons. Swords, with a running fox rudely engraved on the blades, are still occasionally to be met with in the old curiosity-shops of London."

[3] *Moy* or *moyos* was a measure of corn; in French *muy* or *muid*, Latin *modius*, a bushel. It appears that twenty-seven moys were equal to at least two tons.

[4] Pistol is not very scrupulous in his language: he uses *rim* for the *intestines* generally. Bishop Wilkins defines it "the membrane of the belly"; Florio makes it the omentum, "a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, *rim*, or kell wherein the bowels are lapt."

[5] To *firk* is to beat or scourge: to *yerk* and to *jerk* have the same import. — To *ferret* is of kindred meaning, the ferret being a very fierce and spiteful animal. So in the old play of *King Leir*: "I'll *ferret* you ere night for that word."

Boy. I do not know the French for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *firk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

Pist. *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good House; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me, cur. [*Exit.*

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit French* Soldier.] — I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, *The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.* Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring Devil i' the old play,[6] that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if they knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter the Constable, ORLEANS, BOURBON, *the* Dauphin, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!*[1] all is confounded, all!
Reproach, reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune!* —
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

[6] The Devil was a prominent personage in the old Miracle-plays and Moral-plays. He was as turbulent, boisterous, and vainglorious as Pistol. *Ho, ho!* and *Ah, ha!* were among his stereotyped exclamations or *roarings*. The Vice used to belabour him with various indignities, and, among them, threaten to pare his nails with the dagger of lath; the Devil choosing to keep his claws long and sharp. See vol. v. page 222, note 17.

[1] Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good, nervous mother-English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression Shakespeare intended: a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that "here come the French, the baffled French braggards!" And this will appear the more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's tiring-room. — COLERIDGE.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O pérdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice?
Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,[2]
His fairest daughter is contaminate.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps[3] go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The Devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and Forces,* EXETER, *and others.*

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.
King. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

[2] That is, having no *more gentility*, no *higher rank*, than my dog.
[3] *On heaps* is *in crowds.* Repeatedly so. See vol. ix. page 185, note 4.

Larding the plain;[1] and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall keep thine company to Heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught[2] me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, *Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd:
But I had not so much of man in me,
But[3] all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

[1] That is, *enriching* the plain with his blood. In *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii. 2, Falstaff is said to do the same thing with his sweat: "Fat Falstaff sweats to death, and *lards* the lean earth as he walks along."

[2] *Raught* is the old preterit of *reach*.

[3] *But* here is equivalent to *but that*. A frequent usage.

The French have reinforced their scattered men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.[1] O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I

[1] This incident is related in full by Holinshed. It appears afterwards, however, that the King, on finding that the danger was not so great as he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It is observable that the King gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the King's mouth, the other in Gower's.

warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river: but 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well;[2] for there is figures in all things. Alexander, — Got knows, and you know, — in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great-pelly doublet;[3] he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY *with a part of the English Forces;* WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

[2] "*Indifferent* well" is *tolerably* well. See vol. v. page 148, note 24.

[3] That is, "great-*bellied* doublet," which was the opposite of "*thin*-bellied doublet." *Doublet* was the name of a man's upper garment. See vol. ii. page 35, note 6.

King. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away,[4] as swift as stones
Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

Enter MONTJOY.

King. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable license
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead,[5] and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes — woe the while! —
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and the wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

[4] *Scour* away; to run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in *Macbeth*, v. 3, "*Skirr* the country round."

[5] The use of *look* as a transitive verb was not uncommon. The incident is thus related by Holinshed: "In the morning Montjoie and foure other heralds came to the king, to know the number of prisoners, and to desire buriall for the dead."

Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

King. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

King. Praisèd be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: if your Majesty is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;[6] which, your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless

[6] Fuller, in his *Worthies of Monmouthshire*, says, "The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *cappers'* chapel doth still remain." He adds, "If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."

it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases His Grace, and His Majesty too!

King. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King. God keep me so! — Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* Heralds *with* MONTJOY.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

King. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you, Captain Fluellen! is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

King. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,[7] quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the Tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-

[7] *Great sort* is *high rank*. A man of such rank is not bound to *answer* to the challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree*.

sauce,[8] as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

King. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

King. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured in the wars.

King. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together,[9] I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; I would fain but see it once, an please Got of His grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;

[8] *Jack-sauce* for *saucy Jack*. *Jack* was used as a term of contempt.

[9] Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered, and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the King's *guard*, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the fellow strike him, — as I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word, —
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Before King* HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and His pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Splood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into[1] plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his

[1] *Into* and *in* were often used indiscriminately.

Majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be Got for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a Summer's day. — Here is his Majesty.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

King. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good a my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

King. Give me thy glove,[2] soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

[2] Here "*thy* glove" evidently means the glove that Williams has in his cap. The King and Williams had exchanged gloves, so that now each has the other's glove in pledge. But the King has just given to Fluellen the glove he received from Williams; and he now takes from his pocket the mate to the one that Williams received from him.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

King. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and, what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine: for, had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

King. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns: —
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

King. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

King. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;[3]
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, High-Constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marlè, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?—

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam,[4] esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men

[3] Mercenaries were soldiers who received pay, as distinguished from such as followed their lords under the obligations of feudal service.

[4] A pleasing anecdote is told of this brave Welshman. Having been sent out before the battle to reconnoitre the enemy, he reported, "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." It is said that among his other feats at Agincourt he saved the King's life.

But five and twenty. — O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! — When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? — Take it, God,
For it is only Thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

King. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimèd through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great goot.

King. Do we all holy rites:[5]
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

[5] The king, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel de Egypto;* and commaunded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused TE DEUM with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power. — HOLINSHED.

SCENE IX. — *France. An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: The rascally, scald,[1] peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, — he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. —

Enter PISTOL.

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

[1] *Scald* is *scurvy* or *scabby*, in its proper meaning; but came to be used as a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave; when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonish'd[2] him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat, and eke I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

[2] That is, *stunned* him, knocked him into confusion and numbness. Such is the proper meaning of to *astonish*.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, — begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, — and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling[3] at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.[4] Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife[5] with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

[3] *Gleeking* is *scoffing*, *flouting;* and *galling* is here used in a kindred sense, — *venting sarcasms*, things that *irritate.*

[4] *Condition*, as usual, for *temper* or *disposition.*

[5] *Huswife* for *jilt*, or *hussy*, as we have it still in common speech.

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe all those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and, for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales-in[1] the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[2] 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And solemnly[3] see him set on to London:
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath.
Where-that[4] his lords desire him to have borne
His bruisèd helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city, he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,[5]

[1] To *pale-in* is to *fence round* or *enclose with palings*.

[2] *Whiffle* is another form of *whistle*, and was used of a *fife* or *pipe*. As *fifers* or *pipers* commonly marched at the head of troops and processions, so *whiffler* came to be used of any one who went ahead of another to clear the way.

[3] *Solemnly* is *in state*, or *with ordered pomp and ceremony*. The proper construction is, "see him set on solemnly to London."

[4] *Where-that* is plainly equivalent to *whereas*.

[5] *Ostent* is *show* or *display*. See vol. iii. page 145, note 34.

Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The Mayor and all his brethren, in best sort, —
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels, —
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious Empress —
As in good time he may — from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachèd[6] on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The Emperor coming[7] in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

[6] *Broached* is *pierced through, transfixed.* — The allusion is to the Earl of Essex, who in April, 1599, set out for Ireland, as Governor, to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. His departure was an occasion of great enthusiasm, people of all ranks thronging around him and showering benedictions upon him. But these bright anticipations were sadly disappointed. The expedition failed utterly; and the Earl's return, in September following, was unhonoured and unmarked.

[7] The Emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin, and who visited England at this time.

SCENE I. — *Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French* King's *Palace.*

Enter, from one side, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *from the other side, the French* King, *Queen* ISABEL, *the Princess* CATHARINE, ALICE, *other* Ladies, *and* Lords; *the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met![1] —
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; — joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Catharine; —
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; —
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: —
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:[2]
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost[3] their quality; and that this day

[1] They have met together for the purpose of knitting up a peace, and the King begins by wishing peace to the meeting. "Peace, for which we are met, be to the meeting."

[2] The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. It was also a *great gun;* and the allusion here is double. See vol. ix. page 235, note 4.

[3] Here the verb is made to agree with the nearest substantive, *looks*, in-

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I've labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar[4] and royal interview,
Your mightiness' on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased!
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunèd dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,[5]
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas

stead of with its proper nominative, *venom*. Shakespeare has many like instances of false concord. See page 87, note 27.

[4] That is, this *place of congress*. *Bar* is a shortened form of *barrier*. Ordinarily, when sovereigns were to meet in the field for such purposes, a barrier was erected at the place agreed upon, as a protection of either party against the possible violence or treachery of the other. Hence *bar* came to be used for any place of meeting.

[5] *Pleached, plaited, platted* are all words of the same meaning, like the Latin *plicitum; folded together*, or *interwoven*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 1; "The *pleached* bower, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter."

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate [6] such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures,[7] grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing, and stern looks, defused [8] attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,[9]
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let,[10] why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections

[6] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots.

[7] Not defective in their *productive* virtue, for they grew to wildness; but defective in their *proper* virtue, which was to serve man with food and support.

[8] It appears from Florio's *Dictionary*, that *defused*, or *diffused*, was used for *confused*. *defused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*.

[9] *Favour* here means comeliness of appearance. — To *reduce* is to *restore* or *bring back;* a sense of the word now obsolete, but legitimate from the Latin *reduco*.

[10] This is the ancient *let*, meaning *hindrance* or *obstruction*.

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary[11] eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your Grace
T' appoint some of your Council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept[12] and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntingdon,[13] — go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable[14] for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

[11] *Cursorary* appears to be a word of the Poet's own coining, no other instance of it being known. *Cursory* had not syllables enough for the place.

[12] *Suddenly* in the sense of *quickly* or *speedily*. Often so. To *pass*, as the word is here used, is, apparently, to *fix*, *conclude*, or *agree upon*. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2: "To *pass* assurance of a dower in marriage." *Accept*, if the text be right, is merely a shortened form of *acceptance*. Shakespeare uses the same freedom in many words. See Critical Notes.

[13] John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence is in the list of Dramatis Personæ, as neither of them speaks a word.

[14] *Advantageable* for *advantageous*, just as, elsewhere, *disputable* for *disputatious*. This confusion of active and passive forms, both in adjectives and participles, occurs very often. See vol. v. page 41, note 5.

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Catharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* HENRY, CATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

K. Hen. Fair Catharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Catharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. *Pardonnez-moi,* I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre Grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Catharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

Alice. *Oui,* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits, — dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. — I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst

think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, *I love you ;* then, if you urge me further than to say, *Do you, in faith ?* I wear out my suit. Give me your answer ; i'faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : how say you, lady ?

Cath. *Sauf votre Honneur*, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,[15] yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, — whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, — let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And, while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ;[16] for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always

[15] *Measure* is here used in the sense of *dancing*. To *tread* or *dance* a measure, was a common phrase. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.

[16] *Uncoined constancy* probably means an affection that has never "gone forth"; a heart like virgin gold, that has never had any image stamped upon it.

reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall;[17] a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the Sun and the Moon; or, rather, the Sun, and not the Moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what say'st thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,* — let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! — *donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf votre Honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be

[17] Will *fall away*, leaving "his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shank."

granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, — as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, — I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou my fair flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon très-chére et divine déesse?*

Cath. Your *Majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear:

my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, *Harry of England, I am thine:* which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;* who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,[18] for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all Catharines, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate, — it shall please him, Kate.

Cath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Cath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, — I cannot tell what is *baiser en* Anglish.

18 "*Broken* music" is said to have meant the music of such instruments as lutes, harps, &c. See vol. v. page 18, note 11.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice[19] customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list[20] of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, — as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King *and* Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *&c.*

Bur. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin,
Teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a

[19] *Nice* here is *squeamish, scrupulous, fastidious.* See vol. v. page 82, note 2.

[20] *Weak list* is *slight barrier;* from the language of the tilt-yard.

circle ;[21] if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed-over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield; as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink-on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide,[22] blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral[23] ties me over to time and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid;[24] for they are girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

[21] Conjurers used to mark out a circle on the ground, within which their conjuring was to take effect by the appearance of the beings invoked. Probably an equivoque is here intended, *circle* being also used for *crown*.

[22] The feast of St. Bartholomew falls on the 24th of August. — Being unskilled in entomology, I cannot vouch for the scientific accuracy of the text.

[23] A *moral* is the *meaning* or *application* of a fable or apologue.

[24] Perspectives were glasses or instruments to look through, such being

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their first-proposèd natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre tres-cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus*[25] *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms

the proper meaning of the word. They were of various kinds, and some, it seems, played rather queer pranks with the object looked at. One kind is thus spoken of in *Humane Industry*, 1651: "A picture of the chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look at it through a *perspective*, there appeared only a single pourtraiture of the chancellor." See vol. x. page 174, note 2.

[25] *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus*. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle it stands thus. Indeed, all the old historians have the same blunder. In the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus*.

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that ne'er war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate;—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessèd marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[26] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our league.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending[27] author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,

[26] *Paction* is *compact, alliance*, or *league.*

[27] *Bending* beneath the weight of the subject, as being unequal to it.

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.[28]
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown;[29] and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

[28] Giving only *fragments* and *glimpses* of their full career.

[29] The three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were written several years before this play, and often acted.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Prologue.

Page 6. *O, pardon! since a crooked figure may*
Attest in little place *a million.* — Lettsom conjectures *place* to be an erratum for *space*. Rightly, I suspect.

Act I., Scene I.

P. 7. *We lose the better half of our* possessions. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text has *possession*.

P. 8. Cant. *The King is full of grace and fair regard,*
And a true lover of the holy Church.
Ely. *The courses of his youth promised it not.*
Cant. *The breath no sooner left his father's body,* &c. — In the old text, the second of these lines is assigned to Ely, and the last two to Canterbury; an arrangement, I think, that badly unhinges the dialogue. The correction is Keightley's.

P. 8. *Never came reformation in a flood,*
With such a heady current, *scouring faults.* — So the second folio. The first has *currance*, which may be from the old French *courance*, and so may yield a fitting sense. But, as Lettsom remarks, "it is plain from the context that *the scouring of a river* is meant. *Current*, therefore, seems much the safer reading."

P. 9. *So that the art and practic part of life*
Must be the mistress to his *theoric.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions read "to *this* theoric." The context readily shows *his* to be right.

P. 11. *The* several *and unhidden passages*

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms, &c. — The old text has *severals*, which is sometimes explained *details* or *particulars*. But the context seems fairly to require *several*, which is Pope's reading. Here, as in divers other places, *and*, I take it, is simply redundant. So that the meaning is "The several open and apparent derivations," &c.

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 15. *To* fine *his title with some show of truth.* — So the quartos. The folio reads "To *find* his title." Neither *fine* nor *find* yields a very appropriate sense. Johnson at one time conjectured *line*, but afterwards withdrew the conjecture. As the Poet repeatedly uses to *line* for to *strengthen*, I should make no scruple of adopting that word but that *line* occurs in a very different sense just before. Perhaps *bind* is the right word. To *fix*, to *confirm*, to *secure* are among the ordinary senses of to *bind;* so that the word would fit the context very well. And in my experience the letters *b* and *f* are apt to be confounded. Collier's second folio substitutes *found*. See foot-note 9.

P. 15. *And rather choose to hide them in a net*

Than amply to imbar *their crooked titles*, &c. — So the Cambridge Editors. The first two quartos have *imbace*, the third *embrace*, and the folio *imbarre*. Warburton proposed *imbare*, and most of the recent editors have adopted that reading. Of course to *imbare* must mean to *lay bare*, to expose. But I think *imbar*, in the sense of *bar*, that is, *exclude* or set *aside*, accords quite as well with the context, and with less of departure from authority.

P. 16. *For in the Book of Numbers it is writ,*

When the *man* dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. — So the folio. The quartos read "When the *sonne* dyes." In our common version of the Bible, the passage referred to stands thus: "If a *man* die, *and have no son*, then ye shall cause the inheritance to pass unto his daughter." For the same as given by Holinshed, see foot-note 13. As Dyce observes, "There is not a word in Scripture about the contingency *of the son dying;* and the law was declared in consequence of the claim put in by the daughters of Zelophehad, 'who had no sons.'" So I think there can be no doubt that we ought to read with the folio; where *the having no son* is fairly implied.

P. 16. *Your brother kings and monarchs of the Earth*
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood:
They know your Grace hath cause and means and might.

West. *So hath your Highness,* &c. — So Walker, and with evident propriety. The old text sets the prefix "*West.*" before the last line of the preceding speech.

P. 18. *The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,*
To fill King Edward's fame *with prisoner kings,*
And make her *chronicle as rich with praise,* &c. — The quartos read "*your* chronicle," the folio "*their* chronicle." The correction is fully justified by the context. It was proposed by Johnson. — In the second line, Collier's second folio substitutes *train* for *fame.* Not an improvement, I think.

P. 18. *Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,*
To tear *and havoc more than she can eat.* — Instead of *tear,* the quartos have *spoil,* the folio *tame;* the latter being no doubt a misprint for *tear,* which is Rowe's correction.

P. 18. *Yet that is but a* crush'd *necessity,*
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves. — So the folio. Instead of *crush'd,* the quartos have *curst.* Several changes have been made or proposed, the best of which, I think, is Mason's, "that is *not* a curst necessity." Of recent editors, Collier, White, and Dyce read *curst;* Singer, Staunton, and the Cambridge Editors, *crush'd.* On the whole, I find it not easy to choose between the two readings. The sense which the context seems to require is that of a *forced* or *strained* necessity; that is, the necessity is *apparent* only: it is not really necessary that the cat should stay at home, since we have other means of security against the mousing weasel. Can this sense be fairly got out of *crush'd,* by taking the word to be used proleptically? a necessity that *will* or *may be* crushed or overcome by the use of locks and traps? The Poet has many like instances of prolepsis. With *curst,* the meaning seems to be, that it is but a perverse or untoward necessity, — one that may vex and annoy; yet it is by no means invincible, since the cat's presence can be made up by something else. — In the third line, Steevens proposed *petty* instead of *pretty.* But Shakespeare repeatedly uses *pretty* with the sense of *fit, apt,* or *suitable.*

P. 19. *Creatures that, by a rule in Nature, teach*
The art *of order to a peopled kingdom.* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text reads "The *Act* of Order." To *teach* an *act* is rather odd English.

P. 20. *France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,*
Or break it all to pieces: there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery, &c. — The old text reads "*Or* there wee'l sit"; *or* having no doubt been repeated by mistake. Corrected by Pope.

P. 21. *Or else our grave,*
Like Turkish mutes, *shall have a tongueless mouth.* — So Walker. The folio has "Like Turkish *mute*." The corresponding passage in the quartos has "like *toonglesse mutes*."

P. 21. *Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right*
Of your great predecessor, Edward Third. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*King* Edward *the* Third." Pope left out *King*, and Walker would omit *the*.

P. 23. *We never valued this poor seat of England;*
And therefore, living here, *did give ourself*
To barbarous license. — The old text reads "living *hence*." The correction is Hanmer's. Mason justly says of the old reading, that it "cannot be reconciled to sense."

P. 23. *But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,*
Be like a king, and show my soul *of greatness,*
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For here *I have laid by my majesty,*
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory, &c. — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have, in the second line, *sail* instead of *soul*, and, in the fourth, *that* and *this* instead of *here*. The words *sail* and *throne*, it seems to me, do not pull very well together; while the strained attempts which have been made, to explain *that* or *this*, are enough, I think, to put the old text out of court.

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 25. Scene III. — *London, &c.* — In the folio the first Act of this play has no marking of the scenes at all, and extends down to the end of what modern editions give as the end of the second Act. And the matter of the present scene is there placed *after* the second Chorus. Various editors, from Pope downwards, have judged, and rightly, no doubt, that the scene ought to come in before the Chorus, and thus close the first Act, instead of opening the second Act, as it does in modern editions generally. The propriety of the transposition is so evident, that I have ventured to make it.

P. 25. *But, when the time comes, there shall be* smites. — The old text has *smiles* instead of *smites*. The correction was proposed by Farmer, and is made in Collier's second folio.

P. 25. *And we'll be all sworn brothers* in *France*. — The old text has "brothers *to* France," *to* having probably crept in out of place from the line above. The correction is Johnson's.

P. 25. *And, when I cannot live any longer, I will* die *as I may*. — So Mason and Walker. The old copies have *do* and *doe* instead of *die*.

P. 26. *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not* drawn! — The old text reads "if he be not *hewne*." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 28. *Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, — and* you, *hostess*. — The old text has "and *your* hostess."

Act II., Chorus.

P. 30. *Now* thrive *the armourers*. — Collier's second folio substitutes *strive* for *thrive*. I suspect *strive* is right; but it may be that, in such cases, the armourers were wont to receive a fee from those whom they served.

P. 31. *And by their hands this grace of kings must die,*
If Hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; &c. — Between the third and fourth of these lines, the folio has the following:

> Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
> Th' abuse of distance; force a play.

Pope tinkered this into "and *well* digest th' abuse of distance, *while we* force a play." Collier's second folio reads "*and so* force a play." No one, so far as I know, has explained the meaning of *force a play;* and it seems to me stark nonsense. I cannot but regard the two lines as an interpolation: besides being unintelligible, they have no sort of fitness to the context, and are simply a nuisance. Knight thinks they "were intended to be erased from the author's copy"; and Lettsom says "they appear to have formed a portion of the close of this Chorus, and to have been replaced by the lines beginning with 'The sum is paid.'"

P. 31. *We'll not offend one stomach with our play.* — Here, again, the folio has two lines added, thus:

> But till the King come forth, and not till then,
> Unto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

This flatly contradicts what the Chorus has just said, "The scene is now transported, gentles, to Southampton." Moreover, the first line flatly contradicts itself, and cannot be reduced to consistency without changing "*Till* the King *come* forth" to "*When* the King *comes* forth," which is indeed Hanmer's reading. As I have already noted, the folio sets this Chorus *before* the scene which here precedes it; and the two lines were probably added by some "scribbler," in order to patch up the disorder resulting from that misplacement of the Chorus.

Act II., Scene I.

P. 33. *And shall forget the office of our hand,*
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to their *weight and worthiness.* — The folio has "According to *the* weight." The correction is derived from the quartos, which read "According to *their cause.*"

P. 33. *We consider*
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our *more advice, we pardon him.* — The old copies read "on *his* more advice." The correction is from Collier's second folio. Lettsom thinks "the error proceeded from *him* and *his* occurring in the neighbourhood."

P. 35. *To furnish* him *with all appertinents.* — The first folio lacks *him*, which is supplied in the second.

P. 36. *But he that* tempted *thee bade thee stand up*, &c. — The old text has *temper'd* instead of *tempted*, which was proposed by Johnson. As Lettsom says, "the context requires *tempted*."

P. 36. *Show men dutiful?*
Why, so didst thou: or *seem they grave and learnèd*, &c. — The old text omits *or*, which was supplied by Pope. I cannot think the Poet would leave such a gap in the metre here.

P. 37. *And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,*
To mark the *full-fraught man and best-indued*
With some suspicion. — The old text reads "To *make thee* full fraught." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 38. *Which* I *in sufferance heartily will rejoice.* — The first folio omits *I*, which is supplied in the second.

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 40. *'A made a* fine *end.* — So Capell. The old text has "a *finer* end." Mason says, "'He made a *fine* end' is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion." And Walker notes upon the text, "Surely *fine* is the right reading."

P. 40. *For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a* babbled *of green fields.* — The old text reads "and a *Table* of greene fields." The well-known emendation is Theobald's, and is probably the happiest one ever made in Shakespeare's text. I subjoin Theobald's account of it: "I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjec-

tures of a gentleman sometime deceased; and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus; 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a *talked* of green fields.' It is certainly observable of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of moving; as it is of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. The variation from *Table* to *talked* is not of a very great latitude; though we may still come nearer the traces of the letters by restoring it thus; 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a *babled* of green fields.' To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like children that cannot yet talk, or dying persons when they are losing the use of speech."

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 43. *So the proportions of defence are fill'd;*
Which of *a weak and niggardly projection,*
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth. — The construction here is very awkward and irregular, to say the least. I strongly suspect we ought to adopt Malone's conjecture, "*While oft* a weak," &c. See, however, footnote 5.

P. 44. *Whiles that his* mighty *sire — on mountain standing*, &c. — Not in the quartos. The folio has *mountain* instead of *mighty*. Theobald substituted *mounting*, and Coleridge proposed *monarch*, not happily, I think. The reading in the text was proposed anonymously in 1845, and is also found in Collier's second folio. The old reading looks, to me, very like a player's *improvement* on what the Poet wrote. *Mountain* seems quite inappropriate as an epithet of Edward the Third: had it been used of his father, there might have been some fitness in it, as Edward the Second was in fact born among the mountains in Wales, and the Welsh made a good deal of that circumstance. In support of *mountain*, Steevens quotes from *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11, 4:

> Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side
> Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.

If Steevens had quoted the preceding line, — "Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde," — I think the quotation would have been seen at once to be something unapt.

P. 45. *From our brother England.* — So the first two quartos. The third quarto and the folio have "our brother *of* England." The same difference occurs again shortly after: "Back to our brother England."

P. 46. *Willing you overlook* his *pedigree.* — The old copies have "*this* pedigree." Corrected by Rowe. This instances of *his* and *this* confounded are very numerous.

P. 46. *Therefore in* fiery *tempest is he coming.* — So Walker. The old text has *fierce* instead of *fiery*. The latter word being spelt *fierie*, such a misprint was very easy.

ACT III., CHORUS.

P. 48. *Suppose that you have seen*
The well-appointed King at Hampton *pier*
Embark his royalty. — The original has "at *Dover* pier." A very palpable error, which Theobald corrected.

P. 48. *With silken streamers the young Phœbus* fanning. — The original has *fayning*. Hardly worth noting.

P. 48. *Behold the threaden sails,*
Borne *with th' invisible and creeping wind*, &c. — Collier's second folio substitutes *Blown* for *Borne*. Rightly, I suspect. Lettsom notes upon it thus: "I believe that Collier's Corrector was right in reading *Blown*. For blown in this sense see particularly *Pericles*, v., 1: 'Towards Ephesus turn our *blown* sails.'"

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 50. *Stiffen the sinews*, summon *up the blood.* — The old text has "*commune* up the blood." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 50. *On, on, you* noble *English.* — The original has *noblish* instead of *noble;* the ending of the next word having, no doubt, been accidentally repeated. The meaning is "you English *nobles*," as distinguished from the "good yeomen" whom the King addresses a little after. Corrected by Malone.

P. 50. *Be copy now to* men *of grosser blood.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have *me* instead of *men.*

P. 51. *I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,*
Straining *upon the start.* — The old text has "*straying* upon the start." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 51. *Got's plood! — Up to the preaches, you rascals!* — So the quartos. The folio reads "Up to the breach, you Dogges; avaunt you Cullions." And all the old copies are very irregular and inconstant throughout in regard to Fluellen's dialect, shifting between *breach* and *preach*, *bridge* and *pridge*, *God* and *Got*, *good* and *goot*, *world* and *'orld*; as also between *war* and *wars*, &c. I agree with Dyce that his dialect ought to be made consistently Welsh, and print accordingly.

P. 55. *The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the* duke. — The old text has "and the *Dukes*." The reference probably is to the Duke of Gloster, who, a little before, is said to be "altogether directed" by Macmorris.

P. 55. *Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.* — This speech is not in the quartos. In the folio it makes three lines, and the second and third lines are transposed, thus: "Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?" This odd displacement of the text was continued till our day, and for the happy correction we are indebted to Knight.

P. 56. *Gentlemen both, you* still *mistake each other.* — So Walker. The old text reads "you *will* mistake." As Gower everywhere else uses correct English, and as the "gentlemen" have been "mistaking each other" all along, I have no scruple about the change.

Act III., Scene 2.

P. 57. *Look to see*
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile *the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters.* — The old text has "*Desire* the locks." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 58. *The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,*
Returns us, that his powers are not yet *ready.* — The folio reads "are *yet not* ready." Capell's correction from the quartos.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 61. *Poor we* may *call them in their native lords!* — So the second folio. The first omits *may*. The passage is not in the quartos.

P. 62. Foix, *Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;*
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, *now quit you of great shames.* — The old text has *Loys* instead of *Foix*. In iv. 8, the same name is there misprinted *Foyes*. In the second line, the old text has *Kings* instead of *knights*. Corrected by Theobald. In the third line, Collier's second folio changes *seats* to *states*, which may be right.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 64. *There is an auncient there at the pridge.* — The folio reads "an aunchient *Lieutenant* there"; the quartos, "an *ensigne* there." It is nowise likely that Fluellen would use both titles together, and he repeatedly calls Pistol *Auncient*.

P. 64. *Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,*
Of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate, &c. — The old text reads "*And* of buxom valour." Corrected by Capell.

P. 66. *Which they trick up with new*-coined *oaths.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "with new-*tuned* Oathes." Pope reads "with new-*turned* oaths."

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 70. *I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four* pasterns. — So the second folio. The first has "four *postures*." Not in the quartos.

ACT IV., CHORUS.

P. 76. *The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,*
And the third hour of drowsy morning name. — The old text has *nam'd* instead of *name*. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 76. *And their gesture sad,*
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth *them unto the gazing Moon*
So many horrid ghosts. — Instead of *Presenteth*, the old text has *Presented.* — Divers editors have stumbled rather strangely at the word *investing* here. Hanmer reads "*In wasted* lank-lean cheeks"; Warburton, "*Invest in* lank-lean cheeks"; Heath proposes "*In fasting* lank-lean cheeks," and Staunton "*Infestive*, lank-lean cheeks"; while Capell transposes the line, — "And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks." I mention all this merely for the curiosity of the thing. Except that the metaphor is somewhat strained, I see no difficulty in the old text. See foot-note 6.

P. 77. *A largess universal, like the Sun,*
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night. — Various editors, among them Theobald, Singer, Staunton, and Dyce, understand the latter half of this, all after *cold fear*, as being addressed to the audience, and so print it thus: "Thawing cold fear. *Then*, mean and gentle all, Behold," &c. For my part, I have never so understood the passage, nor do I see any occasion for so understanding it. It seems to me that the latter half is merely a continuation of the foregoing narrative or description, and that "mean and gentle all" refers to the different ranks of the army. See foot-note 8.

Act iv., Scene i.

P. 80. *So! in the name of Chesu Christ, speak* lower. — So the third quarto. The other quartos have *lewer*, the folio *fewer*.

P. 81. *Under Sir* Thomas *Erpingham.* — The old text has *John* instead of *Thomas*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 82. Court. *Ay, or more than we should seek after;* &c. — The old text assigns this speech to Bates. Malone remarks that "this sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said"; and he thinks "the speech should be given to *Court*." Surely Malone is right in this.

P. 82. *When all those legs and arms and hands, chopped off in battle.* — So the second folio. The first has "in *a* Battaile." The same a little after, in "I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle."

P. 84. Will. *'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill* is *upon his own head.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions omit *is*. — Here, again, I suspect, with Malone and Capell, that the speech ought to be given to Court. Possibly, however, the Poet meant to indicate that the King's argument has wrought some change of opinion in Williams.

P. 86. *O ceremony, show me but thy worth!*
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
What is thy soul of adoration? — In the old text the first and second of these lines are transposed. The correction is Lettsom's. — The first folio has "thy Soule of *Odoration*." Corrected in the second. Some editors, finding a difficulty in the line, adopt Johnson's reading, — "What is thy soul, *O* adoration?" I do not see how this helps the matter at all. Collier's second folio reads "What is thy soul *but adulation?*" A very strange sentiment to be put into the King's mouth! See foot-note 21.

P. 88. *O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;*
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if *th' opposèd numbers*
Pluck their hearts from them. — So the folio, except that, in the third line, it reads "The sense of reckoning *of* th' opposed numbers." A good deal has been written upon the passage; but the slight change proposed by Tyrwhitt, *of* to *if*, gives it a fitting sense: only the auxiliary *would* needs to be understood before *Pluck*. As Steevens observes, "if the sense of reckoning was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable; when they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them." And such is the sense of the quarto reading:

> O God of battels, steele my souldiers harts,
> Take from them now the sence of reckoning,
> That the apposed multitudes which stand before them
> May not appall their courage.

Act iv., Scene 2.

P. 89. *That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,*
And dout *them with superfluous courage.* — The old text has *doubt*, which seems to have been a not uncommon spelling of *dout*. At all events, the sense of *dout* is clearly required. Some have strained hard to make the sense of *doubt* fit the occasion ; but it will not go.

P. 91. *The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,*
And in their pall'd *dull mouths the gimmal-bit*
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless. — The old text reads "And in their *pale* dull mouths." I am not disposed to lay very great stress on the repetition of *pale*, awkward as it is ; but surely the Poet would not have thus applied it to an exhausted horse's mouth. On the other hand, *pall'd*, if written *pald*, as was often the case in similar words, might easily be mistaken for *pale*. In fact, instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded are very frequent. And *pall'd*, in the sense of *broken, spiritless, depressed*, suits the context well. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7 : "I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." Here the spelling of the original is *paul'd*. Capell's reading in the text is "And in their *pallèd* mouths."

P. 91. *I stay but for my* guidon : *to the field !*
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. — The old text reads "I stay but for my *Guard : on* to the field." The Cambridge Editors print as in the text, and make the following note thereon : "The conjectural reading, *guidon*, which is attributed by recent editors to Dr. Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr. Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares' *Glossary*, under the word *Guard*." I must add, that Walker fully approves of the correction. See foot-note 11.

Act iv., Scene 3.

P. 92. Bed. *Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee.*
Exe. *Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to day :*
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour. — In the folio the second of these lines, prefix and all, occupies the place of the fourth; so that the whole passage stands thus:

> *Bedf.* Farewell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:
> And yet I doe thee wrong to mind thee of it,
> For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.
> *Exe.* Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Thirlby made the correction, and a very happy one it is too.

P. 93. *We would not* live *in that man's company*
That fears his fellowship to die with us. — In the first of these lines the old text has *die* instead of *live*, which was proposed by Coleridge. The propriety of the change, both for the antithesis it makes with *die* in the next line, and for its fitness to what precedes, seems evident enough. Of course the meaning of the second line is, "That fears to die *in* fellowship with us."

P. 93. *He that shall* live *this day, and* see *old age.* — The folio reads "He that shall *see* this day, and *live* old age." Pope made the correction, which is indeed obvious enough.

P. 94. *Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,*
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day. — The second of these lines is not in the folio, but is justly retained from the quartos by most editors, because, without it, the transition to what follows is too abrupt.

P. 94. *Then shall our names,*
Familiar in their mouths *as household words,* —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. — So the quartos. In the second line, the folio reads "Familiar in *his mouth.*" Either reading fits the context well enough; "*his* mouth" referring to the old war-marked soldier who is supposed to be "feasting his neighbours," and telling them "what feats he did that day." But, as Singer observes, "the established reading of the quartos has so long been 'familiar in our mouths,' that it would be rash and unpopular to disturb it."

P. 96. *Mark, then,* abounding *valour in our English;*
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in rélapse *of mortality.* — In the first of these lines, the quartos have "*abundant* valour." Theobald printed "*a bounding* valour." Collier's second folio reads "*rebounding* valour," which Knight also conjectured, and which may be right. — In the second line, the first folio has "bullet's *crasing.*" Corrected in the second folio. But should it not be *glancing?* In the last line, again, Collier's second folio changes *relapse* to *reflex;* which seems to me a vicious change, because it gives a wrong meaning. Besides being, I think, just the right word, *relapse* would not easily be misprinted for *reflex.* See foot-note 10.

P. 96. *And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night*
They'll be in fresher robes; for *they will pluck*
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thy labour. — In the second of these lines, the old text has *or* instead of *for.* I can make no sense out of *or* there, and the two words were in fact often confounded. The correction is Hanmer's. In the last line, again, the old text reads "save *thou* thy labour." I have no doubt of *thou* being an interpolation: it spoils the metre, without helping the sense.

P. 97. *I fear thou'lt come once more again for ransom.* — The old text has "for *a* Ransome." One of the many instances of *a* interpolated.

Act IV., Scene 4.

P. 97. *Quality!* Callino, castore me! — *Art thou a gentleman?* — The old text has "Qualtitie calmie custure me." The reading in the text is derived from an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion,* 1673. Warburton gave the reading, "Quality! *cality! construe* me," which Staunton adopts, pronouncing the common reading and explanation "too preposterous." See foot-note 1.

P. 98. *Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;*

Or *I will pluck thy rim out of thy throat.* — The old text *For* instead of *Or*. See the last but one of the Critical Notes on the preceding scene.

P. 100. *The French might have a good prey of us, if* they *knew of it.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text reads "if *he* knew of it." The change, it seems to me, is fairly required.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 100. *Reproach*, reproach, *and everlasting shame*

Sit mocking on our plumes. — So Capell. The old text has "Reproach, and everlasting shame." Walker notes upon the passage, "I suspect that another substantive (*contempt?* or possibly some word beginning with *re*) has dropt out after *reproach*." Why not *rebuke?* At all events, I can hardly think the old text complete. And perhaps, after all, the repetition is more emphatic than any variation would be.

P. 101. *Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice?* — The old text reads "plaid at dice *for*." Lettsom thought that *for* ought to be omitted. So in the Chorus, page 76: "The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English *play at dice*."

P. 101. *Let's die in* honour: *once more back again.* — The folio reads "Let us dye in once more backe againe." Knight corrected the text by introducing *honour* from the corresponding matter of the quartos.

P. 101. *Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,*

His fairest daughter is contaminate. — So Capell. The quartos have *contamuracke;* the folio, *contaminated*. The Poet often forms his preterites without the final *d*.

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 102. *My soul shall* keep thine *company to Heaven.* — The old text reads "shall *thine keep* company." Walker's correction.

P. 102. *But I had not so much of man in me*
But *all my mother came into mine eyes*, &c. — So Pope, from the quartos. The folio has "*And* all my mother." I find it not easy to fix a choice here between the two readings. Lettsom proposed *For*. Perhaps rightly.

P. 102. *For, hearing this, I must perforce compound*
With mistful *eyes*. — The old text has "With *mixful* eyes." Warburton's correction.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 105. *That we may wander o'er the bloody field*
To look *our dead, and then to bury them*. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "To *booke* our dead." Shakespeare has many instances of to *look* used transitively. And White observes that "to *book* our dead" is "a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle."

P. 105. *So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs*
In blood of princes; and the *wounded steeds*
Fret fetlock deep in gore. — The old text has "and *with* wounded steeds." A very palpable error, which Malone corrected by substituting *their* for *with*. The reasons for preferring *the* are obvious enough. The correction is Capell's.

P. 107. *Who if* 'a live, *and ever dare to challenge this glove*, &c. — So Capell. The old text reads "who if *alive*, and ever dare."

P. 108. *I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, this is all; I would fain* but *see it once*, &c. — The old text reads "*but* I would fain see it once." The correction is Dyce's.

ACT IV., SCENE 9.

P. 114. SCENE IX. — *France. An English Court of Guard.* — The folio prints this scene as the opening of the fifth Act, and so of course sets it *after* the Chorus which here follows it. A piece of disorder very like that which I have already remarked touching what is here printed as the third scene of the first Act. See page 137. Johnson

thought the present scene ought to close the fourth Act. It is clearly out of place at the beginning of the fifth; and the matter of it must be supposed to follow close upon the heels of the battle. Perhaps I ought to note further, that in the folio the first Act includes the whole of what modern editions give as the first and second Acts; that the folio has "*Actus Secundus*" and "*Actus Tertius*" where modern editions have "ACT III." and "ACT IV."; and that the folio has "*Actus Quartus*" at the head of what stands in modern editions as the seventh scene in the fourth Act. How the arrangement in the folio came to be so disordered, is a matter about which we can only speculate.

P. 115. *I eat, and* eke *I swear.* — So Johnson. The old text has "I eate and *eate* I sweare." White prints "I eat, and *yet* I swear," which may be right.

P. 116. *News have I, that my* Nell *is dead i' the spital*
Of malady of France. — Instead of *Nell*, the old text has *Doll;* a palpable blunder, since Pistol, as appears in the third scene of the play, has been married to "Nell Quickly," and is at swords' points with Doll Tear-sheet. — The old text also has "Of *a* malady."

P. 116. *And patches will I get unto these scars,*
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. — So the quartos. The folio has "unto these *cudgeld* scarres."

ACT V., CHORUS.

P. 117. *Vouchsafe* all *those that have not read the story,*
That I may prompt them: and, for *such as have,*
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse, &c. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "Vouchsafe *to* those"; also, "and *of* such as have." The latter correction was made by Capell also. I adopt both, because I do not understand the old text.

P. 117. *Behold, the English beach*
Pales-in the flood with men, with *wives, and boys.* — So the second folio. The first omits the second *with*.

P. 118. *As, by a lower* but *loving likelihood,*
Were now the general of our gracious Empress, &c. — So Walker. The old text reads "by a lower but *by* loving."

P. 118. *The* Emperor *coming in behalf of France.* — The old text has "The *Emperour's* coming." The correction is Heath's. Yet I am not sure but the old text may be right; "The Emperor's" meaning "The Emperor *is*."

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 120. *Dear nurse of arts*, plenty, *and joyful births.* — For *plenty*, the old text has *plenties*. Walker notes, "The error arose (*ut sæpe*) from contagion."

P. 121. *The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth*
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all *uncorrected, rank,*
Conceives by idleness, &c. — The old text has "*withall* uncorrected." A very palpable blunder, insomuch as to be hardly worth noting.

P. 121. *And* as *our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,*
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children, &c. — The old text "And *all* our Vineyards." Corrected by Roderick.

P. 122. *We will suddenly*
Pass our accept *and peremptory answer.* — The meaning here is obscure, and the reading doubtful, to say the least; though Walker quotes it as correct, and Lettsom pronounces it to be "right." Warburton proposed, and Theobald printed, "Pass, *or* accept," and so it is in Collier's second folio. Malone conjectured "Pass, *or except*." With either of these readings, *answer*, I suppose, must be taken as a verb, and *peremptory* as used adverbially. Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "Pass our *exact*," and the same change long ago occurred to me. This reading would give a natural and fitting sense; and so, I have little doubt, we ought to read.

P. 124. *Cath.* Sauf votre Honneur, *me understand vell.* — I suspect we ought to read "me understand *not* vell," as Dyce suggests.

P. 125. *Quand* j'ai la *possession de France.* — The old text reads "Je *quand* sur le *possession*."

P. 126. *Notwithstanding the poor and* untempting *effect of my visage.* — So Warburton and Collier's second folio. The old text has "*un-tempering* effect." See note on "But he that *tempted* thee," &c., page 139.

P. 127. *Therefore, queen of all* Catharines, &c. — The old text has "queen of all, *Katharine.*" The happy correction occurred both to Capell and to Walker.

P. 127. En baisant la main d'une *votre indigne* serviteur. — The old text reads "*d'une* nostre Seigneur indignie *serviteur.*"

P. 129. *For they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath* never *enter'd.* — The old text lacks *never*, which was introduced by Rowe. Capell and Collier's second folio insert *not.*

P. 130. *The King hath granted every article:*
His daughter first; and then, *in sequel, all,*
According to their first-*proposèd natures.* — The first folio lacks *then*, which was supplied in the second. In the last line, the old text has "their *firme* proposed natures." The correction is Walker's.

P. 131. *Thrust in between the* paction *of these kingdoms.* — The old text has *pation* instead of *paction.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 131. *My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,*
And all the peers', for surety of our league. — The old text has *Leagues.* Another instance of "contagion," like that of *plenties.* See first note on this scene.

CHORUS.

P. 132. *Mangling by* starts *the full course of their glory.* — Upon this, Mr. A. E. Brae notes as follows: "Most certainly I read *struts*, and not *starts.* The whole of the Chorus is apologetic and deprecatory; as in that of the fourth Act: 'When, O, for pity,' &c. Compare in *Troilus and Cressida:* 'And like a strutting player,' &c." Still I do not see that any thing would be gained by the change: the apologetic force seems as well conveyed by *starts* as by *struts.* See foot-note 28.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

NEVER printed till in the folio of 1623, but first heard of in connection with the burning of the Globe theatre, on the 29th of June, 1613. Howes the chronicler, recording the event some time after it occurred, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And we have a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," with the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage's company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry the Eighth*, and there shooting off certain chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catched, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house." But the most particular account is in a letter from Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, dated July 2, 1613: "Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's Players had a new play called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces in the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty. Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks."

Some of the circumstances here related clearly point to the play in hand. Sir Henry, to be sure, speaks of the piece by the

title "*All is True*"; but the other two authorities describe it as "the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And Lorkin, in stating the cause of the fire, uses the very word, *chambers*, which is used in the original stage-direction of the play. So that the discrepancies in regard to the name infer no more than that the play then had a double title, as many other plays also had. And the name used by Sir Henry is unequivocally referred to in the Prologue, the whole argument of which turns on the quality of the piece as being *true* in the historic sense, or as being made up of "chosen truth."

The piece in performance at the burning of the Globe theatre is decribed by Wotton as "a *new* play"; and it will hardly be questioned that he knew well what he was saying. The internal evidence of the piece itself all draws to the same conclusion as to the time of writing. In that part of Cranmer's prophecy which refers to King James, we have these lines:

> Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,
> The honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
> And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
> To all the plains about him.

All agree that the first allusion in these lines is to the founding of the colony in Virginia, the charter of which was renewed in 1612, the chief settlement was named Jamestown, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists. The last part of the quotation probably refers to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany. Concurrent with these notes of allusion to passing events, are the style, language, and versification of the piece itself.

The historical matter of the play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorce of Catharine, was derived, originally, from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great Cardinal, and himself an eye-witness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant

of the older English literature; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence which the Poet, in some of his finest passages, almost literally transcribed. Whether the book had been printed in Shakespeare's time, is uncertain; but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. In the fifth Act, the incidents, and in many cases the very words, are taken from Fox the martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

The "fierce vanities" displayed in the field of the Cloth of Gold, with an account of which the play opens, occurred in June, 1520, and the death of Buckingham in May, 1521. The court assembled for the divorce began its work on the 18th of June, 1529, and was dissolved, without concluding any thing, on the 23d of July. On the 17th of October following, Wolsey resigned the Great Seal, and died on the 29th of November, 1530. In July, 1531, Catharine withdrew from the Court, and took up her abode at Ampthill. Long before this time, the King had been trying to persuade Anne Boleyn, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, to be a sort of left-hand wife to him; but an older sister of hers had already held that place, and had enough of it: so she was resolved to be his right-hand wife or none at all; and, as the Queen would not recede from her appeal to the Pope, Anne still held off till she should have more assurance of the divorce being carried through. In September, 1532, she was made Marchioness of Pembroke, and was privately married to the King on the 25th of January, 1533. Cranmer became Archbishop of Canterbury the next March, and went directly about the business of the divorce, which was finished on the 24th of May. This was followed, in June, by the coronation of the new Queen, and in September by the birth and christening of the Princess Elizabeth. Soon after the divorce, Catharine removed to Kimbolton, where, in the course of the next year, 1534, she had to digest the slaughter of her steadfast friends, Fisher and More; as the peculiar temper of the King, being then without the eloquence of the great Cardinal or the virtue of the good Queen to assuage it, could no longer be withheld from such

repasts of blood. Catharine died on the 8th of January, 1536, which was some two years and four months after the birth of Elizabeth. The play, however, reverses the order of these two events. As for the matter of Cranmer and the Privy Council, in Act v., this did not take place till 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes.

Dr. Johnson gave it as his opinion that the Prologue and Epilogue of this play were not written by Shakespeare. And I believe all the critics who have since given any special heed to the matter have joined in that opinion. I have not for many years had the slightest doubt on the subject. And I am equally clear in the same opinion touching the Epilogues to *The Tempest* and *King Henry the Fourth*, and the Chorus to the fourth Act of *The Winter's Tale*. Nor, indeed, does it seem possible that any one having a right taste for Shakespeare should judge otherwise, after comparing those pieces with the Induction to the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, and the Choruses in *King Henry the Fifth;* all which ring the true Shakespearian gold for workmanship in that kind. It was very common for the dramatic writers of the time to have such trimmings of their plays done by some friend. Who wrote the Prologue and Epilogue to *Henry the Eighth* has been somewhat in question. The well-known intimacy and friendship between Jonson and Shakespeare have naturally drawn men's thoughts to honest Ben as the author of them; but, as the style answers equally well to the motions of another hand; and as we have unquestionable marks of another hand in the body of the play; a conjectural ascription of the matter to Jonson is not properly in order.

It is now, I think, as good as settled that this play was the joint production of Shakespeare and John Fletcher; somewhat more than half of it belonging to the latter. Dr. Johnson had the sagacity to observe that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catharine: and that the rest of the play might be easily conceived and easily written. But this germ of criticism did not grow to any tangible results till our own day. As far back, however, as 1850, Mr. James Spedding, a critic of approved perspicacity and judgment, published an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, discoursing the theme with lucid statement

and cogent argument; and all the more satisfactory, that it lands in definite and well-braced conclusions. On the appearance of this article, Mr. Samuel Hickson, another discriminating and judicious critic, put forth a brief paper in *Notes and Queries*, expressing an entire concurrence with Mr. Spedding, and also saying that he had reached the same conclusion three or four years before; this too without having any communication with him, or any knowledge of him, even of his name; but that the want of a favourable opportunity had kept him from making his thoughts known. Nor was this a mere general concurrence: it was an entire agreement in the details, and extending even to assignment of scenes and parts of scenes to their respective authors. Still more recently, Mr. F. G. Fleay has brought his metrical tests and his figures to bear upon the question; and the result is a full confirmation both of the general and the particular conclusions reached by the two other gentlemen.

Of course the evidence on which this judgment proceeds is altogether internal, as the play has come down to us without any outside tokens or suggestions of another hand than Shakespeare's in the making of it. And the most striking and available parts of that evidence, though not the strongest, have reference to the qualities of style and versification. But Fletcher's peculiarities in this point are so strongly marked; rather say, he has an habitual mannerism of diction and metre so pronounced; that no one thoroughly at home in his workmanship can easily fail to taste his presence in whatever he wrote; and, as certain portions of the play in hand have the full measure of his idiom in those respects, so it is nowise strange that several critics, once started on the track, should all tie up in the same result.

It would not be in accordance with the purpose and method of these brief prefaces to enter into the details of the argument in the present instance: so I can but say that, for my part, I have slowly and reluctantly grown, or been drawn, into the same upshot with the writers named, and that I am now thoroughly satisfied that the conclusion they have reached is substantially right. The particulars of this conclusion are as follows: — That the first and second scenes of Act i. are Shakespeare's; also the third and fourth scenes of Act ii.; also about three sevenths of

the second scene in Act iii., down to the King's parting from Wolsey with the words, "and then to breakfast with what appetite you have"; also the first scene of Act v.: and that all the rest of the play is Fletcher's; namely, the third and fourth scenes of Act i., the first and second of Act ii., the first, and about four sevenths of the second in Act iii., the whole of Act iv., the second, third, and fourth of Act v., also the Prologue and Epilogue. Mr. Fleay makes the whole number of blank-verse lines in the play to be 2613, of which 1467 are Fletcher's, thus leaving only 1146 to Shakespeare.

From the forecited distribution I see no reason to dissent, except that, as Mr. Spedding admits, some of the portions assigned to Fletcher have traces of a superior workman. In particular, the latter part of the second scene in Act iii., all after the *exit* of the King, seems to me a mixture of Fletcher and Shakespeare; though the Fletcher element preponderates, still I feel some decided workings of the master-hand. The same, though in a somewhat less degree of the coronation-scene, the first in Act iv. Certainly, if Fletcher wrote the whole of these, he must have been, for the time, surprised out of himself, and lifted quite above his ordinary plane; even the best that he does elsewhere giving no promise of such touches as we find here. On the other hand, I doubt whether the first scene of Act v. be pure Shakespeare: at all events, it seems by no means equal to his other portions of the play. And, as the two authors probably wrote in conjunction, it might well be that some whole scenes were done by each, while in others their hands worked together, or the one revised and finished what the other had first written; thus giving us choice bits of Shakespearian gold mingled with the Fletcherian silver.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
THOMAS WOLSEY, Cardinal.
CAMPEIUS, Cardinal, and Legate.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk.
STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk.
THOMAS HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
LONGLAND, Bishop of Lincoln.
NEVILLE, Lord Abergavenny.
WILLIAM LORD SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.
BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Secretaries to Wolsey. Garter, King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber. A Crier.
Page to Gardiner.
A Porter, and his Man.

CATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Wife to King Henry.
ANNE BOLEYN, her Maid of Honour.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Boleyn.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-Shows; Women attending on the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE. — *Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,

We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded[1] with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As Fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
Or make, — that only truth we now intend, —
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.[2]
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known
The first and happiest[3] hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our history
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see

[1] This long motley coat was the usual badge dress of the professional Fool. — *Guarded* is *faced* or *trimmed*. See vol. iii. page 143, note 27.

[2] This seems to imply a reference to what, as shown in the preface, there is good reason for thinking to have been originally the first title of the play. For by advertising the play under the title *All is True* the authors would naturally beget an *opinion* or *expectation* of truth in what was to be shown; which opinion or expectation would be forfeited or destroyed by the course in question.

[3] *Happy* is here used for *propitious*, or *favourable*, which is one of the senses of the corresponding Latin word *felix*.

How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK; *on the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.[1]

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw[2] in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

[1] Thomas Howard, the present Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of Surrey in *King Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. — Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *King Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the Court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

[2] That is, "since last we saw *each other*," or *met*. So in *Cymbeline*, i. 1: "When shall we *see* again?" See, also, vol. vi. page 201, note 4. — "How have ye *done?*" answers precisely to our phrase, "How have you *been?*" though we still say, "How do you *do?*"

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde.[3]
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as[4] they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the last day's master, till the next
Made former wonders its:[5] to-day, the French,
All clinquant,[6] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that[7] their very labour

[3] *Guynes* and *Arde* are the names of two towns in Picardy, where the English and French respectively set up their tents and pavilions. *Andren* is the name of a valley between them, where the two Kings met.

[4] *As* for *as if;* a common usage.

[5] *Its* for *its own.* Each later day mastered, that is, surpassed or outdid, the one before it, and was itself in turn outdone by the next day; which next seemed to carry in its hand the splendours of all the days preceding.

[6] *Clinquant* is commonly explained here as meaning *glittering, shining.* Richardson says it is used "for the *jingling* noise of the ornaments"; which is certainly the usual sense of the word.

[7] *That* for *so that* or *insomuch that;* a very frequent usage. — Of course

Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[8] When these suns —
For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis[9] was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract[10] of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,

the meaning of what follows is, that their labour put colour into their cheeks. — *Pride*, here, is splendour of dress or adornment.

[8] No discriminating observer durst express an *opinion* as to which made the finest appearance. This use of *censure* occurs often.

[9] The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Hampton*. This Bevis, a Saxon, was for his prowess created Earl of Southampton by William the Conqueror.

[10] *Tract* here has the sense, apparently, of *course*, *process*, or *trace*. Johnson explains the passage thus: "The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of the spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action." — To "belong to worship" was to be in the rank of gentleman, or of the *gentry*. So "your *Worship*" was a common title of deference, though not so high as "your Honour." — To *affect* a thing, as the word is here used, is to crave or desire it, to aspire to it, to have a passion for it.

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element[11]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce[12] vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[13] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks súccessors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither allied

[11] *Element* here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element?* From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water. — *Certes*, meaning *certainly*, is here a monosyllable. In some other places the Poet uses it as a dissyllable.

[12] This use of *fierce* in the sense of *excessive*, or nearly that, is common in the old writers, and is sometimes met with in those of later date. Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 5: "This *fierce* abridgement hath to it circumstantial branches, which distinction should be rich in." Also in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "And even the like precurse of *fierce* events."

[13] A round lump of fat. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal's being reputed the son of a butcher. We have "Goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," mentioned by Dame Quickly in *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 1. — In the next line, *beneficial* is used for *beneficent*. Walker notes upon it thus: "It is to be observed that the words *benefit* and *beneficial*, in our old writers, almost uniformly involve the idea of a *benefactor*, which has since been dropped, except in cases where the context implies that idea, e.g., *conferring* or *receiving a benefit*." See vol. i. page 85, note 17.

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him, — let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from Hell, the Devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry;[14] for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon;[15] and his own letter,
The honourable board of Council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.[16]

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

[14] The *file* is the *list, roll*, or *schedule*.

[15] This use of *to* and *upon* may be merely a doubling of prepositions, such as occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare; but is, more likely, an instance of pretty bold ellipsis; the sense being, "To whom *he gave* as great a charge as he meant to lay upon *them* little honour." See vol. v. page 48, note 15.

[16] His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the Council, *must fetch him in whom he papers down*. Wolsey drew up a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the King at this interview, and addressed his letters to them.

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey.[17] What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?[18]

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.[19]

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenced?[20]

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace;[21] and purchased

[17] "In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*: among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense."

[18] That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool." Staunton, however, explains it thus: "But furnish *discourse* on the poverty of its result. *Communication* in the sense of *talk* or *discourse* is found repeatedly in the writers of Shakespeare's time."

[19] So in Holinshed: "On Mondaie the eighteenth of June was such an *hideous* storme of winde and weather, that manie conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes."—*Aboded* is *foreboded* or *prognosticated*.

[20] Silenced in his official capacity; that is, *refused a hearing*.

[21] "A fine thing indeed, to be honoured with the title or name of a peace!"

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like't your Grace,[22]
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you, —
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety, — that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him; certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixes his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur[23] is venom-mouth'd, and I

[22] "*Please* it your Grace," or, "*May it please* your Grace." This use of the verb to *like* occurs very often in Elizabethan English.

[23] There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.[24]

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance;[25] that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick:[26] he's gone to th' King;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King;

father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

[24] It was natural at that time that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison with noble blood. *Book* is here put for *learning*. So in *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 7: "Because my *book* preferred me to the King"; *preferred* in its old sense of *recommended*.

[25] *Temperance* in the classical sense of moderation, self-command, or self-restraint. Repeatedly so.

[26] Meaning, "he stabs or wounds me by some artifice."

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advised;[27]
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud[28] fellow, —
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,[29] — by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To th' King I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, —

[27] Be *advised* is *bethink* yourself, that is, use your judgment, or be considerate. Often so.

[28] *Top-proud* is *superlatively* proud, or *over-topping* all others in pride. So the Poet often uses the verb to *top* for to *surpass*.

[29] "Whom I speak of, not in *malice*, but from just and candid *motives*."

Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests[30] the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried, *Thus let be:* to as much end
As give a crutch to th' dead: but our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for Worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, —
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason, — Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our Cardinal; and, as I trow, —
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd; — but, when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the Emperor then desired
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know —
As soon he shall by me — that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

[30] To *prompt*, to *move*, to *incite* are among the old senses of to *suggest*.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken[31] in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a* Sergeant-at-arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry,
To see[32] you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

[31] Not that he had made a mistake, but that others mistook, or were mistaken, in regard to him; *misunderstood.*

[32] An obscure passage; but *to see* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning comes something thus: "*In seeing* you deprived of freedom, I regret to be present on this occasion"; or, as Staunton words it, "I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this business." See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.— The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. — [*To* ABERGAVENNY.] The King
Is pleased you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King t' attach Lord Montacute;[33] and the bodies
Of the duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. — A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My súrveyor is false; the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd[34] already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out
By darkening my clear sun.[35] — My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[33] This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

[34] Is *measured*, the end of it determined. Man's life is said in Scripture to be but a *span* long.

[35] "Stripped of my titles and possessions, I am but the shadow of what I was; and even this poor figure or shadow a cloud this very instant puts out, reduces to nothing, by darkening my son of life." — *Instant* is *passing* or *present*. We have a like expression in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, upon which *The Winter's Tale* was partly founded: "Fortune, envious of such happie successe, turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *clouds* of mishap and miserie."

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *Cardinal* WOLSEY, *the* Lords *of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The* King *takes his state. The* Lords *of the Council take their several places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *feet, on his right side.*

A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen! *Enter Queen* CATHARINE, *ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Cath. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.

Cath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition,[1] that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on[2]
Of these exactions, yet the King our master, —
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil! — even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, —
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to th' State; and front but in that file
Where others tell[3] steps with me.

[1] Men of *true condition* are men *well disposed*, or men of *loyal tempers*. The use of *condition* in that sense is very frequent.

[2] A *putter-on* is an *instigator*. So to *put on* was often used for to *prompt* to *incite*, or *instigate*.

[3] To *tell* was used for to *count;* as in "keep *tally*," still in use.

Cath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike;[4] which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,[5]
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Cath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will.[6] I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,

[4] Are known *in common*. She means, that he *originates* measures, and then gets the Council to *father* them; so that he has the advantage, and they bear the responsibility.

[5] That is, *in bearing* them. See page 173, note 32.

[6] The meaning seems to be, that the spirit of obedience *succumbs* or *gives way* to the violence or distemper of individual will.

This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters,[7] or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

[7] Heath thinks the epithet *sick* is here used in accordance with the Stoic philosophy, which regarded the passions as so many diseases of the soul. He adds, "By *sick interpreters*, therefore, the Poet intended such as are under the actual influences of envy, hatred, or any other of the malevolent passions." — *Allow'd*, in the next line, is *approved*. See vol. vii. page 151, note 29.

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling [8] contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop,[9] bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*Aside to the* Secretary.] A word with you:
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Cath. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in [10] your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare speaker;
To Nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,

[8] *Trembling*, if it be the right word here, must be used causatively, that is, in the sense of *dreadful* or *terrible*. The Poet uses divers intransitive verbs in this way, such as *cease*, *fall*, &c.

[9] The *lop* of a tree is the branches, that which is *lopped* or cut off from the timber-part or the trunk.

[10] *In* for *into;* the two being often used indiscriminately.

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that, if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Cath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose,[11] within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted[12]
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft,* says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: "Neither the King nor's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England."

Cath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

[11] This was "the Manor of the Rose," of which Cunningham, in his *Hand-book of London*, says "a crypt remains between Duck's-foot-lane and Merchant Tailor's School."

[12] *Doubted* for *feared* or *suspected;* a frequent usage.

And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on. —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by th' Devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous
For him to ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, *Tush,*
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That, had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer, —

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his. — But on; what hence?

Surv. *If,* quoth he, *I for this had been committed*
To th' Tower, as I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Cath. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After *the duke his father*, with *the knife*,
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.[13] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and Lord* SANDS.[1]

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[2]

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

[13] *By day and night* is simply an adjuration; not meaning that he is a traitor night and day; which were a little too flat.

[1] The author places this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

[2] *Mysteries* are *arts*, and here *artificial* fashions.

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face ;[3] but they are shrewd ones ;
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones : one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. —

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either —
For so run the conditions — leave those remnants
Of fool and feather,[4] that they got in France,

[3] A *fit of the face* is a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

[4] The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jack Wilton*, 1594 : "At that time I was no common squire, no under-trodden torchbearer : *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop ;* my French doublet gelte in the belly ; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses ; my *long stock* that sate close to my

With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, — as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; — renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches[5] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wee[6] away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The Devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

dock; my rapier pendant, like a round sticke; my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*." Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by Fools in their caps, and which are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News*: "And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."

[5] This word *blister'd* describes with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes. — GRANT WHITE.

[6] *Wee* is, I take it, merely an Anglicized spelling of the French *oui*, and is used as a verb. Of course it is meant in ridicule of the trick these Frenchified dandies have caught up of aping French idioms in their talk. — The wit of this scene and the next, though of quite another tang than Shakespeare's, is in Fletcher's liveliest and spiciest vein. See Critical Notes.

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,[7]
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r Lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth[8] is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman[9] bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, — 'has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They're set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;

[7] *Plain-song* is an old musical term used to denote the simplicity of the chant. His lordship's thought is that, the apish and fantastical embroidery of French manners being put down by royal proclamation, the plain style of old honest English manhood will now stand some chance of being heeded again.

[8] *Colt's-tooth* is an old expression for *youthfulness* generally. The Lord Chamberlain means that Sands has not sown all his *wild oats* yet.

[9] *Churchman* was formerly used as a term of distinction for a priest, or what is now called a *clergyman*.

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;[10]
Your lordship shall along. — Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I'm your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the Guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BOLEYN *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[1] has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As feast, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, *Lord* SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

[10] The speaker is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York-Place.

[1] A *bevy* is a company. In the curious catalogue of "the companyes of bestys and foules," in the *Book of St. Albans*, it is said to be the proper term for a company of ladies, of roes, and of quails. Its origin is yet to seek. Spenser has "a *bevy* of ladies bright" in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and "a lovely *bevy* of faire ladies" in his *Faerie Queene;* and Milton has "a *bevy* of fair dames."

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[2] ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? — Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather: —
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BOLEYN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

[2] A *running banquet* is, I suppose, a *dance;* though it is sometimes explained otherwise.

Sands. For my little cure,[3]
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold[4] my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding[5] to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry: — gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play.[6]
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

[3] *Cure*, as the word is here used, is a parochial charge; hence the word *curate*, for one who ministers in such a charge. Of course his lordship is speaking facetiously.

[4] "Such a bowl *as* may hold," we should say. Such omission or ellipsis of the relatives is very frequent in Shakespeare.

[5] This old use of *beholding*, where we should use *beholden*, falls under the general head of active and passive forms used indiscriminately. I have already noted it more than once. See vol. i. page 233, note 24.

[6] That is, "if I may *choose* my *game*."

Sands. I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers*[7] *discharged, within.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this! — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All rise, and the tables are removed.*

You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; — welcome all. —

Hautboys. Enter the King *and others, as* Masquers, *habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord* Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me

[7] *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder; that being the technical name for the cavity in a gun which contains the powder.

To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Ladies *chosen for the dance.* *The* King *chooses* ANNE BOLEYN.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee![8] [*Music.* *Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the* Masquers, *and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,

[8] This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion: A grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their King, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Boleyn for his partner.

There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. —
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.[9]

King. [*Unmasking.*] Ye've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[10]

Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter, —
The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

King. By Heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.[11] [*Kisses her.*] — A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

[9] A *royal* choice, because it has a *king* for its *object*.

[10] That is, *waggishly*, or *mischievously*. Shakespeare often uses ***unhappy*** and its derivatives in this sense. See vol. iv. page 183, note 31.

[11] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in "A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie":

> But some reply, what foole would daunce,
> If that when daunce is doon
> He may not have at ladyes lips
> That which in daunce he woon.

technic.

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one : — sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry. —
Good my Lord Cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure[12]
To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.[13]

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O, God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

[12] *Measure* is the old name of a slow-measured *dance*, such as was used on special occasions of state and ceremony. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.

[13] The use of this phrase for "let the music *play*," or *strike up*, probably sprung from beating time, or the beating of drums.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?
1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 Gent. I'm sorry for't.
1 Gent. So are a number more.
2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on th' examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 Gent. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell wrung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 Gent. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gent. Certainly
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.[1]
2 Gent. That trick of State
Was a deep-envious one.
1 Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,[2]
And far enough from Court too.
2 Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy, —
1 Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

[1] There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the earle of Kildare's comming out of Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived. — HOLINSHED.

[2] That is, will find employment *for*. The Poet has many like instances of prepositions understood.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common People.*

2 Gent. Let's stand close,[3] and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

[3] *Close* is *secret*, or *out of sight*. Often so.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy[4]
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in Heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High-Constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:[5]
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

[4] *Envy* is continually used for *malice* in old English. We have the same sense a little before in "That trick of State was a deep-*envious* one." — "Take peace with" here evidently means *forgive* or *pardon*. Shakespeare has no instance, I think, of the phrase so used.

[5] The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford;* it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was Lord High-Constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose;[6] for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub[7] in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,

[6] That is, *loose of tongue*, or given to blabbing your own secrets. So in *Othello*, iii. 3:

> There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul
> That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

[7] *Rub* is *hindrance* or *obstruction*. So in Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy: "Ay, there's the *rub*."

Speak how I fell. — I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and train.*

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,[8] sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing[9] of a separation
Between the King and Catharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For, when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held[10] for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice

[8] *Faith* for *fidelity;* still sometimes used in that sense.

[9] A *buzzing* is a *whispering*, or a *rumour*. Often so used.

[10] We have the same elliptical form of expression a little before, in i. 3: "And held current music too." That is, "and *be* held." Here, "and *'tis* held."

To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo,[11] this is purposed.

2 Gent. I think you've hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. — *The Same. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. *My lord: The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason, — His master would be served before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

[11] This was the richest See in Europe, and was considered the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Christendom next to the Papacy. Wolsey did in fact aspire to it as a stepping-stone to St. Peter's Chair; and his disappointment therein was among his alleged causes for urging on the divorce.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.[1]

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King: and is not this course pious?

[1] Charles Brandon, the present Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France.

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see his main end, —
The French King's sister.[2] Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Unto what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him: —
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The King has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships!

[2] It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French King's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain. NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of Estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye're too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha? —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — [*To* CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,
Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. — [*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.[3]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To* NOR. *and* SUF.] We are busy; go.

[3] The meaning appears to be, "Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk."

Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] This priest has no pride in him!
Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick[4] though for his place.
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*Aside to* SUF.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to* NOR.] I another.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard,[5] tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,[6]
I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices,[7] Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave[8] for their loves:

[4] That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

[5] *Spaniard* is here equivalent to *Spanish*, as appears by *they* referring to it. Adjectives singular were often thus used with the sense of plural substantives.

[6] A *clerk* is, in the original meaning of the word, a *scholar*; and in old times, when learning was confined to the clergy, the word grew to mean a clergyman.

[7] *Sent*, at the end of the next line, is probably to be understood here. Such is Singer's explanation. — *Voices* for *opinions* or *judgments*. The question of the divorce was in fact laid before all or most of the learned bodies in Europe, who sent forward their opinions in writing; but it is pretty well understood that some of their "free voices" were well paid for.

[8] The holy *Conclave* is the College of Cardinals, in whose name Cam-

They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers'[9] loves,
You are so noble. To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; — by whose virtue[10] —
The Court of Rome commanding — you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal[11] men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that[12]
A woman of less place might ask by law, —
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to* GARD.] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. [*Aside to* WOL.] But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

peius was sent as special Legate in the business. His right name is *Campeggio*. He was an eminent canonist, and arrived in London, October 7, 1528, but in such a state of suffering and weakness, that he was carried in a litter to his lodgings.

9 *Strangers* here means *foreigners*.

10 By the *virtue of which;* referring to the commission.

11 *Equal* is *impartial;* men *equally* favourable to both the parties.

12 In old English, *that* is very often used for the compound relative *what, that which*.

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learnèd man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still;[13] which so grieved him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,[14]
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen. —
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning[15] is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

[13] Kept him employed *abroad*, or in foreign parts. Holinshed says that Wolsey grew jealous of Dr. Pace's standing with the King, and so kept shifting him off on frivolous or unimportant embassies, till "at length he took such grief therewith, that he fell out of his right wits."

[14] He means Gardiner; a "good fellow" because unscrupulous.

[15] A rather odd expression; but meaning "for the reception of such learned men." *Receipt*, however, for the thing received occurs elsewhere. See vol. x. page 139, note 26.

SCENE III. — *The Same. An Ante-chamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BOLEYN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:
His Highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O, now, after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire, — after this process,
To give her the *avaunt!* it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though't be temporal,
Yet, if that fortune's quarrel do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She is a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhood,

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhood for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts —
Saving your mincing[1] — the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience[2] would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth: you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;[3]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

[1] *Mincing* is *affectation.* To *mince* is, properly, to *cut up fine*, as in making *mince*-meat. Hence it came to be used of *walking affectedly*, that is, with very *short steps*, and so of affected behaviour generally. So in Isaiah, iii. 16: "The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, *mincing* as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet."

[2] Meaning the same as the "india-rubber consciences" of our time; *cheveril* being leather made of kid-skin, which was peculiarly yielding and *stretchy*. See vol. v. page 188, note 4.

[3] Anne declining to be either a *queen* or a *duchess*, the old lady says "pluck off a little"; let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of preferment by bringing it nearer your own quality.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:[4] I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

[4] That is, you would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit[5]
The King hath of you. — [*Aside.*] I've perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten[6] all this isle? — [*To her.*] I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in Court, —
Am yet a courtier beggarly, — nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, — fie, fie upon
This cómpell'd fortune! — have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,[7] no.
There was a lady once — 'tis an old story —

[5] To *approve* is here to *confirm*, by the report he shall make, the *good opinion* the King has formed.

[6] The carbuncle was supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark; any other gem may reflect light but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

[7] *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager.

That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt.[8] By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood[9] a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY[1] *alone;*

[8] Meaning, of course, that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her; or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste.

[9] "*Salute* my *blood*" means about the same as *raise* or *exhilarate* my *spirits*. The phrase sounds harsh; but *blood* is often put for *passion*, or for the passions generally; and to *salute* easily draws into the sense of to *encourage*, or to *stimulate* by encouragement. So in the Poet's 121st Sonnet:

> For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
> Give *salutation to my sportive blood?*

[1] At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William

after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-arms *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* Cardinals, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their trains. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. — The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event. — The "two priests bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.

Crier. Catharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*[2]

Cath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,[3] nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,

[2] Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king; kneeling down at his feet. — CAVENDISH.

[3] *Indifferent* in its old sense of *impartial.*

And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[4] in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The King, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

[4] *Aught* is understood before "Against your sacred person."

Cath. Lord Cardinal,—
To you I speak.[5]
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Cath. Sir,
I was about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Cath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge[6]
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse[7] you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects

[5] The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. As thus interpreted, the Queen begins a reply to Campeius; and then, some movement taking place, she forthwith changes her purpose, turns round to Wolsey, and most pointedly and with the utmost dignity of injured virtue directs her speech to him, making *you* very emphatic.

[6] *Challenge* here is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, "I *challenge* him."

[7] *Abhor* and *refuse* are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law: *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I *protest* against. — BLACKSTONE.

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present: if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But, if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Cath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek-and-humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,[8]
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted

[8] You have *in appearance* meekness and humility, as a *token* or *outward sign* of your place and calling. But perhaps Heath's explanation is better: "You testify your high rank in the Church, and your priestly character, by that meekness and humility, the semblance of which you know perfectly well how to assume. Every one knows that attestations are authenticated by signing them; whence, I suppose, by a pretty violent catachresis, the Poet substituted the verb *sign*, instead of the more simple and obvious one, *attest*."

Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office.[9] I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Cath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now, the Lord help me;
They vex me past my patience! — Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen, GRIFFITH, *and her other* Attendants.

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,

[9] This passage has exercised the commentators a good deal, and is indeed rather obscure; though I suspect the obscurity is owing mainly to the great compression of language. I take the meaning to be something thus: Now you have full *power* to work your *will*, and therefore use *words* as men use *domestics*, merely as they will serve your ends, without any regard to *truth*. *Powers*, plural, for the power of doing *various* things, whatever he may wish. *Are your retainers* seems equivalent to *are entirely at your will and pleasure.*

For speaking false in that: thou art, alone —
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out —
The queen of earthly queens. — She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require[10] your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, — for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed; although not there
At once and fully satisfied, — whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady — spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never

[10] *Require*, in old language, is often the same as *request*. Shakespeare has it so repeatedly. Thus in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "In best time we will *require* her welcome." And in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3: "Once, if he do *require* our voices."

Desired it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it : — on my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,[11]
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention :
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to't :
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he —
I mean the bishop — did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the King his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting [12] this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes [13] our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after

[11] The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the Cardinal's mind upon the point in question.

[12] *Respecting*, here, is *considering*. So the usual meaning of the substantive *respect* was *consideration*. See vol. x. page 92, note 5.

[13] Both *sometimes* and *sometime* often had the sense of *formerly*.

This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me : then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea [14] of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well —
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. — First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln : you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long : be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons : — unsolicited

[14] The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left to be driven to and fro by the waves. So in the *Alarm for London*, 1602 : "And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."

I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Catharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd[15] o' the world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

King. [*Aside.*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return:[16] with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

[15] To be *paragoned* is to be *compared*, or to admit of rivalry or comparison. Shakespeare has the word several times as a verb. So in *Othello*, ii. 2: "A maid that *paragons* description and wild fame." Here the word evidently means *rivals* or *exceeds*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 5: "I will give thee bloody teeth, if thou with Cæsar *paragon* again my man of men."

[16] The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *London. Palace at Bridewell: a Room in the* Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen *and some of her* Women *at work.*

Cath. Take thy lute, wench: [1] my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as [2] *Sun and showers*
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by. [3]
In sweet music is such art,
Killing [4] *care and grief of heart*
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Cath. How now!

[1] *Wench*, generally implying some disparagement, is here used as a familiar term of kindness or endearment. *Wretch*, a still stronger word, is repeatedly used by the Poet in a similar way.

[2] *As* for *as if;* a very frequent usage with the old poets.

[3] To *lay by* is a nautical term for to *slacken sail*, and so means to *become quiet* or *composed.*

[4] *Killing* is here used as an adjective, not as a participle.

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.[5]

Cath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Cath. Pray their Graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.]—What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.[6]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Cath. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Cath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not—so much I am happy
Above a number—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,

[5] *Presence* for *presence-chamber*, the room where Majesty receives company.

[6] Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:

Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;
But a clene life and devotion,
Maketh gode men of religion.

I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,[7]
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious.
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his Majesty and you.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace, —
(Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,) —

[7] The expression is certainly very odd; but the meaning probably is, "and with reference to that question or matter which concerns me as a wife."

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Cath. [*Aside.*] To betray me. —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills:
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, —
More near my life, I fear, — with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been, — for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, — good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Cath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure, —
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, —
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[8] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Cath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;

[8] *Weigh out* for *weigh;* that is, *consider* them, *do justice* to them.

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Cath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Cath. The more shame for ye:[9] holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.[10]

Cath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me —
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies

[9] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good.
[10] *Envy*, again, for *malice*. See page 197, note 4.

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Cath. Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman — I dare say, without vain-glory —
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next Heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,[11]
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Cath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
[*To her* Women.] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

[11] A woman constant to her husband. *Constant* in the sense of *faithful.*

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Cath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Ante-chamber to the* King's *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force [1] them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? [2] when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, — though now the time
Gives way [3] to us, — I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;

[1] *Force* for *enforce*, *press*, or *urge*. So in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1: "That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose when he would *force* it."

[2] The force of *not* in *uncontemn'd* extends over *strangely neglected*. The Poet has many instances of similar construction.

[3] That is, *opens a* way, gives us *an opportunity*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 3: "Security *gives way* to conspiracy."

His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' the King: wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for, if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way.[4] But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair lady.[5]

[4] To *coast* is to hover about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

[5] The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all joy
Trace[6] the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.[7]

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,

November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but a public acknowledgment of it became necessary early in April.

[6] To *trace* is to *follow* or *attend.*

[7] To *memorize* is to *make memorable.* So in *Macbeth*, i. 2: "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, or *memorize* another Golgotha, I cannot tell."

To second all his plot. I do assure you
The King cried *Ha!* at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry *Ha!* louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions;[8] which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an árchbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The Cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave't you the King?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the papers?
Crom. Presently

[8] Cranmer, then one of the King's chaplains, had been on a special mission to advocate the divorce at Rome, and to collect the *opinions* of learned canonists and divines in Italy and elsewhere. Doubtless these are the *opinions* meant in the text. The using of *in* with the force of *as to*, or *in respect of*, has occasioned some doubt as to what is meant by *opinions*. Cranmer has returned *in effect*, by sending on the opinions.

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his conntenance. And you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. — [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon
The French King's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Boleyn! No; I'll no Anne Boleyns for him:
There is more in it than fair visage. Boleyn!
No, we'll no Boleyns. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for Thy justice!
Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He's vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!
Suf. The King, the King!

Enter the King, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? — Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and then anon he casts
His eye against the Moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.
King. It may well be
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of State he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found,
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.[9]

[9] This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but, another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the Bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head,

Nor. It's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the Earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the Moon, not worth
His serious considering. [*Takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your Highness!
King. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure [10] a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,[11] and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which

that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523."

[10] That is, leisure for *spiritual exercises*. The King seems biting him with irony; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns, that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs. "Keep your earthly audit" means, apparently, look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is, *verify*, your secular accounts.

[11] *Husband*, as here used, is *manager*. So we have *husbandry* for *management*. These senses come naturally from the primitive sense of *husband*, which is *house band;* that which keeps the house in order, and so makes it a *home*.

I bear i' the State ; and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings,[12] to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside to the Others.*] The Lord increase this business !

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which[13] went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours

[12] *Having*, as often, for *possession*, or what one *has*. *Pared*, of course, is *lessened*, *reduced*, or *impaired*.

[13] *Which* refers, no doubt, to *royal graces*, not to *purposes*. He means that the King's favours to him were greater than any man could possibly merit.

Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities : [14] mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the State. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that Winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.[15]

Wol. I do profess
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that I am true, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul : though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty —
As doth a rock against the chiding flood —
Should the approach of this wild river break,

[14] That is, kept pace, walked in the same *file*, with my abilities.

[15] "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
And, after, this: [*Giving him papers.*
and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have. [*Exit, frowning upon* WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again.—What's this? *To th' Pope!*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation[16] in the evening,

[16] *Exhalation* was often used in a way now quite out of date. Here it probably means what we call a *meteor*. See vol. x. page 64, notes 16 and 19.

And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,[17] my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his Highness.
Wol. Stay;
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;[18]
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

[17] *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey. The author forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

[18] An apt instance of *envy* for *malice*; also, of *envious* for *malicious*.

Tied it by letters-patents :[19] now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :[20]
The heads of all thy brother cardinals —
With thee and all thy best parts bound together —
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

[19] Such is the old form of writing what we call *letters-patent;* which are public official documents granting or securing certain rights to the persons named therein; like a certificate of copyright. See vol. x. page 169, note 26.

[20] I have already noted that the Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the Earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1520, was Earl, became Duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour;
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master, I
Dare mate[21] a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[22] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.[23]

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope against the King: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My Lord of Norfolk, — as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

[21] To *mate*, here, is to *match*, to *compete with*, to *challenge*.

[22] *Jaded* is *overcrowed, overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*. "Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse*: It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used."

[23] A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his nets over them.

Collected from his life. — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[24] when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless[25] shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First, that, without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.[26]

[24] Such was the name of the signal given by ringing a little bell at the elevation of the Host in the service of the Mass. So in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring bell* ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." What Surrey here says was probably one of those general notes of scandal which often get stuck upon particular persons: at all events, no such incident of Wolsey's life has been handed down to us.

[25] The *more*, virtually implied in *fairer*, extends its force over *spotless*; "so much *more fair* and spotless." See vol. xi. page 249, note 2.

[26] A Legate, as the term is here used, was a special representative of the Pope. If admitted or resident in a country, he could, by virtue of his legatine commission, overrule or supersede, for the time being, the local authority of the Bishops. For this cause, all exercise of such powers had been prohibited in England by special statute. Nevertheless Wolsey had in fact

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.[27]

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,[28]
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.[29]

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance —
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —

got himself made Legate, and this with the full approval of the King, though both of them knew the thing to be unlawful. But the King's approval did not justify the minister.

[27] These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus*, I and my King; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records of Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him: "Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing, — *The king and I would ye should do thus*; — *The king and I give you our hearty thanks*: whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness than like a subject."

[28] *Allowance* in its old sense of *approval*, or *sanction*, probably. The Poet has both the noun and the verb repeatedly in that sense. See vol. xi. page 235, note 4; also vol. vi. page 46, note 19.

[29] This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to th' mere[30] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into th' compass of a *præmunire*,[31]—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection: this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth

[30] *Mere* in the sense of *utter* or *absolute;* a frequent usage. See vol. iii. page 179, note 37.

[31] The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall *be out of the King's protection;* and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and *chattels* forfeited to the King; and that his body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure.

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours think upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many Summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,[32]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

[32] "*Their* ruin" is the ruin which they inflict; *their* referring to *princes:* what is technically called the *subjective* genitive. So in ii. 3, of this play: "And free us from *his* slavery"; that is, the slavery imposed by him. See, also, vol. vii. page 97, note 23.

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure[33] with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em![34]
What more?

[33] Here "*your* displeasure" is the displeasure which you have incurred, or of which you are the *object;* hence called the *objective* genitive.

[34] The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. "*A tomb of tears,*" says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Teares for the Death of Mæliades*, has the same conceit:

> The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
> *A crystal tomb* to him, through which his worth appears.

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open[35] as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No Sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.[36] Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the King;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[37] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

[35] *In open* is a Latinism. "Et castris *in aperto* positis," Liv. i. 33; that is, *in a place* exposed on all sides to view.

[36] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred.* Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other Mss. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, it is stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

[37] *Use* and *usance* were common terms for *interest* or *profit.*

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr! Serve the King;
And, — pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 Gent. You're well met once again.

2 Gent. So are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm sure, have shown at full their loyal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High-Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court [1] at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was oft cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main [2] assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorced,
And the late marriage [3] made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,

1. *Two* Judges.
2. *Lord* Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*

[1] "*Lately* held a court" is the meaning, of course.

[2] *Great, strong, mighty,* are among the old senses of *main.* So in *Hamlet,* i. 3: "No further than the *main* voice of Denmark goes withal."

[3] That is, the marriage *lately* considered valid.

4. Mayor *of London, bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat-of-arms,*[4] *and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess* DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.*[5]
6. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports ;[6] *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of* London *and* Winchester.
8. *The old Duchess of* NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent. Marquess Dorset;
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That lord should be
The Duke of Suffolk?

[4] His coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

[5] In the account of the coronation, the author follows Hall, who says that "such as were knights had collars of esses." A collar of *esses* was probably so called from the *S*-shaped links of the chain-work. Sometimes there were ornaments between the esses. It was a badge of equestrian nobility. Its origin is unknown.

[6] The *five* ports were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich; to which Rye and Winchelsea were afterwards added. The jurisdiction of them was vested in barons for the better protection of the English coast. Hall says that "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the queen's head, the day of the coronation."

1 Gent. 'Tis the same; High-Steward.

2 Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. [*Looking on the* Queen.] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

1 Gent. And sometimes falling ones.

2 Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifléd
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gent. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gent. That I did.

1 Gent. How was it?

3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, —
Doublets, I think, — flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But what follow'd?

3 Gent. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the alter; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music[7] of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,[8]
And with the same full state paced back again

[7] *Music* for *musicians*, or *musical instruments;* a common figure.

[8] The Poet often uses *part* for *depart*. So in iii. 2: "He *parted* frowning from me." See, also, vol. vii. page 142, note 2.

To York-place, where the feast is held.[9]

1 Gent. Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary;[10]
The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem wi' th' King,[11] and truly
A worthy friend. The King
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.

[9] The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Catharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

[10] That is, lately *promoted* from *being* the King's secretary, or from the office of secretary. This use of to *prefer* was common.

[11] This play has many instances of *the* elided, so as to coalesce with a preceding word; as *by th'*, *for th'*, *to th'*, &c. Here we have a double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to make one syllable of them. The Poet often has it so. See vol. vii. page 13, note 17.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Kimbolton.*

Enter CATHARINE, *sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair: —
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?[1]

Grif. Yes, madam; but I thought your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,[2]
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For, after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward —
As a man sorely tainted[3] — to his answer,

[1] Wolsey died Nov. 29, 1530; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play.

[2] *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for *haply*, *peradventure*; but it here more probably means *opportunely*.

[3] I am not quite clear in what sense *tainted* is used here. Sometimes the word means *touched*; as in *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 1: "And Nero will be *tainted* with remorse"; that is, *touched* with *compassion*. Sometimes it means *attainted* or *under an attainder*; that is, an *impeachment*.

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.[4]

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,[5] he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, *O father Abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessèd part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[6] ever ranking

[4] Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

[5] *Roads*, or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journeys*.

[6] *Stomach* was often used for *pride* or *haughtiness*. The *Chronicles* abound in passages showing up this trait in Wolsey's character. Thus: "It fortuned that the archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother."—"*Tithed* all the kingdom" means took a tenth part, or, as we should say, ten per cent., of all the income of the nation. Hall relates that he once claimed from the citizens of London a *tithe* of their substance.

Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
Tithed all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.[7]

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,

[7] This speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall : " This cardinall was of a great *stomach*, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion : in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[8]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.[9]

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

[8] This is commonly, perhaps rightly, explained to mean "the *goodness* that *founded* it." See Critical Notes.

[9] This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet, as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. A great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Cath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessèd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Cath. Bid the music leave;

They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. [*Aside to* GRIF.] Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

Grif. [*Aside to* PAT.] She's going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. [*Aside to* GRIF.] Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace, —

Cath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour:[10] go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. — [*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from th' Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

[10] Queen Catharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* CATHARINE.

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King; —

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. — In which I have commended to his goodness
The model[11] of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding; —
She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well; — and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

[11] *Model* here means *image* or *representation*. An old usage.

Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —
And now I should not lie, — but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ; [12]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men ; — they are o' the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ; —
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by :
If Heaven had pleased t' have given me longer life
And abler means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents.[13] And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness :
Say to him his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,

[12] Even though he be a nobleman.

[13] Here is the letter, as given by Lord Herbert: "My most dear lord, king, and husband: The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever, for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have hitherto desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers,[14] that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* CATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[1] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. —

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

[14] At the burial of maidens, it was the custom to scatter flowers in the grave. So at the burial of Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewments*"; and the Queen strews flowers, with the words, "I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, and not have strew'd thy grave."

[1] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the King's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero[2]
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business:[3] affairs that walk —
As they say spirits do — at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but, for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way;[4] I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —

[2] Primero, or prime, supposed to be the most ancient game of cards in England, was very fashionable in Shakespeare's time.

[3] "Some touch of your *late* business" is explained by Johnson, "Some *hint* of the business that *keeps you awake so late.*"

[4] My own way of thinking in religion.

'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, —
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Besides that of the jewel-house, he's made Master
O' the Rolls,[5] and the King's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade[6] of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day —
Sir, I may tell it you, I think — I have
Incensed[7] the lords o' the Council that he is —
For so I know he is, they know he is —
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the King ;[8] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, — of his great grace

[5] The Master of the Rolls is the officer who has charge of the patents and other instruments that have passed the great seal, and of the records of the chancery ; while, again, the chancery is the court of the Lord Chancellor, to decide cases of equity, the highest court of judicature in England next to Parliament. — "Besides that of the jewel-house" is besides the mastership of the jewels and other ornaments belonging to the crown.

[6] *Trade* is, in general, a *road* or *way;* that which is *trodden.* So in Udal's *Apothegms:* "Although it repent them of the *trade* or *way* that they have chosen." So that *the gap and trade* means simply the *open road*, or *free course.*

[7] *Incensed* or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed, informed:* still used in Staffordshire. It properly signifies to *infuse into the mind*, to *prompt* or *instigate.* "Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia : Juno *incenseth* the senators' minds with secret envy against." — COOPER.

[8] Have broken or opened the subject *to* him. See vol. iv. p. 166, n. 33.

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, — 'hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the Council-board
He be convented.[9] He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit[10] her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

[9] *Convented* is *summoned* or *cited* to meet his accusers. The word was much used in reference to trials under charges of heresy.

[10] A rather peculiar use of *quit*, but meaning *release* or *set free; grant her ease, rest*, or *quiet;* like the Latin *quietus*.

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. —
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I'm happily[11] come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [LOVELL *seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cran. [*Aside.*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty

[11] *Happily* here means *luckily*, or *opportunely;* as in page 255, note 2.

T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*He rises.*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I've news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,[12]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your Highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd,[13] where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

[12] "You being one of the Council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred."

[13] *Throughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, are used interchangeably by our old writers: in fact, the two are but different forms of the same word; as to be *thorough* in a thing is to go *through* it. — Cranmer has in mind St. Matthew, iii. 12: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will *throughly* purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff."

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*He rises.*] Now, by my halidom,[14]
What manner of man are you! My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and t' have heard you,
Without indurance,[15] further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever[16]
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You're potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness', than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived

[14] *Halidom*, says Minsheu, 1617, is "an old word used by old country-women, by manner of swearing." According to Nares, it is composed of *holy* and *dom*, like *kingdom*. So that the oath is much the same as "by my *faith*."

[15] *Indurance* is here used for *imprisonment*, or being put or held in *durance*. The word is often used thus in the book whence the materials of this scene are drawn. So, likewise, in Montagu's *Appeal to Cæsar*: "If they are not beneficed, their *indurance* is the longer; the punishment allotted is one whole yeares imprisonment."

[16] *Not ever* is uncommon, and means *not always*. See vol. iv. page 183, note 30.

Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving ring.*
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd Mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRAN.] — He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of Heaven

Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. — All fast? what means this? — Ho!
Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the King

Shall understand it presently.

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound[1] not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me —
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice —
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lacqueys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The King *and* Butts *appear at a window above.*[2]

Butts. I'll show your Grace the strangest sight, —
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. — I think, your Highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted[3] so much honesty among 'em —

[1] To *sound*, as the word is here used, is to *report*, or *noise abroad*.

[2] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes*: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, *at a window opening thereinto*."

[3] *Parted*, here, is *shared*.

At least, good manners — as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;[4]
We shall hear more anon. [*Curtain drawn.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.[5]

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord* Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in Council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.

[4] The curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

[5] Here the audience had to *suppose* or *imagine* a change of scene, namely, from the Lobby before the Council-chamber to the interior of the same. In the Poet's time, people were contented to be *told* that the same spot, with, perhaps, some slight changes of furniture, or the drawing of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the Council-chamber.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*

Chan. My good lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh;[6] few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd, — with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer —
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour — this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State; as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,[7] can dearly witness,

[6] A very troublesome passage. Steevens explains it, "While they are capable of being invested with flesh"; Staunton, "*Susceptible* of fleshly temptations"; Singer, "*Susceptible* of the failings inherent in humanity." In *Hamlet*, iv. 4, Ophelia is said to be "as one *incapable* of her own distress." Here *incapable* plainly means *unconscious*. See, also, vol. ix. page 189, note 3. So, in the text, I suspect *capable* has the sense of *conscious*. So that the meaning would seem to be, "In our own natures frail, and *conscious* of our *frailty*," or of our carnal will and tendency. Cranmer is charged with *heresy*, and heresy was regarded as a work of the flesh. See Critical Notes.

[7] Alluding to the monstrous fanaticisms that ran wild in Thuringia, under the leading of Thomas Muncer, in 1521. Hooker, in his *Preface*, says of

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living —
I speak it with a single heart, my lords —
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;

them, "When they and their Bibles were alone together, what strange fantastical opinion soever at any time entered into their heads, their use was to think the Spirit taught it them." At length they got so bewitched or bedevilled with special licentious revelations, that the Elector of Saxony had to take them in hand with a military force.

You're always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty[8] again;
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.[9]

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

[8] *Modesty* in its old sense of *moderation;* that is, *mildness* or *gentleness.*

[9] "Those that understand you discover, beneath this *painted gloss* or *fair outside*, nothing but empty talk and false reasoning." To *gloss* or to *gloze* was often used in the sense of to *explain away*, or to dress up in plausibilities. See page 13, note 7.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much:
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us: — are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome. —
Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause [*Showing ring.*
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.
Chan. This is the King's ring.[10]

[10] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power came under legal limitations, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences com-

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, — whose honesty the Devil
And his disciples only envy at, —
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince!
Not only good and wise, but most religious;
One that, in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

mitted, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,[11]
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody. —
[*To* CRAMNER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May't please your Grace, —
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, — few of you deserve that title, —
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all: What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather —
If there be faith in men — meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure, in me.
King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;

[11] "To me, *whom* you cannot reach, you play the spaniel."

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: If a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:[12] you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? —
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my Lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn,[13] *and he is your friend for ever.* —

[12] It was an ancient custom for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver-gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the Apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve;* those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name.

[13] "A *shrewd* turn" is an *unkind* turn, or a *sharp* one; such being the

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Palace-Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter a Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the Court for Paris-garden?[1] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[2]

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. — I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible —
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons —
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning;[3] which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

proper sense of *shrewd*. The King has in mind the injunction, "love your enemies," and means a delicate compliment to Cranmer as acting in accordance with that divine precept.

[1] This celebrated bear-garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. In Shakespeare's time it was noted for tumult and disorder, and was often alluded to by the writers of that day, as a place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited.

[2] That is, *shouting* or *roaring;* a sense the word has now lost. Littleton, in his *Dictionary*, has "To *gape* or *bawl*: vociferor."

[3] Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. See vol. iii. page 14, note 22.

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —
You see the poor remainder — could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[4]
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for my cow, God save her![5]

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?[6] or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening

[4] Sir Guy of Warwick and Colbrand the Danish giant were famous characters in some of the old romances. The story was that Sir Guy subdued the giant at Winchester.

[5] That is, "I would not *miss seeing* a chine again." A chine *of beef* is the article meant, which seems to have been held in special honour among the riches of an English table. So in Peele's play, *The Old Wives' Tale:* "A chine of English Beef, *meat for a king*." Staunton observes that "the expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God bless her!' seems to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking-Glass for London*, 1598: 'My blind mare, God bless her!'" He also shows that the expression "God save her!" applied to any beast, was regarded as a charm against witchcraft. So in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft:* "You shall hear a butcher or horse-courser cheapen a bullock or a jade, but, if he buy him not, he saith *God save* him; if he do forget it, and the horse or bullock chance to die, the fault is imputed to the chapman." — See Critical Notes.

[6] The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier[7] by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line;[8] they need no other penance. That fire-drake[9] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer[10] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I miss'd the meteor[11] once, and hit that woman, who cried out Clubs![12] when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff with me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind

[7] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and also a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

[8] Under the *equator*, where the heat is somewhat.

[9] "*Fire-drake;* a *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation* inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile." — BULLOKAR'S *Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial *firework*.

[10] Her pink'd *cap*, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in the *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4:

> *Hab.* Here is the *cap* your Worship did bespeak.
> *Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a *porringer*.

[11] The *meteor* is the brazier aforesaid.

[12] Among the London apprentices, "clubs! clubs!" was a common cry to the rescue. See vol. v. page 100, note 4.

'em, loose shot,[13] deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work :[14] the Devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.[15] I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,[16] and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet[17] of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too : from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows ;
There's a trim rabble let in : are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

[13] That is, loose or random *shooters*. See vol. xi. page 221, note 26.

[14] The *work* is the *fortress*, the place they are besieging or assaulting.

[15] The object-matter of these allusions has been variously disputed, and much learned rubbish has been gathered about them. The best explanation, it seems to me, is that of Dyce, who regards it as a "fling at the affected meekness of the Puritans." He adds, "'The Tribulation of Tower-hill' evidently means some particular set or meeting of Puritans, and the 'Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,' another set." *Limbs* of course means *members*. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, one of the characters is "*Tribulation* Wholesome, a Pastor of Amsterdam." It is well known how cordially the Puritans hated plays and theatres. Knight asks, "Is it not that the Puritans, hating playhouses, approved of the uproar of those who 'fight for bitten apples,' because it disturbed those that came to hear?"

[16] That is, in confinement. *In limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection.

[17] A public whipping. A *banquet* here is used for a *dessert*. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the *dessert*.

Port. An't please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels,[18] and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[19] when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea[20] shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!

Port. You i' the camlet, get up off the rail; I'll pick[21] you o'er the pales else! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, *Lord* Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK *with his Marshal's staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls*[1] *for the christening-gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NOR-

[18] Lord Campbell tells us that "to *lay by the heels* was the technical expression for committing to prison." See vol. xi. page 167, note 18.

[19] A *bombard* or *bumbard* was a large leathern jack for holding liquor.

[20] *Marshalsea* was the name of one of the prisons in London.

[21] *Pick* and *Peck* appear to have been both of them old forms of *pitch*. Thus Baret: "To *picke* or *cast*." And Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses*: "To catch him on the hip, and *picke* him on his necke."

[1] *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

FOLK, *godmother, bearing the* Child *richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other Godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from Thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter the King *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And for your royal Grace and the good Queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. —
[CRANMER *rises.* — *The* King *kisses the* Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips,[2] ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — Heaven still move about her! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

[2] *Gossip* is an old term for *sponsor* or *god-parent.* See vol. iv. page 19, note 34.

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be —
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[3] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:

[3] So the name of Solomon's queen-pupil is spelt both in the Septuagint and the vulgate; such too is the old English form of it; though some have changed it here to *Sheba*, as it is in our authorized version.

Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : [4] he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.[5] Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die ;
She must, the saints must have her : yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ! never before
This happy child did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in Heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords :
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye ;
She will be sick else. This day no man think

[4] On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

[5] Alluding, most likely, to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany. The present royal family of England comes from that marriage.

'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an Act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry, *That's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Prologue.

Page 161. *Sad,* high, and working, *full of state and woe.* — Staunton prints "Sad *and high-working*"; and so I suspect we ought to read.

P. 162. *To rank our chosen truth with such a show*
As Fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
Or *make,* — *that only* truth *we now intend,* —
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend. — So Johnson. The original has the fourth line thus: "*To* make that only true we now intend." Out of this reading it is exceedingly difficult to get any fitting sense, or indeed any sense at all. — "This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The *Prologue,* partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour:*

> To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
> Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
> Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
> *And help of some few foot and half-foot words,*
> *Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,*
> *And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.*

P. 162. *Be said, as we would make ye: think ye see*
The very persons of our history
As they were living; &c. — The original reads "persons of our *noble story.*" Upon this Heath comments as follows: "The failure in the rhyme evidently shows that the text is corrupt. I think that Shake-

speare probably wrote 'the very persons of our *history*.' The epithet *noble* is one of those the Italians call epithets to let. It is perfectly unnecessary, and may be rejected without the least detriment either to the sense or to the elegance of the passage." The reading thus proposed by Heath was adopted by Capell.

P. 162. *Think you see them great,*
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends. — Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests that we ought to read "the general throng and *suite*."

Act I., Scene I.

P. 164. *Each following day*
Became the last *day's master, till the* next
Made former wonders its. — The original transposes the words *last* and *next*. The speaker evidently means that each later day seemed to surpass the preceding; but this meaning cannot be got out of the old order, except by taking *the next* as equivalent to *the next before*, — a sense which it can hardly bear. The reading in the text was conjectured by Theobald, approved by Heath, and adopted by Capell.

P. 165. *The tract of every thing*
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal; &c. — In the original the words *All was royal*, and the three following lines of Norfolk's speech, are printed as a part of the next speech. This is palpably wrong, as it makes Buckingham break in, and complete the description of things which he avowedly had not seen. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 166. *I mean, who set the body and the limbs*
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. *One, certes, that promises no element*
In such a business. — So Theobald. The original makes the words *as you guess* the beginning of Norfolk's speech.

P. 167. *But, spider-like,*
Out of's self-drawing web, he *gives us note*
The force of his own merit makes his way;

A gift that Heaven gives; which buys for him

A place next to the King. — In the second of these lines, the original has "*O* gives us note." Shakespeare probably wrote "*a* gives us note," and so I suspect we ought to print; as *a* or *'a* was a common colloquialism for *he*. But perhaps the matter is not of moment enough to warrant a variation from the reading generally received. — In the fourth line, also, the original reads "A gift that heaven gives *for him, which buyes,*" &c. The correction is Warburton's, and has the unqualified approval of Walker.

P. 169. *This butcher's cur is* venom-*mouth'd.* — The original has "*venom'd*-mouth'd." An instance, no doubt, of final *d* and final *e* confounded, the Poet having written *venome*. Such instances are very frequent.

P. 172. *That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass*

Did break i' the rinsing. — The original has *wrenching* instead of *rinsing*. It appears that various words now beginning with *r* were formerly written with *wr;* and *wrinsing* might easily have been misprinted *wrenching*.

P. 172. *But our* Court-*Cardinal*

Has done this, and 'tis well. — So Pope and Lettsom. The original has "*Count*-Cardinal." Wolsey is indeed afterwards spoken of as "*King*-Cardinal," but that I think does nothing towards approving the use of *Count* here, which is far from being strong enough for the occasion.

P. 172. *For from this league*

Peep'd harms that menaced him: he *privily*

Deals with our Cardinal. — So the second folio. The first omits *he;* doubtless by accident, as both sense and metre require it.

P. 172. *But, when the way was made,*

And paved with gold, the Emperor then *desired*

That he would please to alter the King's course, &c. — The old text has "the Emperor *thus* desir'd." The correction is Walker's.

P. 174. And *Gilbert Peck, his* chancellor. — The original has "*One* Gilbert Pecke, his *Councellour*." *Chancellor* is Theobald's correction, the same person being afterwards designated by that title. The other

change, of *One* to *And*, was also proposed by Theobald, and adopted by Pope. As final *d* was formerly written, it was very apt to be confounded with *e*. The confusion of *A* and *O* was also frequent.

P. 174. *O*, Nicholas *Hopkins?* — Here the original has "*Michaell* Hopkins." In the next scene, however, the same person is rightly called *Nicholas*. This, also, was corrected by Theobald.

P. 174. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,
By darkening my clear sun. — *My* lord, *farewell.* — The original reads "This instant Clowd puts *on*." We have repeated instances of *on* and *out* misprinted for each other. The substitution of *out* for *on* in this place was proposed by Theobald; and I fail to appreciate the difficulty which some editors find in that reading. — In the last line, also, the original has *Lords* instead of *lord*. But Buckingham is there speaking to Norfolk only, as Abergavenny is going with him to the Tower. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 176. *There have been commissions*
Sent down among 'em, which have *flaw'd the heart*
Of all their loyalties. — The old text reads "which *hath* flaw'd." As *which* clearly refers to *commissions*, the propriety of the change is evident. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 176. *Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks*
The sides *of loyalty.* — Collier's second folio reads, plausibly, "The *ties* of loyalty." But the meaning is the same here as a little before, "which have *flaw'd the heart*." So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "O *sides*, you are too tough! will you yet hold?"

P. 177. *Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze*
Allegiance in them; that *their curses now*
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass
That *tractable obedience is a slave*, &c. — In the second of these lines, *that* is wanting in the original, and is inserted by Walker as needful alike to sense and to metre. Of course it is equivalent to *so that*, or *insomuch that*. — In the last line, also, the original has *This* instead of *That*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 177. *There is no primer* business. — The original has *basenesse* instead of *business;* a misprint so glaring as to be hardly worth noting.

P. 178. *What we oft do best,*
By sick interpreters, or *weak ones, is*
Not ours, or not allow'd. — The original reads "*once* weake ones." The correction is Pope's. I cannot reconcile my mind to the use of *once* here; an alternative sense being, it seems to me, clearly intended and required. The forms of *once* and *ones* are so much alike, both to the eye and to the ear, that I suspect the error originated in that circumstance.

P. 178. *For our best* action. *If we shall stand still,* &c. — Instead of *action,* the old text has *Act.* Corrected by Capell.

P. 179. *A* trembling *contribution!* — Collier's second folio substitutes *trebling* for *trembling.* The latter goes rather hard indeed, but *trebling* seems quite too tame and flat. See foot-note 8.

P. 180. *And when we,*
Almost with listening ravish'd, *could not find*
His hour of speech a minute. — So Staunton. The old text has "Almost with *ravish'd listening.*"

P. 180. *Please your Highness, note*
His *dangerous conception in this point.* — The original has *This* instead of *His.* The two were often misprinted for each other. Corrected by Pope.

P. 180. *He was brought to this*
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins. — Here, and also in the next speech, the original has *Henton* instead of *Hopkins.* But the same man has before been called *Hopkins,* and it is not easy to see why the name should be thus varied. *Henton,* however, was the name of the convent to which he belonged. The correction is Theobald's.

P. 181. *Whom after, under the* confession's *seal,*
He solemnly had sworn, &c. — The original has "under the *Commissions* seale." Corrected by Theobald from Holinshed.

P. 181. *Bid him strive*

To gain *the love o' the commonalty.* — The word *gain* is wanting in the old editions till the fourth folio. Some verb of equivalent meaning is evidently required.

P. 182. *The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous*
For him *to ruminate on this so far, until*
It forged him some design, &c. — The original has "For *this* to ruminate on this," a palpable error, which Rowe corrected. — As we have here two Alexandrines together, Lettsom proposed to read "For him to ruminate this so far," and thus reduce one of them to a pentameter.

P. 182. *I remember*
Of such time: being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his. — The old text reads "being my *sworn servant*"; which seems a needless untuning of the rhythm. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 182. If, *quoth he,* I for this had been committed
To th' Tower, as I thought, I would have play'd, &c. — So Hanmer. The original reads "As to the Tower, I thought"; &c. Here we have a very awkward inversion, which serves no purpose but to obscure the sense.

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 184. *They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,*
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or *springhalt reign'd among 'em.* — So Verplanck and Collier's second folio. The old text has "the Spaven *A* Springhalt." As the spavin and the springhalt, or stringhalt, are two very different diseases of horses, it appears nowise likely that the author of this scene would have confounded them, either name or thing. Pope reads "*And* springhalt."

P. 185. *They may,* cum privilegio, wee *away*
The lag end of their lewdness. — So the original. The second folio substitutes *wear* for *wee,* and is followed, I believe, by all modern editions. But *wee* was probably meant as expressing in English the sound of the French *oui,* and as a sort of representative word. This

puts *wee* in good keeping with the rest of the speech; meaning, of course, that "our travell'd gallants" were carrying their foreign affectation into their speech, as well as into their dress and manners. — This reading and explanation were suggested to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

Act I., Scene 4.

P. 187. *He would have all as merry*
As feast, *good company, good wine, good welcome,*
Can make good people. — The original reads "As *first*, good company, &c. Theobald reads "As *first-good*," Dyce, "As *far as* good," both of which are to me quite unsatisfactory. The correction in the text is Staunton's, and fits so well, that I can but wonder it was not hit upon before.

P. 189. Anne. *You're a merry gamester,*
My Lord Sands.
Sands. *Yes, if I* may *make my play.* — The old text reads "if I make my play," omitting *may*, and thus defeating the verse. Hanmer inserted it.

P. 190. *Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd* me
To tell your Grace, &c. — So Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original omits *me*.

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 194. *Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired*
To have *brought*, vivâ voce, *to his face.* — The original prints "To *him* brought." Not worth noting, perhaps.

P. 196. *If ever any malice in your heart*
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly. — The original has "now *to* forgive me." Pope's correction.

P. 197. *There cannot be those numberless offences*
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark *my grave.* — In the last of these lines, the original has *make* instead of *mark;* an easy misprint, which Warburton corrected.

P. 197. *My vows and prayers*
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. — Here, again, *me* is wanting in the original. Added in the fourth folio.

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 202. *All that dare*
Look into these affairs see his *main end,* —
The French King's sister. — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have "see *this* main end." The speaker is evidently referring to Wolsey.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 207. *Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which*
To leave's *a thousand-fold more bitter than*
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire. — In the first of these lines, the original has "growing in *a* majesty," — one of the many instances, which Walker points out, of *a* interpolated. Also, in the second line, the original prints "To *leave*, a thousand-fold," &c.

P. 207. *Yet, if that* fortune's quarrel *do divorce*
It from the bearer, &c. — I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom. The original reads "if that quarrell. Fortune, do divorce," &c.; which has been a standing puzzle to the editors, from Warburton down to the present time. Many changes have been proposed, and divers explanations offered, none of which comes near being generally acceptable. Dyce follows Warburton's reading, "if that quarrel, fortune, do," &c.; upon the supposal that *quarrel* may be used for *arrow*. The word was indeed sometimes used in that sense: but, if we should substitute *arrow*, I cannot see how the passage would be any the clearer, or the sense any more apt. As here given the meaning is both clear and apt enough; and we have but to take *if that* as an instance of the old English idiom which occurs so often in these plays, such as *since that, when that, though that*, &c., in all which *that*, according to the modern idiom, is simply redundant. Collier's second folio changes *quarrel* to *cruel;* which relieves the passage of difficulty indeed, but makes it quite too tame. On the other hand, the old editions of Shakespeare abound in instances of words unquestionably transposed.

P. 209. *The King's Majesty*
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing, &c. — So Pope. The original reads "Commends his good opinion *of you* to you," &c.

P. 210. *And you, O fate!*
A very fresh-fish here, — fie, fie upon
This cómpell'd fortune! — have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open't. — The original has "fye, fye, *fye* upon," &c. The third *fie* obviously serves no purpose but to defeat the metre.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 213. *When was the hour*
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not *notice*
He was from thence discharged? — In the third of these lines the original repeats *Or* before *Which;* doubtless by accident. Also, in the seventh line, the original omits *not.* The same letters occurring again in *notice* probably caused the omission: at all events, *not* seems fairly required both for sense and metre. Hanmer inserted it.

P. 214. *It shall be therefore bootless*
That longer you defer *the court.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have "*desire* the Court"; doubtless a misprint for *deferre.*

P. 215. *I* was *about to weep; but, thinking that*
We are a queen, — or long have dream'd so, — certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire. — The original has "I *am* about to weep." It occurred to me long ago that we ought to read *was;* and the same has lately been proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 216. *Yea, as much*
As you have done my truth. But, *if he know*
That I am free of your report, &c. — So Pope. The original omits *But,* which is needful alike for metre and for sense.

P. 217. *You have, by fortune, and his Highness'* favours,
Gone slightly *o'er low steps, and now are mounted*
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. — In the first and second of these lines, I find it not easy to refrain from adopting the changes, suggested by Walker, of *favours* to *favour*, and of *slightly* to *lightly*. In the third line, Tyrwhitt and Singer think we ought to read *wards* instead of *words*. With that reading, the sense would be, "that the *great and powerful* were among Wolsey's retainers, and that his *wards*, generally young nobility, were placed in *domestic* offices about his person, to swell his state and retinue; which was the fact, and was made one of the principal charges against him." Possibly this may be right, and, if so, must be owned to be a rather happy instance of turning a fine poetic image into a sort of hard literality. But the Queen dwells much upon Wolsey's recklessness of truth; she does not at all credit his disclaimer of being at the bottom of this movement: and would it not accord better with her settled distrust of his word, to understand her as intimating here, that in his high-seated arrogance his thought and speech have outgrown the wholesome restraints of fear? See footnote 9.

P. 217. *When you are call'd, return.* — *Now, the Lord help* me;
They vex me past my patience! — So Walker. The original lacks *me* in the first line, just as in two cases before.

P. 219. *Who had been hither sent on the debating*
A *marriage*, &c. — The original has "*And* marriage."

P. 219. *This respite shook*
The bottom *of my conscience, enter'd me,*
Yea, with a splitting *power*, &c. — Instead of *bottom* and *splitting*, the original has *bosome* and *spitting*. The former was corrected by Thirlby from the corresponding passage of Holinshed; the latter, in the second folio.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 224. *If your business*
Do *seek me out, and that way I am* wife *in,*
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing. — The original lacks *Do*, which was inserted by Pope. — Rowe changed *wife* to *wise*, and has been followed by various editors, Dyce among others, who also gives Mason's explanation, — "relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." I was myself once betrayed into a reluctant adoption of that reading; but it now seems to me quite incompatible with the next line, which shows that Catharine is referring to the question of her divorce. See foot-note 7.

P. 224. *I'm sorry my integrity should breed*
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his Majesty and you. — In the original the second and third of these lines are transposed. This misplacement, for such I deem it, was rectified by Edwards.

P. 224. *And to deliver,*
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your *cause.* — So the second folio. The first has *our* instead of *your*, — doubtless an accidental repetition from the line above.

P. 228. *The King loves you;*
Beware you lose it not: for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, &c. — The original reads "if *you please*," — an accidental misplacement, which Walker and prosody correct.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 230. *The Cardinal's* letter *to the Pope miscarried.* — The original has *Letters* instead of *letter*. But Surrey asks, a little after, "will the King digest this *letter* of the Cardinal's?"

P. 231. *Now, all joy*
Trace the conjunction! — So Pope and Walker. The original has "Now all *my* joy." Both White and Dyce retain the old reading,

and in confirmation of it quote from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, iv. 4: "Now *all my blessing on thee!* thou hast made me younger by twenty years." But can the two cases be fairly regarded as parallel? I doubt it. For blessing is an act passing over upon an object; joy is a feeling. In other words, we speak of conferring our blessing on another, but not of conferring our joy. Collier's second folio reads "Now *may all* joy." But I prefer Walker's reading; who justly supposes that *my* crept in here by accident from the next line.

P. 233. *Look'd he o' the inside of the* papers?

Crom. *Presently*
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. And *you he bade*
Attend him here this morning. — In the first of these lines, the original has "inside of the *Paper*." But the next line shows that it should be *papers*. Also, in the fourth line, the original lacks *And*, which was inserted by Hanmer.

P. 233. *There* is *more in* it *than fair visage. Boleyn!*
No, we'll no Boleyns. — The original reads "*There's* more *in't* then faire Visage." Walker would complete the verse by repeating *Boleyn;* and Hanmer printed "There's more in *it* than *a* fair visage." But the printing of *is* and *it* in full appears to be the simplest way.

P. 234. *Strikes his breast hard; and* then *anon he casts*
His eye against the Moon. — The original lacks *then*, which was inserted by Rowe.

P. 235. *If we did think*
His contemplation were above the Earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, *he should still*, &c. — The old editions till the fourth folio have *object* instead of *objects*. Walker says, "*Objects*, surely; unless, indeed, *object* had then some meaning with which we are not now acquainted."

P. 237. *My endeavours*
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed *with my abilities.* — The original has *fill'd* instead of *filed*. Dyce says, "The misprint of *fill'd* for *fil'd* is a common one." See foot-note 14.

P. 237. *I do profess*
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that I *am* true, *and will be,*
Though all the world should crack their duty to you, &c. — The original here presents a piece of obscurity that long baffled the ingenuity of the commentators, thus:

I do professe,
That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty, &c.

The critics have generally agreed that there must be some corruption here. The happy emendation in the text is from Singer. Walker thinks a line may have been lost, somewhat to the following effect:

that I am, have, and will be,
In heart and act, tied to your service; yea,
Though all the world should, &c.

A very note-worthy specimen of conjectural emendation. And Shakespeare has many instances of language thus incomplete; "that I am, *have*, and will be," for *have been*. Of course, however, it would not do to use such freedom with the Poet's text, nor would Walker himself approve the doing so.

P. 239. *How eagerly ye follow my* disgrace,
As if it fed ye! — The original has *disgraces*, — a misprint which *it* in the next clause readily corrects.

P. 241. *That in the way of loyalty and truth*
Toward the King, my ever royal master, I
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be, &c. — The original is without the pronoun *I* at the end of the second line, and thus leaves the clause without a subject. Theobald inserted the pronoun in the first line, — "That *I* in the way," &c. But this mars, not to say defeats, the rhythm of that line. And Shakespeare intersperses Alexandrines so freely, that we need not scruple to make the second line a verse of that length.

P. 243. *That, out of mere ambition, you have caused*
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin. — So Pope. The original reads "Your holy-Hat *to* be stampt." Here *to* is doubtless an interpolation, as the Poet often omits it in like cases, where it would disorder his rhythm.

P. 244. *Because all those things you have done of late,*
By your power legatine, &c. — The original has *legative* instead of *legatine*.

P. 244. *To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,*
Chattels, *and whatsoever*, &c. — The original misprints *Castles* for *Chattels*. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 244. *This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth*
The tender leaves of hope. — The old text has *hopes* instead of *hope*. The instances of plurals and singulars misprinted for each other are almost numberless.

P. 245. *O, how wretched*
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we *would aspire to,*
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their *ruin*, &c. — It has been proposed to change *their* to *our*, thus making it refer to *we*, in the preceding line ; also, to change *we* to *he*, and *their* to *his*, both referring to *that poor man*. But such changes are hardly admissible, as we have many instances of like usage. See foot-note 32.

P. 246. *May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on* 'em! — The original has *him* instead of *'em*, — a frequent misprint. As the pronoun must refer to *bones*, *him* cannot be right. Corrected by Capell.

Act iv., Scene i.

P. 249. *The citizens,*
I'm sure, have shown at full their loyal *minds*. — So Pope. The old text has "their *royal* minds." The word *royal* may, indeed, possibly be explained to a fitting sense, as the Poet several times uses it, not in the sense of *kingly*, but to denote that which has a king for its *object ;* but that sense comes so hard in this case, and the misprint of *royal* for *loyal* is so easy, that I see not why the slight change should be scrupled.

P. 250. *She was* oft *cited by them, but appear'd not.* — The original has *often* instead of *oft ;* a needless breach of metre, and doubtless accidental. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 250. *Since which she was removed to* Kimbolton. — The original has *Kymmalton*, — an error which the history readily corrects.

P. 251. *A bold brave gentleman. That* lord *should be*
The Duke of Suffolk. — So Walker. The old text omits *lord.*

P. 252. 1 Gent. *And sometimes falling ones.*
2 Gent. *No more of that.* — In the original, the first of these speeches is printed as a part of the second Gentleman's preceding speech. As the next speech is also there assigned to the second Gentleman, this makes him reply to his own remark. The correction is Walker's.

P. 254. *To York-place, where the feast is held.*
1 Gent. *Sir,* you
Must no more call it York-place, that is *past.* — The old text sets *you* at the beginning of the next line, and then, to give that line a semblance of regularity, prints "*that's* past." I say semblance, for the *ictus* falls on the wrong syllables throughout the line.

P. 255. *Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which*
Is to the Court, and there shall be my guests. — The original reads "and there *ye* shall be." Doubtless an accidental repetition of *ye* from the line above. Pope's correction.

Act iv., Scene 2.

P. 255. *Yes, madam; but I* thought *your Grace,*
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to it. — So Lettsom. Instead of *thought,* the original has *thanke,* which the second folio changes to *think.*

P. 257. *One that by suggestion*
Tithed *all the kingdom.* — So Hanmer. The original has *Ty'de* instead of *Tithed.* Some editors print *Tied,* and suppose the meaning to be, that Wolsey had *suggested* the nation into *bondage,* — *hinted* away the *liberties* of England. His general course and history make rather for the sense of *tithed;* for he was not specially tyrannical, save as tyranny would purvey to his rapacity. See foot-note 6.

P. 257. *But his performance, as he* now is, *nothing.* — The original transposes *now* and *is,* thus making an ugly hitch in the metre. Rowe's correction.

P. 260. *How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,*
And of an earthy colour? — So Dyce and Walker. Instead of *colour*, the original has *cold*, which Collier's second folio changes to *coldness*.

P. 262. *The last is, for my men; — they are* o' the *poorest*, &c. — So Walker. The old text reads "they are *the* poorest."

P. 262. *If Heaven had pleased t' have given me longer life*
And abler *means, we had not parted thus.* — The original has "And *able* means." Corrected by Walker.

P. 262. *Say* to him *his long trouble now is passing*
Out of this world. — The words *to him* are wanting in the original, thus leaving the verse badly mutilated. Pope repaired the breach thus: "*And tell him*, his long trouble now is passing." Capell, thus: "Say, his long trouble now is passing *from him*." The reading in the text is Keightley's.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 169. *And t' have heard you,*
Without indurance, *further.* — Upon this passage Mr. P. A. Daniel notes as follows: "Read, in last line, '*While out of durance*, further.' The object of the Council being to imprison Cranmer before calling witnesses against him, the King naturally supposes that the Archbishop would desire to be heard while enjoying the advantages of liberty — *while out of durance*."

P. 270. *You take a* precipice *for no leap of danger,*
And woo *your own destruction.* — So the second folio. The first has *Precepit* and *woe* instead of *precipice* and *woo*.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 273. *Please your Honours,*
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury. — An unmetrical line, where such a line ought not to be, and one not easy to be set right. Lettsom would read *'cerns*. I suspect we should rather strike out *chief;* for, though Gardiner says "we've business of more moment," it appears in fact, that they have no other business in hand *as a Council*.

P. 274. *In our own natures frail, and* capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: &c. — Several changes have been made or proposed in this difficult passage. Theobald proposed *culpable*, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Malone printed thus: "In our own natures frail, *incapable;* Of our flesh, few are angels." But neither of these changes has met with much favour. I do not think the text is corrupt. See foot-note 6.

P. 275. *Defacers of* the *public peace.* — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original has "Defacers of *a* publique peace."

P. 278. *But know, I come not*
To hear such flatteries *now; and in my presence*
They are too thin and bare *to hide offences.* — The original has *flattery* and *base* instead of *flatteries* and *bare*. The first was corrected by Rowe, the second by Malone. *They* points out the error of *flattery*.

P. 279. *I had thought I had men of some understanding*
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none. — The original has the first of these lines rather overloaded with *hads*, thus: "I had thought I had *had* men," &c. This needless repetition damages both sense and metre. Probably it were better to strike out another *had*, and read "I thought I had." So in the corresponding passage of Fox: "Ah my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my councell than now I find you."

P. 280. *I have a suit which you must not deny me:*
There *is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism.* — The original has *That* instead of *There*. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 281. *Do you take the Court for* Paris-*garden?* — The original has "*Parish* Garden." There was no such place as *Parish* Garden, but *Paris*-garden was a well-known arena for bear-baitings. White, and Dyce in his last edition, print "*Parish*-garden," on the ground of its being "a vulgar corruption," used "by people of the Porter's class." *Parish* seems to me much more likely to have been an accidental error. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 282. *Let me ne'er hope to see a* chine *again;*
And that I would not for my cow, *God save her.* — The origi-

nal has "for *a* cow." The substitution of *my* for *a* was proposed by Staunton, and sets the language in accordance with an old custom of speech. See foot-note 5. — Few passages in Shakespeare have puzzled the commentators more than this. Collier's second folio substitutes *queen* for *chine*, and *crown* for *cow*. These changes are plausible; but they labour under the mistake of supposing that the speaker is expecting to see the Queen pass to the christening; which could hardly be, as the custom then was to baptize babies at three days old; which custom was in fact followed at the baptism of Elizabeth. So Singer, Staunton, White, and Dyce all keep the original text, in spite of Collier's discovery. And a writer in *The Literary Gazette* for January 25, 1862, remarks as follows: "A phrase evidently identical with that used by Shakespeare (or Fletcher) is in use to this day in the South of England. 'Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail,' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire. This coincidence of expression leaves no doubt that the genuine reading is *cow*, not *crown*; and that the Porter's man was thinking of a chine of beef, an object much dearer in his eyes than a queen."

P. 283. *At length they came to the broomstaff* with *me*. — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The original has "the broome staffe *to* me." Doubtless an accidental repetition of *to*.

P. 285. *You i' the camlet, get up* off *the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else*. — So Mason. The original has "get up *o'* the raile." Collier's second folio changes *pales* to *poll*. This would give a different sense, *poll* being an old word for *head*. See foot-note 21.

Act v., Scene 4.

P. 286. *And* for *your royal Grace and the good Queen*,

My noble partners and myself thus pray. — The old text reads "And *to* your Royall Grace." As the prayer is addressed to Heaven, *to* obviously cannot be right, according to any known usage.

P. 287. *From her shall read the perfect* ways *of honour*. — So the fourth folio. The original has *way* instead of *ways*.

P. 288. *To you, my good Lord Mayor*,

And your *good brethren*, &c. — The original has "And *you* good brethren." Corrected by Thirlby.